

So what do you do when you're stuck for a word,  
You listen for a sound and think of a bird;  
They fly over head with the grace of all time,  
Like a plane on a journey to pay for this rhyme.

It seems so important to have flight in the wind,  
But birds seem to do it at ease when you've sinned;  
You run up so fast and scare them to the air,  
Instead of just watching them and thinking to care.

They come in so many kinds, sizes and colours,  
Like the clothing you wear and buy from some others;  
Birds are sometimes known as that girl you watch,  
If you find them attractive without a bottle of scotch.

Birds are of the sky and it is there they belong,  
As we sit back and listen to their humble quaint song;  
They take to the air in all living style,  
As we see them and view them and look for a while.

Signed

Bright and Beautiful