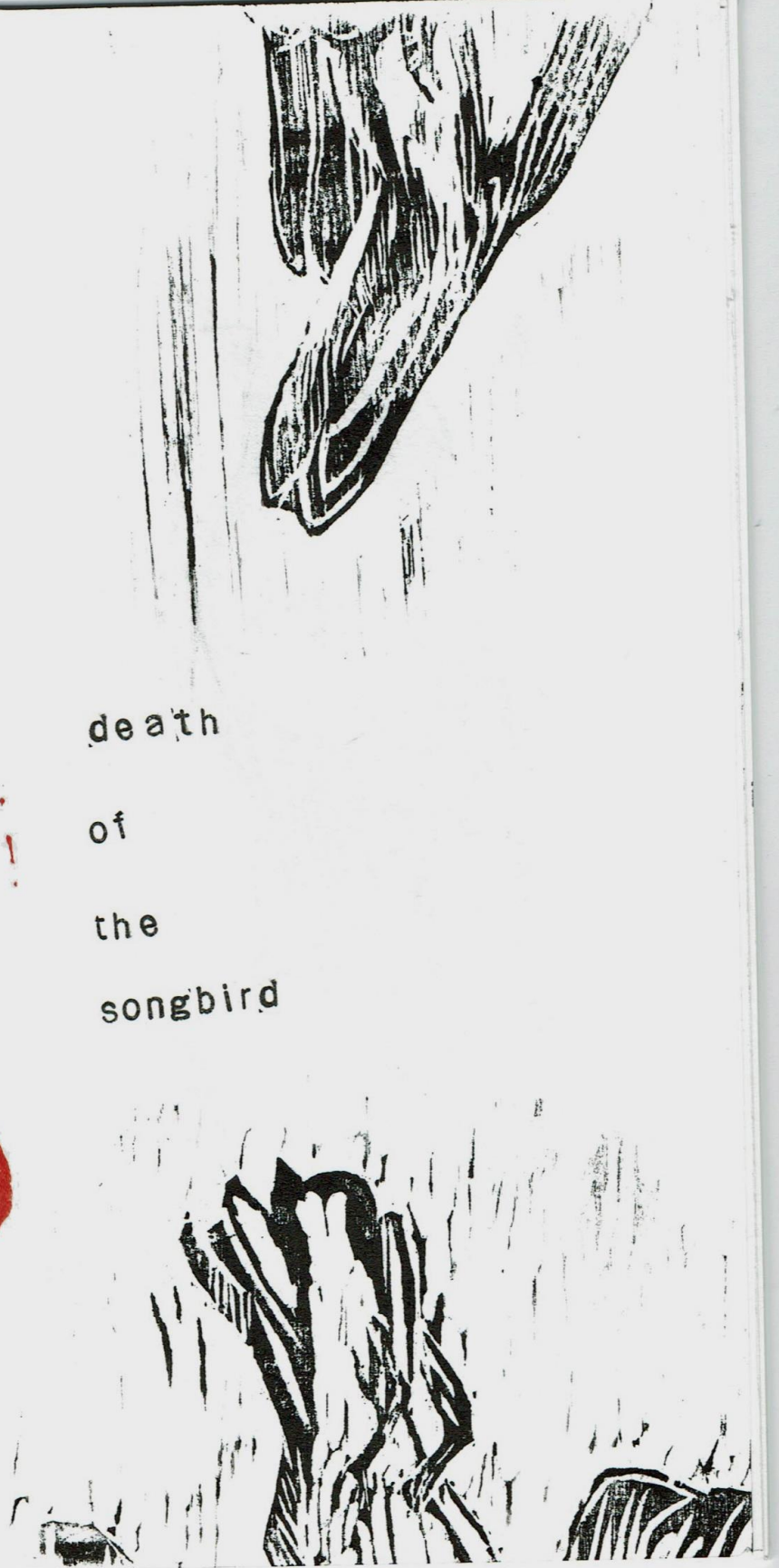


death
of
the
songbird





how sad it is that the songbird too

must pass

having lived only to share its

sweet song



the new mornings are
quiet



and I dread the day
I grow used to the
silence

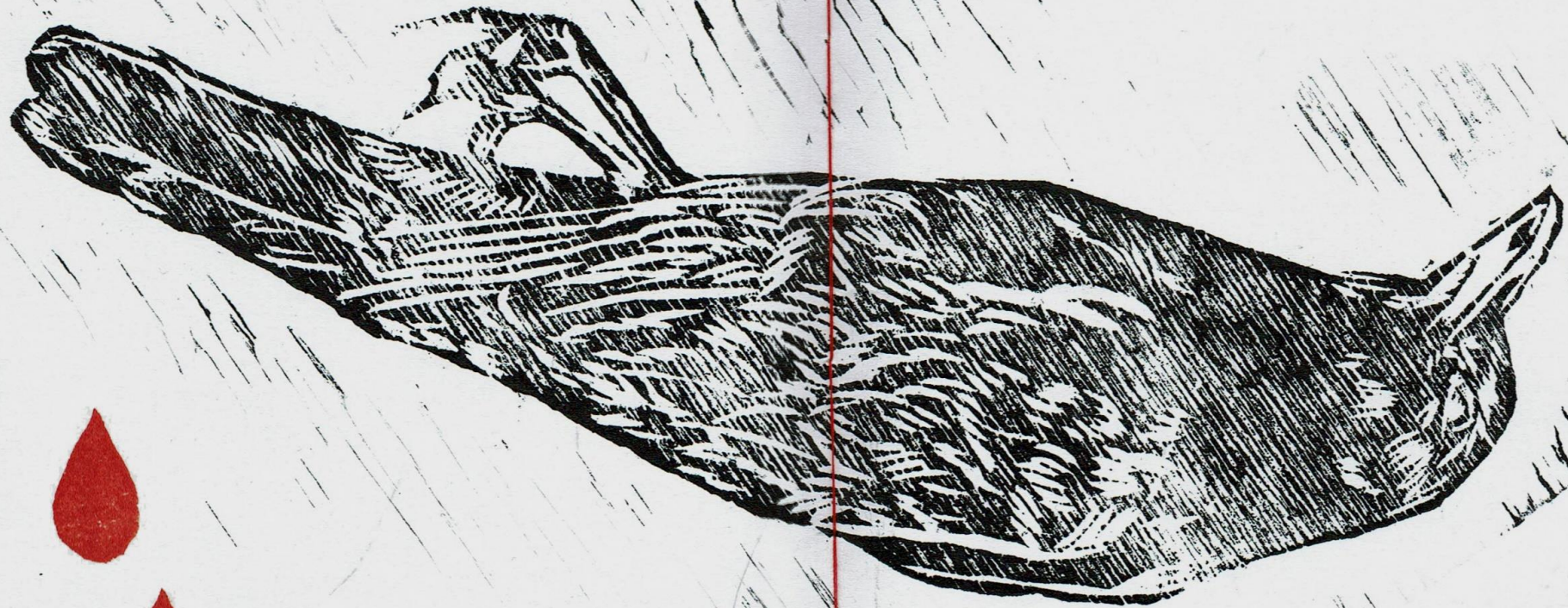


you were not made
to rot in the sun



with ants now crawling
where your blood did run

now you sit in the dark
with sunken eyes that cannot see





I heard you when you said
not to dwell
on what has passed away

but you are gone
and I miss you



my garden is filled with dead birds
that I still need to bury





I will bury you
and I will hum as I shovel dirt

and hope that you forgive me
if I sing out of tune

2/3

Round