

Bird Words

by Tim G. Young

a bird out on the wire

motionless feathers

don't believe

are looking my way

a thinking man's bird

high above

coated with scent

of life

humans will not touch

bees may buzz near but

how far ahead of me

will they fly

is there a lesson to be learned

how much time has bird

when does its twisted neck bend

when does rain wash so deep

how far does wing stretch

bird words are every day

bird words

flying in the face of conformity

raising a glass to destiny

turning flowers into smiles

* * *

the language of the sky

creates much confusion

in eyes and ears

the liquid brain

dissolves into

high blue

dark grey blue

silver and orange

strangely related to me

there is no smell

writing notes to the rest

of humanity

don't touch me today

bird on the wire

is above it

