

The Birds (Buddy Mondlock)

The birds move with grace and ease
Dodge wires and branches with no fear
Then hover high above the trees
The masters of the atmosphere

Every feather in it's place
Form and function balancing
Strong as steel and fine as lace
To carve the air with a flashing wing

Some wear their colors on their sleeves
Yellow, red and indigo
Some are hiding in the leaves
They'd rather be invisible

The birds move with grace and ease...

I love to watch them work the room
Cool and full of confidence
How I wish I could sing that tune
But I observe from a distance

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