

# Being a Mockingbird

[Bobby Long](#)

And the night it rests like a hammer blow  
And breaks the morning it brings  
The mad men are down on the crypt floor  
Sleeping through their favours and sins  
And I trained myself to be hardened  
And greet the bird like the day  
And I soared to greet lusty gamblings  
And I drenched myself in the dusk where they lay  
And though I exchanged the dark for the darkness  
And I hung the belt from the wing  
So the traitors may part with their malice  
But I'll remember everything  
And I gave up myself to the heckles  
And I planted the leaf from the book  
And I admit I love my romances  
The blackbird, the wren, the rook  
The church house won't harbour the coffins  
But the docks they whittle their ships  
And To the pleasure the feast  
And the memory and soar of kissing her lips

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