

Green Finch and Linnett Bird

Jayne Wisener

Johanna:
Green finch, and linnet bird,
Nightingale, blackbird,
How is it you sing?
How can you jubilate
sitting in cages
never taking wing?
Outside the sky waits
beckoning!
Beckoning!
Just beyond the bars...
How can you remain
staring at the rain
maddened by the stars?
How is it you sing
anything?
How is it you sing?
Green finch. and linnet bird,
nightingale, blackbird
How is it you sing?
Whence comes this melody
constantly floating?
Is it rejoicing or merely aloaming?
Are you discussing?
Or fussing?
Or simply dreaming?
Are you crowing?
Are you screaming?
Ringdove and robinet
is it for wages?
Singing to be sold?
Have you decided it's safer in cages
singing when you're told?
My cage has many rooms
damask and dark...
Nothing there sings,
not even my lark.
Larks never will, you know,
when they're captive.

Teach me to be more
adaptive.

Ah...

Green Finch, and Linnet Bird,
nightingale, blackbird,
teach me how to sing.

If I cannot fly...

Let me sing.

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