

Bird of the Summer

A Fine Frenzy

You came with the season as the first swallow sang
A brown headed stranger with a five letter name
We planted our kisses where the wild berries grow
My feet sprouted wings and I flew all the way home
My cheeks red like fire engines racing
Straight to the heat of your skin
I know our days are numbered early bird of the summer
You'll fly south just as the fall begins
The leaves changed their color and the schoolyards were filled
My coat with the patches barely keeps out the chill
You sent me a postcard from a town out of state
I wish it were warmer and I hope you're the same
The fields where we wandered were golden
Now only muddy my boots
Now I know I should recover, you're a bird of the summer
I was wrong to try and capture you
Flight, flight I met someone walking in a park by the lake
He don't fly like we do, but he don't fly away
Gone is the pale hand of winter
Here is the first flush of May
And soon I will discover whether birds of the summer
Fly in circles or just fly away

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