

'To a Blackbird'

Songful, little singer you be!
With a song *so* gentle and sweet
That I'll listen to with rejoice and joy.
A song thy whistles so beautifully
With your peck in *golden-yellow* beauty!
As your whistling song shall sing so lovely,
With no fault and only with pride,
For I shall feel your song's touch upon me
'Cause I'll treasure it true.

Young blackbird. . .
With joy to sing and whistle happily.
For you are one of nature's birds that love song,
To spread the melody of music and love.

Blissful beauty of song, birds *and* nature
That you'll prove with joy, and a light of flare.

Yet, I watch you singin' with love in song;
And feel the *heavenly* lift in my spirit.
Upon all good things of life itself.
Even though I couldn't tell,
But only to listen and feel your song
Without any resistance!
Because young blackbird,
Your song sings most clear and bright.
I'll treasure your songful song
With *endless* love . . .
And with no fear.

Fiona McIntosh.