

# “The Bird Man”

by

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I am man, I am bird  
I am not always tame  
I hear rumbles of thunder  
I see flashes of flame  
I long to soar in the sky  
I want to be in the clouds  
But I am man, not a bird

I pretend I have wings  
I feel lithe like a sparrow  
I touch all the stars  
I fly straight like an arrow  
I weep as I twist towards the sun on high  
I am keenly aware that some day I must die  
For I am bird, I am man

I know how the wind moves the grass  
I say that it's nature  
I dream that it's not  
I try to grow limbs  
I let myself rot  
I never foresaw that I'd wish to be clipped  
But I am bird, not a man