

A Fine Frenzy, Bird Of The Summer

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
and I know our days are numbered, early bird of the summer you'll fly south just as the fall begins
the leaves changed their colors and the schoolyards were filled
my coat with the patches barely keeps out the chill dooo
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
and I know I should recover, you're a bird of the summer, I was wrong to try and capture you
Flight
Flight
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