

Christopher Walla, A Bird Is A Song

Colorado, can you hear me? Are you listening?
Do you even care? Are you even there?

The concrete canopy, mountains of symmetry;
the city policy, the city air. The boroughs I have
seen seem so unfair, as do the feathers on the
sidewalks I find there.

I do not need to speak, but I want to listen to the
tiniest of flights and their transmissions. The words
tied to their wings are the words I'm going to sing.

A noise, small and strong: A bird is a song.

Torch the sails, and set ire to our deals: My heaven
is here, my heaven is here. Who would need escape,
who would seek salvation from a place so bright
and clear?

I do not need to see, but I need a vision. I want
seamless operation upon ignition. The fuel that I salt
away will keep us through the darkest of days; will keep
us well through winters long, and when springtime
starts her broadcast, the birds are our song
Keep your feathers clean and dry.