

A poem of lost love - "My Little Bird" - by Robert Baral - 3/2000

Once I had a little bird,
So tender and so sweet.
I lived only to have its love,
But its heart I could not keep.

I made a nest for my little bird
To keep it warm and safe.
But she longed to spread her wings
And return to her birthing place.

I struggled and fought to keep that bird
Snug beneath my loving wings.
But the tighter I held my little bird,
The less her song she sung.

So I let my little bird fly free,
Although I loved her so.
She did not return, maybe she was never mine?
My heart she has laid so low!