

If a Bird

*By Eydie McDaniel*

If a bird on wing I really was, I would seem different to you because,  
The flight so graceful you behold is made of technical stress untold.  
The temperature, the wind, the fall demands my strength in survival's call.  
The lines you see I carve the sky bear no resemblance seen from my eye.  
I see food that I must grab to live and teeth to take me as fugitive.  
If my flap is weak or wind too strong, my heart will stop, so will my song.  
But may my strain, my squawk, my strife bring you joy and bless your life.