

## The Bird

By Marilyn Reeves

To ease my mind from all the chaos  
That abounds in the world of men  
I wander through the wilderness  
'Til I come to a forest glen.

I make my way  
To a meandering brook  
Where I pause to have a look  
Around the pretty scene.

The water trickles merrily,  
Its sound so sweet it soothes me;  
This is one of the most peaceful places  
I have ever been.

Amongst the grasses, tall and green  
A rainbow of wild flowers  
Lift their pretty heads  
That had been bowing down,  
To bask their colorful faces  
In the light of the radiant sun.

Beyond them, the meadow  
Converges upon  
A beckoning forest of pine.  
I wonder what secrets are hidden  
In the deep, dark shadows within.

Then out of its murky depths  
Emerges a flash of color so bright  
I can't believe what I see!  
As I look upon this wondrous sight  
It seems my eyes deceive me.

A bird like no other I have seen  
Flits from tree to tree.  
And as it takes wing coming toward me  
It calls out a greeting: *Chiree! Chiree!*  
As if it were welcoming me.

While its breast is downy white,  
Its radiant feathers shine  
Sapphire blue, then emerald green,  
Iridescent in the light.

Atop its head  
Golden tendrils form a crown,  
And its long black tail tapers down  
To a point, like a feathered plume.

It flies into the shadows of the forest,  
But then turns back and looks at me  
As if beckoning me to follow,  
While it calls out irresistibly  
with its song *Chiree! Chiree!*

I follow the bird for hours,  
Only catching glimpses of its colors  
When, just for a moment,  
Now and then,  
It flies up toward the sun.

But as the sun is setting  
While I track the pretty bird's flight  
The daylight is fast fading  
And the shadows of the forest  
Soon deepen into night.

Lost, alone, and frightened  
I hover neath a tree.  
And the only thing that comforts me  
Is the sound *Chiree! Chiree!*

In the morning I awaken  
Upon my pillowed bed.  
And then I know 'twas but a dream.  
That beautiful bird was nothing more  
Than my imagining ... an image in my head.

But when I open wide my windows  
To greet the brand new day,  
I catch a glimpse of color  
In the tree across the way.

And in a sudden flash  
Of green and blue and white,  
The bird takes flight and disappears  
Into the distant sky.  
It seems as if it came this way  
Just to say Goodbye.

But I was thrilled to be able to hear  
that lovely sound once more  
As it cried *Chiree! Chiree!*  
I will not forget you.  
Goodbye, my friend, Goodbye.