

Words fail me at the moment at the thought of the birds,

With their sweet sounding voices who speak their own words;

And their glowing colours and their pretty dainty angel wings,

Are the most beautiful living creatures as is with feathery things.

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There's the peacock and cockatoo and kookaburra and lyre bird,

Which mimic and take to talk with a squawk, cackle or walk;

And the word has got out and come around again with my pen,

That the bird which is my favourite is the sparrow, cock or hen.

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For God watches with his eye looking down on to at me,

Like a bird in the air seeing down to the ground to see;

With his eagle eye that is sharper than a hawk or falcon,

Who gets his prey and I pray that it is not me on the grey day.

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And the decks and the swallows and the chickens and hens,

As the cock helps build the nest for the eggs and the pens;

And the goose and the swan, ostrich and the emu,

Bow down their heads to him as they're origin does stem from.

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Now birds have their place in the wild and the cage,

Where the canary sings and the budgies blossom with age;

And the galah and his colours and the rainbow lorikeet,

Are simply unbeatable and both so really awesomely sweet.

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For each kind of species are valued and treasured to keep,

To maintain every one of them and not evolve with a sweep;

For the pleasure is seeing the preservation of the life,

Where the bird takes to flight and flies through air on high like.

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**Signed,**

**I was speechless.**