

An Insect and A Songbird

Surely you understand the breathtaking beauty lingering
Of my sting and your singing.
So why do you leave readily?
As if a carcass did not once breath vigorously.

If only you would castigate.
Pleas fly and flourish with me in refusal.
We have a duty to defy the cascade
For a bed of roses is begging for a rejuvenating renewal.

Why must the river ferociously drift?
Why do I still thirst for that deceptive, dark water?
Why do those rocks marbled with memento sift?
When will you be back my dear warbler?

I enjoyed your soft, sedulous symphony.
Too bad the water must mutter its muddling muting tone.
The water which has brought you must have had an epiphany
As if it was meant to be—perhaps there is beauty in this too...

being on my own.

- Tayseer