**Song Bird**

*June 19, 2012*

Pray say may a Songbird sing.

Your voice my poor ears grace.

With a velvety touch what rings.

In my Hearts quiet private place.

Ah that I might hear.

Just one note of your gift.

Of executer so precious and dear.

Ah such joy and rare peace if.

You would deign to grant me a verse.

Yea perhaps a sweet song.

Say no base gold or cold jewels of this earth.

Could compare to such wealth that belongs.

In your turn of whisper or phrase.

Pales at your sweet gentle worth.

Each sweet note.

Like the joy of my soul.

One can only suppose.

The wisdom of self that the scribes of the ages.

The Muses of time have wrote.

Lies with your grant of sweet Song of You.

And One knows.