There's a small, gray bird hidden in the roses; the one nobody notices, the one nobody sees.

Does that small bird worry as we're hurrying by that her song is not worth singing and nothing is worth bringing to the day?

I have a song. Will I hide it inside me, or will I give it away?

Weave me a poem of ribbons and strings. Hatch me a poem of feathers and wings. Grow me a poem of sunlight and soil. Paint me a poem of canvas and oil.

In a tall oak tree autumn branches glisten.
The wind is gently whipering her secrets to the leaves.
Does that soft breeze worry as we're hurrying by that her words are not worth sharing and no one cares what story she will tell?

The leaves have their dance. The wind has its story. I have a story as well.

Build me a poem of timber and stone. Dance me a poem of muscle and bone. Bake me a poem of sugar and cream. Sing me a poem. I'm ready to dream. Commissioned with a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts by the CSA Children's Choir Dr. Mary Lynn Doherty, Director

Weave Me A Poem



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