

## The Birds in the Spring

The spring, birds nesting, chicks hatching,

First flight, now or never, got to go,

Leave the parents, who have nursed them.

Put all the love and care of the world into them,

Only to see them grow and fly away,

even, to watch them die.

Those who haven't developed the strength to fly,

Or perhaps hurt their wings.

If that happens, the atmosphere becomes gloomy and sad,

Until the parents have to live their life, eat, sleep.

And remember their other offspring they must look after,

And that they may see their babies again in the next life.

Soon, the atmosphere becomes sunny and bright,

The birds hopping from branch to branch, forgetting,

Flying from tree to tree, calling to their mates.