

## **The Birds**

*(Matthew 6:26 "Look at the birds. They don't plant or harvest...")*

I step out into the dawn light  
as the sun peeks from behind the horrors of the night.  
The silence deafens me,  
a haunting melody,  
resounding through the forest.

One by one a note breaks the silence,  
nature's orchestra playing through the violence.  
Each player a careless bird,  
each desperate to be heard  
to bring joy to the dark world outside.

Each trill tells me to wipe the tears from my face,  
each chirp leads me to a better place,  
a place where the death has stopped.  
The fear has retreated  
and we are all together,  
unrestricted.

These birds hear my desperate calls,  
they feel my pain as I am trapped within the walls.  
They feel my freedom as I gaze at the sun  
and they are here for everyone.

These birds will find you when you're in need,  
in the cities, the fields, the streets.  
They will be there, nothing more, nothing less.  
Singing their message of freedom, hope and togetherness.

They don't worry.

Noah Kidman