

FRIGAY

ackburn

hapmavirus Vigil



GRANDON

## The Cardinal 5

The sound comes bouncing with the sun,  
That certain undeniable one,  
That comes from the bird of blazing red,  
With dreams of romance in his head.

There's nothing like a warm day in spring,  
To make you break out your best bling,  
To strut your stuff if you have any left,  
After being the victim of old-age theft.

I laugh at myself as I chuckle aloud,  
Of how the cardinal makes me proud,  
Of being alive on this wonderful day,  
Of still being able to have a say.

I'm grateful I still appreciate the cardinal,  
It's a primary bird, not the least marginal,  
Even though it is very common,  
Just like the ubiquitous robin.

The cardinal, the robin and the grackle,  
Make me smile, and make me chuckle,  
As they continue to release joy,  
In this happy, cheerful, older boy.

So, sing to me Cardinal, sing your song,  
Tell me of your love, I'll whistle along,  
We're both living beings, connection strong,  
And we both on this block today belong.

And the cardinal sang into the night,

And started again in the daylight bright,  
When the brownish lady came flying in,  
And a new generation began again.

Spring never fails to bring a smile,  
No need for pretense, no need for guile,  
All I need is the Cardinal's tune,  
To send this old boy over the moon.

So welcome to Earth church,  
Pull yourself up a pew,  
Here we love common birds,  
And so will you.