

Bird Brain

How exactly does a bird's brain work?
Is there light that cuts through the murk?
Do thoughts form and move to the beak?
Is there free will behind the cheep?

How does the sparrow have an inkling
That it's mate is a Swamp and not a Chipping?
Do they have a secret kind of communication
To prevent an unfortunate fornication?

It's proven the jay and the crow can reason,
All of the time, in any season,
Pick up the twig, open the gates,
Move the marble, food awaits.

And you now know that I talk to the birds,
They give me advice, they have sage words,
The caracara always looks out for me,
And the black vulture soothes away misery.

I don't understand - why demean the bird's brain?
They have all the moves, they know how to feign,
They talk and communicate day into night,
And they manage to do it without needing to fight.

So we might just rethink the brain of the bird,
And make sure that our friends all have heard,
That the bird's brain is working - doing fine,
It's our brains that someone must realign.

So to the bird's brain, I raise a toast,

It's a brain about which all can boast,
A brain that overflows with great thoughts,
Their path is clear, just follow the dots.

The dots lead to Earth Church, ever near,
And the birds care for all with love sincere,
The brain of the bird is tied to its heart,
A fact that proves the bird's really smart.

Welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we celebrate bird brains,
And so might you.