Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in my soul
And sings the tune without words
Never stops at all.
And sweet the bird that wakes
The silent twilights with its sweet,
Yet such a one that never stops
E’er at a separate spot.
Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in my soul
And sings the tune without words
Never stops at all.
There’s a woman who lives in the bottomlands
And loves her trees and living things
She moved away to this place of bliss
To escape the strife that the city brings.

But elected drainage commissioners exist
Even in the most rural of locales,
And they just couldn’t stand being told no
By a newcomer, an upstart, an urban gal.

All she wanted to do was be left alone
With Pleistocene mud and bottomland trees
And watching birds like black and white warblers
Working nooks in the oaks in the afternoon breeze.

The black and white warbler that moves about,
Up and around, back and then down,
Searching for food at an amazing pace,
Making her peaceful, removing the frown.

A frown that comes from men who don’t get
A woman who’s content with nature’s glow,
Men who persist and then trespassed to kill
The trees they felt impeded the flow.

They schemed and acted in a bullying way,
Her hope, her joy they acted to destroy.
So, she fought back with all she had to give,
And beat every one of the good, ole boys

Today she can sit on her porch with her dogs,
And watch black and white warblers hard at work.
The boys made her fight when she wanted peace
She had to act or would go beserk.
And now she walks in the late afternoon
Inspecting the order on her protected land,
Reveling in delight at the spun spiderwebs,
Mumbling to herself that life can be grand.