

The Secret Language of Birds

Ian Anderson

This sparkling wine is all but empty.
Too late for trains and no taxis.
I know the feeling. Seems all too contrived.
There was no master plan but the fact is:
you must stay with me and learn the secret language of birds.

A tentative dawn about to be breaking
on a Rousseau garden with monkeys in hiding.
The truth of the matter, yet to be spoken
in words on which everything, everything's riding.
Now stay with me and learn the secret language of birds.

Circled by swallows
in a world for the weary.
Courted by warblers; wicked and eloquent trilling.

Lie in the stillness, window cracked open.
Extended moments, hours for the taking.
Careless hair on the pillow, a bold brushstroke.
Painted verse with a chorus in waiting.
Stay with me and learn the secret language of birds.