

This Little Bird

By Marla J. Deaton

While most other birds sing a duet,
Or with a chorus hidden up in a tree,
There's a little bird that sings loud and proud
Alone, but in harmony

This little bird sings outside my window,
While the rest of the birds are asleep
This little bird sings with depth and conviction
While others can only dream

Where does it find the courage
To stand alone and sing?
How does it know how not to care
What all the other birds think?