Mockingbird

Staring outside my window frame,
looking at the small drops of rain.
Down flew a wounded mockingbird.
He didn’t know, but surely I heard.

He landed on my white picket fence,
looked around in fear and was tense.
Moisture rolled down his beak and chest.
For but a minute he stayed at rest.

Where he stood, the fence began to turn red.
My white picket fence stained as he bled.
I ran outside as the rain began to pour,
wanting to help the mockingbird bleed no more.

“Where does it hurt poor Mockingbird?
Your wings, Your feet?” But he uttered no words.
Instead, he sang a song for me.
With his eyes focused intently.

I saw his pain through the pouring rain.
A pain mixed with a little shame.
He said he felt sorry for bothering me,
for staining my fence as he turned to flee
from one who threw a rock as he sang his song.
He said he meant no harm, he meant no wrong.

I reached out my hand and he shivered in fear.
I said, “I won’t harm you Mockingbird dear.”
In his eyes I could see that he believed me.
Then he flew onto my arm so gracefully.

It was then that I saw that he bled from his heart.
Landing on my arm, the blood began to part.
“You’re not bleeding anymore dear Mockingbird!”
“That’s because you listened and my song you heard.”