

Wise birds

I saw a black bird sitting in the snow-
was it a raven or was it a crow?
It carried something in its beak -
and then my madness reached its peak:
Because I thought it might be
a letter sent from you to me-
or a note announcing my death-
When will I draw my last breath?

I saw some pigeons on a roof-
gathering there-collectively aloof -
Looking for some warmth,like we do-
Yes, humans are animals, too.
But birds are so much wiser than our race-
They never hesitate to reach a warm place
No detour- they go the direct way-
Knowing their last breath might come today.

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