

My Budgie

One reader describes her love for her bird in a poem.

3-4-2004

By Elizabeth Johnson, Connecticut

Miracle
Smaller than a whisper
Inside a smooth haven or soft darkness
You begin your life

Then that special moment
The darkness had grown too small
You strained, you struggled
You broke free into noise and light

Sweet creature
You came into the world
Cold, naked, pink
Crying for mama's warmth

You grew so fast
Stubby nubs became wings
Little spikes became feathers
You became a beautiful bird

You are my constant companion
On my shoulder, on my head
Hiding in my hair like a forest
Playing with me

Little explorer
Courageous acrobat
Lovable clown
Tiny friend

I love your smooth, round head
Your bright, blinking eyes
Your velvet feathers
Your perfect, pink feet

You nibble my hair when I'm sad
You climb my shirt when I'm lonely
You seem to know when I need a laugh
And then provide it for me

How can such a small bird
Contain so much love?