

Liberty of Canaries

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1 AI generated by Gert Maarløw Nicolaisen using Copilot

A tiny bird's singing somewhere in a cage
A sonnet of freedom and coming of age
The tones tunes and trills
And the time that it kills
Make folks birds and equines
Depend on its thrills

The liberty of canaries
That's the price we'll take
Sing and cling to your stick
For as long as you can
Till only echoes of silence escape
Awaiting the day when twitter and trills
Are caried away on free wings
But until then
We shall faithfully stick to the cage
With a song of coming of age

Will you die from birdseed
Or can you handle it
The ones who dream all summer
Go down when winter hits

The liberty of canaries....

A tiny bird slumbers so sweet on its stick
Beak under wing and feathers on cheek
In streets and alleys
In corridors and groves
We are dreaming of free songs
All over the globe

The liberty of canaries
That's the price we'll take
Sing and cling to your stick
For as long as you can
Till only echoes of silence escape
Awaiting the day when twitter and trills
Are carried away on free wings
But until then
We shall faithfully stick to the cage
With a song of coming of age