

Late October Birds

(Henry Hipkens, November 1993)

There is a time in late October
When the birds grow ill at ease
And in the dusk their gathered silhouettes
Fill the late October trees
You can sense their agitation
It's in circles that they fly
Just before they form a river
Through the pale October sky

Suddenly sure its time
Suddenly clear-they know they shouldn't let another day go by
Fly through the night
Fly through the dawn
Fly 'til you know you are where you belong

Well I have watched you grow uneasy
And I've gone crazy saying "no"
But now you're flying 'round in circles
And its time that I let go
God knows that I love you
But I can't hold you with my words
Anymore than I could dam the flow
Of the late October birds

Suddenly sure its time
Suddenly clear-you know you shouldn't let another day go by
Fly through the night
Fly through the dawn
Fly 'til you know you are where you belong