

# Morning Poem

by Danielle D. Curtis

Woke early one morning,  
the earth lay cool and still,  
when suddenly a tiny bird,  
perched on my window sill,  
it sang a song so lovely,  
so carefree and so gay,  
that slowly all my troubles,  
began to slip away,  
it sang of far off places,  
of laughter and of fun,  
it seemed his very song,  
brought out the morning sun,  
I pulled back the covers,  
and crept slowly out of bed,  
and gently shut the window,  
and crushed his freaking head,  
I'm not a morning person