

A Bird on My Dome

I awoke one morning
Ready to jump out of bed
But was stopped by something
Pressing on my head.

I thought I was dreaming
But mirrors don't lie
There was a bird on my dome
Staring me in the eye.

I called to this bird
This uninvited guest -
My head is not a home
And certainly not your nest!

You there - sitting on my dome
Is more than I can bear
You're ruining my good looks
And mussing up my hair!

I beg you little bird
Please leave me be
Fly away now
And find yourself a tree!

*Mama bird - You know I've searched and
searched
For a ready-made nest
And of all the places
Your dome looked the best.*

*I love your hair - so thick and bushy
Something I love to pat
What's more, it's so soft and cushy
Who could resist all that?*

*Gathering leaves and twigs is such a chore
Just where would I begin?
Here was a ready-made nest
Inviting me to move right in.*

Bewildered, I hurried back to my mirror
She was still there, all right
Now I'll have to think of something
To keep her out of sight.

Perhaps, I could wear a hat
To cover up my head
But what would I do at night
When I'm ready to go to bed?

Should I keep my window open
So that she can come and go as she pleases?
What would happen if suddenly
I started to sneeze - earth-shaking sneezes?

No one I know has a bird on her dome.
Oh, why does she pick on me?
Why can't she be a normal bird
And build her nest in a tree?

This is some predicament!
And certainly not fair
At times, I feel as if I want to
Tear out all my hair!

Perhaps, if my hair was straight
And also rather thin
I'm sure that this little bird
Would never think of moving in!