

## **A Green Bird Goes**

A warm wind blows south

While a cold one goes north

And a bird flies them both

Trying to find a balance

Within the change

When warm winds fly south

And cold birds fly north.

Then the green bird

With black feathers

Sat on a branch

On a tree

On a cliff

Between forest and plain

Between mountain and sea

Between living and life.

That green bird sat

Watching the winds move

North and south

And thinking: which way to go?

Then a whisper from the wind said:

"Lift your wings."

And so the green bird

## John Says This

About Being Inside the DR Congo  
<http://johnsaysthis.com>

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With black feathers did.

And so she sailed north

Then south

Then...



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