



# If the Birds Come

January 1, 1997 By Bill Gunn

---

If the birds come and take you away from me;  
and they will;  
if the earth parts and we fall in  
clutching at the grass 'til the last sweet call of spring  
lingers like the very last bell  
gone  
never to ring again;  
if and if or when it does come,  
thundering like a distant storm cloud  
staining the spotless gardens,  
the white hats,  
the bright tables under the trees,  
killing our long walks near the lake where the boats are,  
where we could not taste the honey in our hands  
for the humming of the bees;  
if and when that day like thunder comes crashing into our veins,  
we will not resist,  
I cannot fight;  
I will not beg you for that last long look.

---

© 2026 Smart + Strong All Rights Reserved.

<http://beta.docker.poz.com/article/If-the-Birds-Come-12433-2798>