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.

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