

God blows down a Bullrush

God blows down a bullrush
The bullrush is me.
All I do is warble his
Sweet harmony.

I try very hard to be in
Perfect pitch.
My ear to the ground and my feet in the
Ditch.

If it comes out all skewed up
You know who's to blame.
But please love me for trying my best
Just the same.

© Mona McTavish Gould

This poem is covered by a Creative Commons Canada Attribution No-Derivatives Licence. It may be shared freely, but please quote accurately and acknowledge the author each time the poem is used.