

Article from "The Mickaboo Bird Rescue Companion"
Published January, 2016

Sanctuary

By SP Baker

When I am at my cabin near Kenai Lake, I spend a lot of time surfing the Internet for anything related to parrot rescue and sanctuary organizations. Recently, the histories and pictures of many hundreds of abused and special needs birds inspired me to write a 'parrot rescue' adaptation of a famous poem by William Blake (The Lamb 1789).

Thank you for the inspiring work you do.

Little bird who made thee,
Gave thee wings to fly so free,
Painted thee with colors bright,
Set thee high upon thy flight,
Tuned thy song of sweeter note
Than ever any poet wrote,
And set thee free upon the wind
In reach of heaven to ascend?
Little bird I tell to thee
'Twas God who made and set thee free.

Little bird who clipped thy wings,
Shackled thee with metal rings,
Put thee in a cruel cage,
And kept thee there from age to age
To pluck thy downy feathers bare;
Who taught thee how to curse and swear?
Little bird I'll tell thee plain
The one who causeth all thy pain:
'Twas man who flung thee to the earth,
Who set a price upon thy worth.

'Tis true a sparrow shall not fall
Unknown by God who knoweth all;
But men have pushed thee to the brink,
So many gone in but a blink,
Never more to grace the sky
With flight or song or piercing cry.

And I a man to thou a bird
Impart to thee a final word:
When cries for pity leave thee bound
And closet doors shut out thy sound,
When life is only cruel and scary,
Cry sweet bird for sanctuary.
Pray for some dear tender heart
To intervene and take thy part.

Little bird God made thee.
Little bird God bless thee.



SP Baker, the Author