

## Kathy Mar "Wounded Birds"

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I bring my broken birds to him  
He gazes lovingly at all he sees  
He takes them gently in his healing hands  
And breathes new hope into them and hearts-ease  
He gives them wings to reach the skies  
His Wise Woman watches, touches  
Speaks a spell or two  
Human eyes look out of all my wounded birds

I bring my broken birds to him  
His Lady lovingly gives of her grace  
He takes their pain and fear and wounds away  
She gives them time and touch, a sheltered place  
And when they leave they know a change  
So strange and yet healing mending  
Making them so strong  
Song exchanged for tears in all my wounded birds

I scream until I have no voice  
My drab and faded feathers fall  
I dream sometimes I have a choice  
But find each waking  
No doors in my wall  
Wingless I fly  
Silent I call

I bring my broken birds to him  
He gazes sadly at my shattered soul  
He takes me gently in his warm embrace  
And waits for me to ask "Oh make me whole"  
And let me soar the painted skies  
His Wise Woman sees me frees me  
Knows the reasons why  
My heart lies here mute another wounded bird  
Words and music: Kathy Mar

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