

Kris Delmhorst

"Birds Of Belfast"

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The field grew wild all that buzzing summer
We dozed a while, woke a little younger
Hung your clothes, waited on the weather
Thorn and rose twine and grow together

When did all the birds of Belfast learn to sing your
name?
When did all those silver ashes breathe into flame?
Who are you without your sadness? Who am I without
my shame?
When did all the birds of Belfast learn to sing your
name?

Which was right, the fight or the surrender?
You my light, my solitary mender
Still the sun will rise on every weeper's mourning
Tear stained eyes, pearly light adorning

When did all the birds of Belfast learn to sing your
name?
When did all those silver ashes breathe into flame?
Who are you without your sadness? Who am I without
my shame?
When did all the birds of Belfast learn?

Who am I to sing a love song? Who are you to do the
same?
With our weary little hearts full of broken little claims?
Will they even recognize us? Should I give you a new
name?
And then all the birds of Belfast would sing it just the
same

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