

I Match the Nighttime Sky

A starling awoke and stretched her wings,
Her neck she did extend.
She cleared her throat and started to sing
A tune she had learned from a friend.

“Twalee twalet thra wilee tay”,
The starling sang in flight.
Happily she watched the day
Unfold its brilliant light.

The dawn soon came and birds were out;
Orange had soaked the trees.
The starling noticed the colors about
And wanted to look like these.

An oriole sat in the nest she had made,
Matching the backdrop of peach.
“I wish”, said the starling, “that changing your shade
Was something that songbirds could teach.”

As streaks of lemon spattered the sky
And morning replaced the dawn,
A yellow canary came sparkling by
To dance with the sun on the lawn.

Midday came and brought along
A mountain bluebird to match,
And to his eggs, he whistled a song
To help his little ones hatch.

A dove flew by with white wings spread.
As light in both color and weight
As the afternoon clouds that soared overhead;
He sailed with his beautiful mate.

The starling saw a groom and bride
And instantly compared
The pineapple, jade, and pink outside
To the colorful lovebirds in there.

The light became too dim to fly,
So everyone went to find rest.
But the starling stayed up and started to cry
As she pondered up there in her nest.

The starling spotted an empty home
When nautical dusk had spread.
Her eyes adjusted and focus had shown
An indigo bunting in bed.

“I wish I could be an orange colored hue
Or yellow to match the bright sun.
I think I’d look good in a pale shade of blue
Or even pure white would be fun!”

Just then she looked up above the treetops
And noticed a beautiful sight;
A deep purple-black with small glowing drops
Was what the sky put on at night.

She couldn't believe it! How did it come true?

The scene made every tear dry.

"I never stayed up, so I never knew

That I match the nighttime sky."