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## To Be A Mockingbird

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I called other hunters in the area.  
 Figure Four Trap. Simple. Effective. Got it.  
 On the tenth day, he scarfed down the first meal.  
 A glow of accomplishment.  
  
 Over time, I learned more traps and techniques  
 to catch not just mice, but squirrels and rabbits.  
 Winter months yielded less meals for my friend.  
 And some nights, he starved and starved and starved.  
  
 It was cold. The fireplace needed wood.  
 I chopped the trees, chucked and chopped.  
 When a tree branch fell with its odd shape and tone,  
 an idea pelted into the depths of thought - a different trap.  
  
 Mice and squirrels filled the stomach of the friendly owl.  
 And little did I know of the doors he built.  
 The countless doors out of this small home.  
 What a strange owl. I rubbed my face and noticed the skin  
 grew rougher from hunting.  
  
 But when a storm destroyed the house,  
 The doors stood strong and tall.  
 I opened a door, looking back to the owl.  
 He stooped there with the same expression.  
  
 With a whisper, I thanked him. He flew away.  
 The traps will feed a man in the harsh wilderness.

### **To Be A Mockingbird**

DAVID KNAPE

A Sparrow sits upon a tree  
 and feels a pinch of jealousy,  
 for occupying the same tree  
 a Mockingbird sings brilliantly

The Mockingbird goes through his drill  
 his repertoire of lyric trills,  
 how he performs for all to thrill  
 the Sparrow listens, waits until

The Mockingbird is through his part  
 then it replies with all its heart,  
 but only common chirps are made  
 it has no trait to serenade

So the Sparrow, woebegone  
 unable to copy others song,  
 will never have what he has longed  
 his song will not be bragged upon

Sparrow must be content to hear  
 the song of others it appears,  
 yet in its wishing still reserves  
 the right to be a Mockingbird.