

# Thornbills

Paul Kelly

Their tiny torrent of flight  
Sounds in the trees like rain  
Flicking the leaves to the light  
A scattered handful of grain  
The thornbills little as bees

I hear in the blowing trees  
The sudden tune of their song  
Pray that the hawk not sees  
Who has scanned the wind so long  
For his small living food

Oh let no enemies  
Drink the quick wine of blood  
That leaps in their pulse of praise  
Wherever a trap is set  
May they slip through the mesh of the net  
Nothing should do them wrong  
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