

MY CUCKOO

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A mirthful melodious alien sound
Created sensation and thrilled all around
That was unique, could not be compared
Herd again and again in my yard.

The sweetest song became familiar
To know the singer I searched here and there
That refreshed the mind, won the heart
That was a cuckoo, spell bounded by her art.

The mellow made my yard divine
Welcome the song became a trait of mine
A sudden account made all a desert
That my bird was compelled to depart.

Couldn't my minstrel sing forever
Day after day the thought became stronger
The chanter tranquillized to wait for the next season
Again be chanting in the yard soon.