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Fly Fly Black Bird

Charlie R. Braxton

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Charlie R. Braxton

Fly Fly Black Bird

It was me who
heard the blackbird
say that
the word is the way
the way is the word
sacred song/sung/some
chant psalms so calm
it shakes the faith of
the fate/full
whose blood/spill filled
the pristine streets
of philistine who dream
of being philosopher/kings
of rhythmless swing
 please
don't sing me no mocking bird blues
don't play me no copycat jazz
i
 have
had
 e-
 nuff already.....she/it!