

NEWBORN
September 12, 2011

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Last May I came across a newborn fawn in the woods. I posted a photo at the time but did not release this photo because I felt that it was too invasive. The fawn was only minutes old and it lay stone still on the ground, the only movement being the gentle opening and closing ever so slightly of its nostrils. Some of you may appreciate it.

Also here is a poem I wrote yesterday.

FREE BIRD

A songbird,
Oh bright wings,
Sings,
Not a happy song,
Inside a gilded cage.

One foot shy,
Of ignorance,
He knows enough,
Of freedom,
To want out ...

But not enough,
To free himself,
Within.

-- Michael Erlewine
September 11, 2011

