

In the quiet morning air, I heard a chirping  
A desperate calling out  
No thought for secret hiding  
No thought for self preservation

It was an immature wild turkey  
Alone  
No flock in sight  
No safety in numbers  
No comforting clucks

Searching  
Frantic  
Crying aloud for its companions who had moved on without it

Oh my heart  
To be so scared  
To be so alone  
/ hear you, little one  
/ see you, little one  
I've been there  
I've been there