

Robert S. Andresakis

The Lonely Nightingale

So lonely is the nightingale
Perched proudly in the pear tree.
His cries carry heart currency,
Babbles for beckoning return.

So lonely is the nightingale
Chirping his cry for anyone.
But even passing nightingales
avoid his melodic crooning.

So lonely is the nightingale,
Singing sagely in the tall tree.
Defying desperations grasp
By singing a sad song for me.