A Quiet Road, a Sudden Flight

As we motored along into absolutely nowhere,
A flock of tiny birds fluttered close to our windscreen
Without a touch, they veered away,
Settling into a small tree, quietly waiting in the hot sun.
“What was that?” I asked my husband Al,
Still shaken by the sudden fright.
“They’re budgies” he replied
I’d never seen so many in my life
The dust hung thick along the lonely track
And the land stretched wide and silent all around us
The air was still, the road unhurried, and time seemed to slow
Beneath the blazing sky.

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