

The Canary Out From Hell's Coal Mine

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There used to be a canary in the coal mine that kept trying to warn us all of danger
It kept waiting for someone to hear it and free it but no reprieve came from even a stranger
It just waited and waited but there wasn't enough empathy or love left to get someone bold to care

It has been dead for a number of years now with its soul stuck drifting down there
Hoping that people may finally fully realize it's death and bring it back from the depths of hell
The hell that they let it sink into but maybe with it back and warnings heeded things could again be well

Yet they continue to ignore the dangers and not listen and the canary notices it's feathers glisten
Glistening in rainbow and fiery red, it's colors now meant to reflect the feared, hated and dead
It carries the colors of all that it tried protect with it's warnings from those who never listen
It has now a variety of colors of all those it couldn't be enough for
It has sprung out of hell by itself in remembrance of the fallen and broken by this morality war
A foolish war that is started and maintained by those who cling in maliciousness to their ways
Ways that are out of touch and harmful and the hate exhibited for not participating in them never ceases to amaze

The canary tried to warn of them and the harm they would bring
Wasn't taken seriously enough so with a vengeance it's back with new power in body and wings
Having run out of patience and with renewed purpose burning bright
It is no longer a bird of warning but now an infernal warrior with rage that cuts through night
It will defend itself and exist with a passion reborn
It cares not what you think of it so it give it a wide berth and let it in this time rage and mourn