

*Bluebird.* by Brittany Jean

A chain is on the door to the auditorium  
The one imagined by Adler, Peck, and Sullivan  
The banner by the window says they've closed down  
But just beyond that stonework, hear a sweet sound

There's a bluebird who serenades the theatre  
In a hollow room of empty shadows  
Where snow falls upon the seats below  
And a ghost light burns for another silent night

In more than twenty years it may be marvelous again  
The house might hold wonder and a crowd again by then  
And maybe I can learn to be so lonely  
Knowing that a day will come, even if slowly

There's a bluebird who serenades the theatre  
In a hollow room of empty shadows  
Where snow falls upon the seats below  
And a ghost light burns for another silent night

Come nightfall, the bluebird has a friend  
The ghost light and paper and a pen  
She sings with all her heart to the fading summer moon  
"I'll wait, I'll wait—I won't forget you soon!"

There's a bluebird  
In a hollow room of empty shadows  
Where snow falls upon the seats below  
And a ghost light burns for another silent night  
I'm a blue...  
Blue...  
Bluebird