Three birds

When I was little, I had this bird.

I always tried to leave his cage open;

One day i was successful.

When i got home, I realized why i was told not to,

He had flown into the fire pit and been mixed with the coal and ashes.

My grandma was upset that i was upset so,

When i was little, i got another bird.

I was opening the cage to clean it,

Then Buddy flew out.

He happened to hit his neck on the ceiling fan;

He didn't last long after that.

After a few more birds,

My grandmother had had it so,

When i was little i got a dog.