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A Happy Song

I am looking for my happy song,
I think I just misplaced it.

It was in my heart
Pulsing with every breath,
Maddening me with its throb
I have to confess.

It chirped like a bird swinging on a bough,
It ran like a squirrel chattering on the trough.

But when the fierce birds flew by
In their flutter it got hushed,
To save it from vanishing I had to rush
I think I lost it when the loud winds gushed.

While leaving it rang like a drum,
It left swiftly leaving me numb.

I remember it was here
But now it' s nowhere,
I wish it had a face so I could recognize,

I could claim it and keep it as a prize.

I have forgotten the words but the music haunts and lures,

By the time I recollect mine, may I borrow yours?