## Kirsty McGee, Skin

and with my fingers trace the fine bones of your hand the hollow where your fingers meet at night i hold you to my heart as though your fragile bones might break

and with my tongue i taste the salt upon your face where no tear should fall a line i trace but i don't understand your skin the way it keeps your feelings in

at five o' clock they set the cage birds free and they rise into the evening like a holy trinity and my bird among them flies with the sun in his eyes

oh honey, tell me how the caged bird sings with barely room enough to stretch his wings for i fear that i should die if i had caused a sadness in your eye

and i know i'd miss your skin the way it keeps your feelings in

i would surely miss your skin the way it keeps your feelings in

i would surely miss your skin