

Thrice, Silver Wings

From tender years you took me for granted
But still I deigned to wander through your lungs
While you were sleeping soundly in your bed
Your drapes were silver wings, your shutters flung

I drew the poison from the summer's sting
And eased the fire out of your fevered skin
I moved in you and stirred your soul to sing
And if you let me, I would move again

I've danced 'tween sun lit strands of lovers hair
Helped from the final words before your death
Pitied you and plied your sails with air
Gave blessing when you rose upon my breath

And after all of this, I am amazed
That I am cursed far more than I am praised