

Kirsty McGee, Brittle

birds' wings in winter's fire
spread out against the sky
a dozen - maybe seven more
that touch my heart as they fly by

this brittle winter air
so thin it steals your breath
reminds me of your fragile taste
when i roll into your arms

oh how brittle you feel
like the snow light that finds you here
oh your fragile frame
you're nothing more than bones and skin

a feather fell today
i saw you turn to see
the sun caught in a wing
a plane so far away

that cut this winter air
so thin it steals away
the colours of your cheek
making you look cold and pale

a nameless winter wind
makes you draw closer to my side
i wish i could contain -
protect you from the wind and rain.