

Laika, King Sleepy

Wind blown
A lazy sway
Creeping like fire
From a slow spark

Birds without wings
Out of the dust of dreams
Head out to sea
Seeking the stars

Nothing can wake
Nothing will break
His host
Of teasing fancies

With aches and fears
Sighs and tears
We roll like water
Caught in a stream

A pilot on the wing
A weary thing
Feeding my soul
And reading my mind
We can be hurt
A piece at a time
As the curtains of night
Draw back with the light