

# Woven Hand, White Bird

these thoughts of you  
they are a gift  
the smell of you  
on the winds due shift  
behind a chosen curtain  
I'm set adrift  
the talk of you still on my lips

you come from  
another place in my chest  
golden brown and wooden burled  
till we have faces in this world  
an if I hear an do not do  
how can I look after you

every white bird  
at the top of your voice  
this days tear  
watch me run  
she never grows  
faint in the try  
distant and blurred to my swing eye

these thoughts of you  
are the dreams that I have missed  
the touch of you I hear  
I hear  
o yes and so are you  
in an always way  
bound wovenhand  
to stay

every white bird  
at the top of your voice  
this days tear  
watch me run  
she never grows  
faint in the try  
distant and blurred to my swing eye