

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