

Sparrow

Charlotte Church

I awake
Most days
Below a robins nest
With my wings
So cold
And a heart that overflows
To redden snow
I've been an envelope
Are you the sparrow

With a letter-red
Blood-fluttered
In plumes
For the bayonet
Has carved away
And it carves away
At the arrowhead
Lodged within my breast

Sparrow
We all end up
Buried in the snow
So pick leaves and cover me

Pluck the arrow
From my breast and let me rest

So far below
The robin's nest