

Feathers

Fields

Winds that are crashing and clouds that are turning
A premonition of sails that were burning
Woke up in silence and looked out my window
Its weathers like these turn women to widows

Drawn by another into each other
Lie in the heathers woven to covers
Sleep like a deadwiegth fragile as feathers

Welcome the weights that will you back to me
Call on the ravens and send them out to sea
Feathers of stray birds that lead you the way home
Its weathers that turn women to widows

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