## Shero

**Firefox AK** 

On days like this when I am consumed By the doubtful feeling in my chest Inherited by my mothers mother All the females in my family have their share

I thought I had I which I was

So I could whisper In you ear That someday

I would fly around at four p.m Peak through all the windows To get a glimse of you My thin wings would stroke your lips Make them taste like winter bliss

So I could whisper In your ear That everything will be okey