

Raise Them Higher

Jason Webley

He's got feathers in his pockets,
He finds them lying by the side of the road,
Along the train tracks, by the water,
He thinks about the seed he has sown.
He feels something tugging at him,
That pulls him close and lets him go,
He pulls it close, he lets it go.
He pulls you close and he lets you go.
His body's growing heavy underneath this mortal load.
Raise them higher, raise them higher,
These old bones just want to fly tonight.
She's got wings back behind her eyes,
Some days the colors catch them, lift her off of the
earth.
In the morning, before the mirror,
The wonders how much eggs are worth.
She feels some thing, something breaking,
That pulls her close and lets her go,
She pulls it close, she lets it go.