

February Wind

Stephen Speaks

Flyin' a kite again in the February wind
I can almost see you beside me
like it was back then.

As the unseen hands lead
this blackbird in its sands
I can remember how I felt back then
With this kite string in our hands.

I was soaring, I was flying,
Knowing I had no boundaries.
With the heights that now surround,
I was tethered, I was falling,
Knowing everything that goes up must come down.

Taste your kiss again,
feel the chill bumps on our skin.
The spring grass under our feet
leaves us laughing in the wind.
You gave me the sky,
made me feel I could fly,
Set me free from dirty earth
and I'll never know just why.

I was soaring, I was flying,
knowing I had no boundaries,
With the heights that now surround.
I was tethered, now I'm falling,
Knowing everything that goes up must come down.