

Silver Wings

Thrice

From tender years you took me for granted,
But still I deigned to wander through your lungs.
While you were sleeping soundly in your bed,
(Your drapes were silver wings, your shutters flung)
I drew the poison from the summer's sting,
And eased the fire out of your fevered skin.
I mired in you and stirred your soul to sing;
And if you'd let me I would more again.
I've danced 'tween sunlit strands of lover's hair;
Helped form the final words before your death.
I've pitied you and plied your sails with air;
Gave blessing when you rose upon my breath.
And after all off this I am amazed,
That I am cursed far more than I am praised.