

The Ghost Bird

Birdpen

Tracking chasing looking not seeing you.
I can't keep the weight from my eyes.
Feeling nothing shadows creeping up the trees.
All the way up to the sky.
Waiting watching observing the green.
Breathless impatient shatters the dream.
A glimpse through the wind of the sight I hold in my heart.
he thought of never seeing you.
Is tearing me apart.
Tearing me apart.