

We Were Never Young

Raised By Swans

From every room hearts spoke through walls too thin to hold,
the weight of what they heard.
So fires crept through spaces long left soft and blurred.

Notes slipped under the doors,
frozen to the floor we believed everything.
Leaves blown beneath the eaves,
whirring like a nest of wound-up starlings.

We were young,
we didn't heed those things,
if birds were singing we were loved.

We were young,
like the universe,
like our mothers were,
like these words.

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