Fever Dream

Aestus

Some days her shape in the doorway
Will speak to me
A bird's wing on the window
Sometimes I'll hear her when she's sleeping
Her fever dream
A language on her faceI want your flowers like babies want God's love
Or maybe as sure as tomorrow will comeSome days, like rain on the doorstep
She'll cover me
With grace in all she offers
Sometimes I'd like just to ask her
What honest words
She can't afford to say, likeI want your flowers like babies want God's love
Or maybe as sure as tomorrow will come

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