

The Winter from Her Leaving

William Fitzsimmons

Shove me out to see
The sea
The quiet of December
To the deep I turn From the wreck I bless
This mess
For what I can remember
Your ghost I burn Why do I always feel
Like I'm waiting to begin?
Why do I always feel
Like I'm waiting to begin? Lay me down this sound
Unbound
The birds of spring returning
Your ghost I burn Shall I sleep to keep
This peace?
The winter from her leaving
To the bow I run Why do I always feel
Like I'm waiting to begin?
Why do I always feel
Like I'm waiting to begin? Why do I always feel
Like I'm waiting to begin?
Why do I always feel
Like I'm waiting to begin?

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