

Magpies

Clare Burson

here where the cold wind
blows across the fields
and the magpies
gather all that glitters
here where the old men
speak of long lost things
in a language
that never seems to matter i think of you here where your white walls
color in the past
and the windows are looking in on yesterday
i hear you voices
quiet like the night
i picture you in everything i think of you sometimes i think
that you might have been
something like rainbows on water
sometimes i think of how
life must have been for you here
what life could have been for you here
what life should have been
here with you here where the cold wind
blows across the fields
and the magpies
gather all that glitters

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