

# 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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