

Moments

Red House Painters

Gently in these ragged folds
Curled up and warm like Easter's child
A breath so faint, angelic weight I can't deny that I drift sometimes
Even in these loving moments
To summery fields I call my own
Where I can lie and in them feel
At one with my death with limbs outstretched I can't deny that I'm weak sometimes
Even in my strongest moments
And the way you cry at me
I don't know why you stay

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