William Fitzsimmons "The Winter From Her Leaving"

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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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