

David Wilcox "Tattered Old Kite"

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From Turning Point
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A tattered old kite
Must have been spring when you got flown
But there's no leaves in sight
She left you to swing up there alone
Tangled in branches
Held by a string
That once let you fly in trusted breeze
Love I've flown, I know the way it feels

As I walk on the ice
The river is silent as a stone
The same river twice
But the one that we walked into is gone
Downstream forever
Or so it would seem
The warm summer rain so deeply flows
Love floated me, I know the way it goes

I can't work this key
Damn thing is jammed or frozen closed
It's a strange place to be
Trying to pry my own windows
But there was a second
A match that was made
A key that is warm inside your purse
Love opened me, I know the way it works.
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