

Loeb Lisa

"Birds"

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We are birds we
ran from the water.
And birds we take off
over the ocean.
We fly in flock sometimes,
fly in a V.
But we can fly solo,
I can tell you no.
And a sea fly lands on the edge of your footprint,
I'm closer to things on the ground.
There were flowers like lace
all covering paths, like the ones leading up to your
door.
They were always there blooming and spreading.
Well how come I have never seen them before?
They grow in a garden or a wild field.
They're bright and their yellow.
Oh, you know.
You sung through all of my sorrows,
the closest that I could have found.
Now I have floated down
from the top of my tears, and
I'm closer to things on the ground.
And most of this room is empty,
and the furniture that is left is rearranged.
"And I can't play you my old songs," you said,
"my hand writing has changed."
The sofas are worn in,
and the foot stools are gone.
The lights set the room a glow.
And taking someone for granted sometimes,
one voice in is more than a sound.
It's like hitting myself in the face.
Now I'm closer to things on the ground.
We are birds we
ran from the water.
And birds we take off
over the ocean.
And we fly.
We fly.
We fly.

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