

Clare Burson "Magpies"

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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

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blows across the fields
and the magpies
gather all that glitters

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