

## Feathers

## Fields

Winds that are crashing and clouds that are turning  
A premonition of sails that were burning  
Woke up in silence and looked out my window  
Its weathers like these turn women to widows

Drawn by another into each other  
Lie in the heathers woven to covers  
Sleep like a deadwiegth fragile as feathers

Welcome the weights that will you back to me  
Call on the ravens and send them out to sea  
Feathers of stray birds that lead you the way home  
Its weathers that turn women to widows

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