

On days like this when I am consumed
By the doubtful feeling in my chest
Inherited by my mothers mother
All the females in my family have their share

I thought I had
I which I was

So I could whisper
In you ear
That someday

I would fly around at four p.m
Peak through all the windows
To get a glimpse of you
My thin wings would stroke your lips
Make them taste like winter bliss

So I could whisper
In your ear
That everything will be okey