

## February

Gregory Alan Isakov

February comes along again  
now we are rust coloured stones.

And I traded all my thoughts in  
for an hour of sleep in the snow.  
And I dreamed up this old western sky  
that follows me all the days.  
And I dreamed up this dust [?]

My dancing feet alone.

February we march with frozen hands and bones to the door  
and stomp our fate in cafes, and houses and churches.  
Today I saw two blue flowers and thought of you.  
And oh, it made me move, my dancing shoes.  
My dancing shoes, my dance feet along..  
When will we ever fall? I don't know.  
No, I don't know. And when will they ever fall?  
I don't know.