

## Pigeon Feathers

River Whyless

I once dreamed I was a poet  
But I was bound to a single page  
You're not just a pen and a piece of paper  
You're a dog-eared book grown old with age

I've got a friend with a golden table  
And he dines with the best of men  
He'd buy you that silver mirror  
If you could see that it's only sand

I believe that I'm a writer  
But I am bound to a single page  
Sipping coffee at the edge of nightfall  
Kissing you under summer rain

But you feed the fire when you close the door...