

Magpie

Snow Ghosts

I plucked a feather
From a magpie's tail
And I vowed never
To see love fail

He bowed, clever
His colours spread
I plucked once more
And his tail turned red

He said "One's for sorrow
But what of two?
And why should I give
All to you?"

So then I swore
Before he fled
I'd pluck once more
And his tail turned red

Five is for feathers
They say six is for fur
And seven is for secrets
Seven is for secrets
Never to be heard