

# A SPARROW'S SONG

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When I think of you, I see you smelling roses,  
tiny hands cupping around the blossoms.

When I think of you, I see beauty in the freckle of your eye,  
hidden behind the fog, impossible for you to see.

When I think of you, I see ravens circling above.  
Gentle croaks calling me to catch your craving soul.

When I think of you, I wish to replace the sadness  
that plagues your heart with the sparrow's song.

When I think of you, I wish the world would pause,

breathe  
mindfully  
exhale

I long for your diaphragm to bounce with joy again.  
Rims of your missing smile reaching for the stars.

When I think of us, I wonder why  
life is fighting for our breath,

choking you  
and me.

When I see you,

I know,

one day,

you will smell roses again.

