



The Feather

*A feather once dropped
from an angel's wing.
It was all I had left
when I wanted to sing.*

*Of times long ago,
when we were young.
But all of those songs...
they never got sung.*

*She tasted like honey,
smoother than wine.
Eyes made of emerald
would stare into mine.*

*Her hair was like crimson
her skin soft as silk.
Her body was perfect,
teeth whiter than milk.*

*No one would love me
the way that she did.
Yet far from this angel
my heart always hid.*

*Still there are memories
that I often recall..
of the wings of an Angel
and the feather... that would fall.*