

Migration

I carry my ancestor's hands,
all the plucked feathers
grasped heavy at the end of my arms.
Who can make them fly.

All the plucked feathers
darkened by a grandmother's lace tears,
who can make them fly.
Preserved paths melting, who will follow.

Darkened by a grandmother's lace tears,
a note from a lost song fills old-year skies,
preserved paths melting, who will follow,
flying with the ribbon thread.

A note from a lost song fills old-year skies.
My birth compass draws me,
flying with the ribbon thread
from southern smoke. Hear North's voice grow.

My birth compass draws me,
I carry my ancestor's hands
from southern smoke. Hear North's voice grow,
grasped heavy at the end of my arms.