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The Secrets of the Turtle and the Dove

Looking for light

Looking for things hidden out of sight

Finding what just might

set me free tonight

Counting the sparks

I read a dose of your love

like the evening news

as I seek the secrets of the turtle and the dove

my feet start to move

Flowers bloom under the gaze

of the woman tending the pine tree loom

as children play at her feet

creating art and clothes from rags

and tags along the way

She looks up when she hits a snag

and the music starts to play

a spritely tune

What will it take to make my

room living next Saturday afternoon

Counting the sparks

I read a dose of your love

as I seek the secrets of the turtle and the dove

Send me a sign so I'll know I'm in time

conjure it from the fireplace

conjure it from red wine

Counting the sparks

I read a dose of your love

as I seek the secrets and the

blessings of the turtle and the dove

the apache kid

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren the apache kid med Poeter.se id #22755 innehar upphovsrätten