

If we fly on just one more beat of wing  
Maybe hands once clasped so tight will twine  
Brok'n hearts mending as the warblers sing  
Woven with such force of the divine.

Soaring up and up as world grows cold  
Blood still beating melancholic notes  
But through the chill young always follows old  
Forever to thy mother, chick devotes

Though wind shalt pull the flyers sep'rate ways  
And time ticks by with ever faster pace  
Though I grow tall, you shorter, nothing stays  
Feathers bloom as old ones they replace

The two shalt find their bearings on the shore  
Hands eternally entwined once more