

Craig Cardiff, Smallest Wingless

Dear son, we've been waiting for you
Thrilled beside ourselves that you've arrived
White coats came in, heads held low
Talked for a bit, shuffled outside

We closed the curtains
And held each other
And cried
We said hello
At the same time
That we said goodbye

And smallest and wingless
Leaving as soon as you'd arrived
But sadness is just love wasted
With no little heart to place it inside

We closed the curtains
And held each other
And cried
We said hello
At the same time
That we said goodbye

We closed the curtains
Held on to one another
And cried
We said hello
At the same time
That we said goodbye