

Your name - it does not suit you. It's simple -
Not like the ones in songs I love to sing,
Where names would run like rivers. Push and pull
Of water singing stories on your wings.
For if you were your name, you would be called
My Heart-String, singing, strung through settled dust.
Deliverer of Revelry to all
The moments meaningless. You're called the stuff
Of Beauty-Tide: The rushing at your seams.
That which announces at a time not far
From when you thought it nothing but a dream.
I wish to call you all of what you are.
But - on your wings, although it's left the same,
Do you not forge a song unto your name?