

DESIREE

the calendar's telling me something about beginnings and ends and the rest
and all the grandiose stories beginning today take flight... and i wouldn't've guessed
that the smallest routine in the most mundane day
would sing to me sunshine through the miserable grey
and leave me with whispers – desiree desiree
 i'll rub your shoulders, my sweet desiree
 i'll rub your shoulders every day

the books are piled high on the table and the shelves and the xxxxx and the floor
all the words and the once and would-be wisdom... and the big world outside of the door
bleeding delicate tendrils of unearthly light
onto every new vision that comes in my sight
and always the echoes in the dark of the night
 i'll play you love songs, my sweet desiree
 i'll play you love songs, all night and all day

and all night and all day through the bright and the grey
 and the blessedest emptiest black
surrounding my footsteps alone on that endless walk home
 to take a little weight off your back

the shadows are not getting shorter – the sandhills are high overhead
calling goodbyes and that's proof that we're putting another nostalgia season to bed
and the things that we've seen on the most mundane day
all that unsung sustenance floating/fading away
when we're alone with our darkness, desiree desiree
 i'll light a candle, my sweet desiree
 i'll light a candle at the end of the day
 at the end of every day