

Cream, White Room

In the white room with black curtains
Near the station
Black-roof country, no gold pavements,
Tired starlings
Silver horses, ran-down moonbeams
In your dark eyes
Dawn-light smiles on you
Leaving my contentment.

I'll wait in this place
Where the sun never shines
Wait in this place
Where the shadows run from themselves.

You said no strings could secure you
At the station
Platform ticket, restless diesels,
Goodbye windows
I walked into such a sad time
At the station
As I walked out, felt my own need
Just beginning.

I'll wait in the queue
When the trains come back
Lie with you
Where the shadows run from themselves.

At the party, she was kindness
In the hard crowd
Consolation for the old wound
Now forgotten
Yellow tigers crouched in jungles
In her dark eyes
She's just dressing, goodbye windows,
Tired starlings.

I'll sleep in this place
With the lonely crowd
Lie in the dark
Where the shadows run from themselves.