

Ocean Blue, Behind

Sorting through this mess I happen on your smile
gleaming through a photograph buried for some while.
I'm taken by the way the swagger captured there
has vanished in the haze of time.
And by a foolish whim I'm stricken with desire
to phone you up and tell you of my find.
But as I stretch my hand
I'm reminded of the shape I'm in
from all the things you've left behind.
Man, I hate your friends
They really bring me down
And I can tell you not yourself whenever they're
around.
So ditch this motley crew for all the world of me
And leave these sorry few behind
I hope that by some master plan you're in the same
boat that I am
Waiting at a crossing path to seal away your life.
To lock inside a sacred bond so tight
And like this photograph the scattered thoughts of you
are frozen in the amber of my mind.
And boxes on the shelf of documents reminding me you
left an empty shell behind.