

We're About 9, All The Time

I expected to see you racing around
Like a lovebird in search of her soul's other sound,
Majestic and frantic like wake from a fall,
Or saving the world from nothing at all,
All the time,
All the time.

But Erin, the third time that I called your name
I could tell that you would never answer again.
Then you packed up your memories and headed away,
Still I bellow your calling out, even today.
All the time,
All the time.

Like a rocking chair
On a mountain top,
You are sitting there, offering promise,
And the wind cradles you
Like an art form, so rare,
For the story that must have carried you there.

I have my hobbies and I have my kicks,
(Pick-up-sticks, backgammon, solitaire)
Today I changed the picture in our old oak frame
(And I play chess on both sides of the board on some Saturdays.)
To a painting I made of a photo inside
(When I see petals I counting them, when I see edges I straighten them)
That your father once took of me and my bride.
(When there's a mess I sort through the memories of me and my bride)
It's you in your white gown, it's me in my bow tie,
You with your blushing cheeks, me with my happy eyes.
It's you with your parasol, it's me with my hat.
Now we'll go down in history looking like that,
All the time,
All the time.

So much of this time you've been by my side,
It's been your heart and mine.
Now it's me and my great divide,
It's me giving each day a fair try.
It's you and the mountain,
It's you and the sky,
It's me wanting to come home to you
All the time,
All the time.

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