## Ben Arthur, Tonight

A wreath of powder, a wraith of bone Slowed skin and hair A pile of shadows and broken glass A shimmer borne on the air

If I don't want to go tonight
If I pulled the curtain and dim the lights
If I turned the TV down low
Do I have to go?

A wreath of powder, a wraith of smoke Topaz, beryl and pearl Like the voices downstairs back home A dull thick swirl