

Bob Catley, Madrigal

Senses take flight on their dulcimer strings
By the flickering light as the candle is dimmed
Kissed by the breath of a whim
At a peace close to dying that hides many things
Like the tears in the night, soothe the eyes but eventually sting

Night scented stocks weave their own threnody
Through a tinderless night steeped in old melodies
Words carried home by the breeze
Are suspended in time on this midsummer's eve
Under tender moon light in the temperate forest of dreams

Madrigal homebound on madrigal winds
Madrigal in flight on gossamer wings
All you can wish for is all that it brings
Born to be under the spell of this wonderful thing

Sleep in this storybook's halcyon scene
Hear 'the whispering' speak of their timeless esteem
Nightfall has beckoned you here
To a place in a clearing where kingfishers sing
Of the crystal clear waters, alive in this magical spring
Tail on over...

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