## Deb Talan, The Darkest Season

the last few golden leaves are clinging tightly to their branches like they don't want to let go like they don't trust what they don't know what they don't know 'cause it's not quite winter and it's not quite fall and even though it's been a year i cannot pass you by not at all i tell myself enough my heart can't feel the reason why must we into the darkest season it's cold getting colder i dreamt last night of being older i looked in the mirror there was so much grey if i saw you tomorrow what would i say what could you say it's not quite winter and it's not quite fall a nd even though it's been a year i cannot pass you by not at all i tell myself enough my heart can't feel the reason why must we into the darkest season the darkest season it's not that i'm not thankful or grateful for what we've grown it's not that i'm not living my life alright on my own i still feel the empty space i still feel the wind blow through i still thought in any case that i'd always know you it's not quite fall and even though it's been a year i cannot pass you by not at all i tell myself enough my heart can't feel the reason why must we into the darkest season it's cold getting colder i dreamt last night of being older i looked in the mirror there was so much grey if i saw you tomorrow what would i say what could you say it's not quite winter and it's not quite fall and even though it's been a year i cannot pass you by not at all i tell myself enough my heart can't feel the reason why must we into the darkest season