

Kobo Town, At the Edge of the City

At the edge of the city
the roofs of broken iron
blaze like a diamond crown
blessed by the morning sun
and these shattered pavements
baked in the noonday heat
are made a mighty drum
by the rhythms of falling feet

Bridge
hiding in unexpected places
resting on the neglected faces
the beauty that we seek
lies unseen among the meek

Chorus
remove the mist that covers me
so I can see, so I can see
shatter the glass that bottles me
so I can be, so I can be

at the edge of the evening
tattered ribbons of lights
offer electric garlands up
to the fast approaching night
and enveloped in darkness
the light of a dim neon cross
shines brighter than any star
against the backdrop of our loss

hiding in unexpected places.....