Mary Gauthier, For Rose

(Jonathan Pointer)

A warm wind blows
Across my windowsill tonight
Like a ghost, like a ghost
Soft and low
In this other- worldly light
I dream of Rose

Common time
Never ceases, never yields
It comes and it goes
Now I find
I lost the pavement 'neath my wheels
When I lost Rose

Should anybody wonder where I'm bound
I don't know
I come and I go
Wreckage looks the same from town to town
I suppose
It wasn't meant to be this way
For Rose

Soldier on
What's left is not what I planned
It's what I chose, What I chose
And the sun
Up and slipped right thru my hands
When I lost Rose

Should anybody wonder where I'm bound
I don't know
I come and I go
Wreckage looks the same from town to town
I suppose
It wasn't meant to be this way