

Rebecca Lavelle, Sometimes

Sometimes at the edge of sight,
Something moves which isn't there,
you turn to look,
But its gone, its gone,
And was it ever really there?

Yet it touches you, softly touches you,
And then it begins again,
That scent of roses.
The sound of the sea.
A breath of wind on your face.

They take you back.
They take you there.
To that place long ago.
And you want so much,
To hear those words,
To feel their touch.

But you can't go back.

Living in the moment,
Is dangerous and blind,
If you look back too many times,
The shapes distort and unwind.

But they touched you,
softly touched you.
And then it begins again.
That scent of roses,
The sound of the sea,
A breath of wind on your face.

They take you back,
They take you there,
To that place long ago.
And you want so much,
To hear those words,
To feel that touch.

But you can't go back.
No you can't go back.