

Rheostatics, The Sky Dreamed

Dave Bidini

The sky dreamed a cloud's death.
When you spoke, I saw your breath.
It floated down the avenue
Wrapped and rolled round a barber's poll,
And kissed all the little lips in the little town,
Made new all the sad and blue, took them from the ground.

Long roads, dressing gowns,
Roses reposing in bloom.
Street lamps hover, swing.
A little smile on my little lips where there was a frown
Because of you.