

Shades Apart, Calling

When the sun is almost out of view
I see the old man climbing to his roof
Leans against the sky into the painted distance
Tries to hear it every night
He wants to make it right

Calling out of somewhere
Voices in the shadows
Calling out of someplace
Moving one by one

Says he had sons, all about my age
Can't remember more the pictures fade
Blink and years go by the days go on forever
Shines the medals every day
He doesn't miss a day

Under indigo and charcoal skies
He listens when the traffic rattle dies
On the jetstream signals at the edge of silence
More than half a world away
Is not so far away