

Sheila Nicholls, Moth And The Streetlight

I knew I was treading water,
And your baggage floated all around.
There were no life rafts,
Should I grab a suitcase?
It was sink or swim to higher ground.

An' I stretch between, telling you everything
and nothing at all.

Delilah saw the yellow flowers before us,
Just in case you didn't know.
They rooted for me 'cause I wore their colors,
Told me not to linger, just grow.

And I'm glad us girls could get over Salem,
And not divide each other and not watch each other fall.

And I deliver what I want you to see,
Just like you have always done for me,
But his can never be a war.
The object of this game is to leave with equal score.

And the moth and the streetlight were in their infinite tease,
And Icarus shouted down from the clouds and the trees,
Well, he tried to warn them both.
Be careful of the fire,
Be careful of the air,
For he will never tire and she is rarely fair.
Love's not the illusion of desire,
Still he tried to break their stare,
What choices will you make he said with failure in his smile.
I'm sure this beauty's fake, and I'm sure this love is vile.

But the moth just saw the fire, beautiful fire,
Kept her warm and was fuel for her dance.
The lamp marveled as she swam through the air.
Is that something, was the something,
maybe something there.