

1/30/09
10:00 p.m.
Blues Central

Misty Through

Why do I turn? You're not there?

All joy shut out. Curtain of despair.

These poor arms so empty.

My world so bare.

My bed so cold.

Why must it be?

Why did you leave?

Your presence lost.

No more to shine.

Twine with me.

Why must this old heart grieve?

Why must I care?

Come 3 a.m. once more

I pace the floor

and cry for you.

All the night winds sigh

Their song of gone.

Done. Misty through.

Once I woke to your sunrise.

Tasted love at break of day.

Now my pillow weeps sad tears with mine.

Since you left and went away.

Ah to kiss your lips again.

Smell your hair.

Know your touch.

It was beyond beyond.

But then. Maybe.

I wanted.

Cared too much.

It is written in

The sands of time

That heartache

Flows from such.

For love is such

A precious flower.

Blooms with freedom.

Breath of Spring.

Crush it to

Your breast.

Pick it for

Your ivory tower.

No long the nightingale

Nor lark will sing.

Ah that I might turn the clock back,

Will the suns that set to climb.

Back again to grant me wisdom.

To let me let you still be mine.

But no. This pilgrim blinded. Soul dead.

To all we had. Were. And knew.

Asked too much.

Heard not your whisper.

Stone deaf to heart songs.

Spirit true.

Ah. That I could turn back for a moment.

Listen. Feel. See. Understand.

Know you as a woman is known by a man.

I'd still know precious gift of being.

Still dance each day of life with you.

But no. No such sad hope will blossom.

For. My world

Is naught

But dark

And blue.

You are gone.

I am alone.

It is finished.

Gone forever.

Done.

We are over.

Misty through.

Flame so dead.

Sad but true.

No mas ahead.

But heartache left

For one who knew.

Song of Love.

But now knows naught

But notes like these.

Sad sorrowful sighs.

No mas for me.

Save cries of lost

All not to be.

Shadows speak,

Sad silent

Pain of longing.

No soothing lies.

Done and over

Gone forever

Misty Through

Phillip Paul Weidner

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