**Sitting**

*Fairview Inn – Summer 2008*

Sitting here at 3 a.m.

Still waiting for your call.

Raining on my game again.

Pain and ache are all

That’s left. Left for me

From you. All I’ve got to hold

Never really got to see.

Taste or know your soul.

Thought for a moment you might

Grant some shelter from the cold

Now all I know. You won’t. Or Can’t.

Alas I was so bold

Took a step

Then the abyss

Silver net of old

Drinking doesn’t do it now

Drugs are way behind

Tell me darling tell me how

You still torture this old mind

Maybe in a minute more

Sixty. Know the sound

Your voice on the line.

No. Can it be. It’s almost

You ain’t coming round.

How much farther down

Can need for you take and call

This poor old heart of mine

This poor old heart until

Lose of hope all joy or will

Who cares. Yet how to bear the lash the crash

Of fate so cruel unkind

All I did was open up

Put it on the line

Who cares now for all the pain

Tears that fall like midnight rain

Happens all the time

Sun rise sings

Sweet song of lark

Coo of dove

Not for this

Poor Old Hermit

To harken

To or

Know

For fog as cold as cold as this

Has drifted where

Your kiss once

Made it so

Why oh why

Must love and bliss

Give way to such sweet

Yet bitter sad soft mist

Such siren’s sad refrain

No more will ember

Of your smile

Spark the fire

Of warm desire

One knows as night

Snows to the day

The face of never

Smiles the

Smile of

Not again

And yet

Maybe today the earth will stop

Tides will cease to turn

No birds will fly

No sun cross sky

No stars nor moon will shine

Fish will cease to swim

All the heavens tumble in

Once more you and I

Will blend

Dance

Merge

Twine

No one will know

It will not be

Never come to pass

Your love has died

Poor pilgrim’s eye may still be blind

To loss no

Need to see

Your plyth

Is Gone

Is Gone

The future days of misery

Will meld instead

With joy of the past

Life will stumble

On and on

And then

Just as no agony

Must always

Such a soul

As this must bear

Alas this too

Will Pass

You will

You will

You will

You’ll come back to me

I’ll wait until

The stars burn out

All of space is cold

All tick and tocks

Of cosmic

Clock has

Paid the piper

All his due

All the tale is told

No mas one speaks

Of new and old

Maybe you

Will whisper dear

Soft words I

Long for

Grace my

Ear

Kiss my being

Perhaps if

I just

Wait

So quietly

Near

And hope

I’ll hear

You say

It’s so

Nothing else

For me

To do

Nowhere else to go