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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