IN THE WHITE
ROOM WITH BLACK
CURTAINS NEAR THE STATION
BLACK ROOF COUNTRY, NO GOLD
PAVEMENTS, TIRED STARLINGS
HORSES RAN DOWN MOONBEAMS IN
DAWN LIGHT SMILES ON YOU LEAVING, MY CONTENTMENT
I'LL WAIT IN THIS PLACE WHERE THE SUN NEVER SHINES WAIT IN
THIS PLACE WHERE THE SHADOWS RUN FROM THEMSELVES YOU
SAID NO STRINGS COULD SECURE YOU AT THE STATION PLATFORM
TICKET, RESTLESS DIESELS, GOODBYE WINDOWS I WALKED INTO

WHITE

SUCH A SAD TIME AT THE STATION AS I WALKED OUT. FELT MY OWN NEED JUST BEGINNING I'LL WAIT IN THE QUEUE WHEN THE TRAINS COME BACK LIE WITH YOU WHERE THE SHAD-OWS RUN FROM THEMSELVES AT THE PARTY SHE WAS KINDNESS IN THE HARD CROWD CONSOLATION FOR THE **OLD WOUND NOW FORGOTTEN YELLOW TIGERS CROUCHED IN JUNGLES IN HER DARK** EYES SHE'S JUST DRESSING, GOODBYE WINDOWS, TIRED STARLINGS I'LL SLEEP IN THIS PLACE WITH THE LONELY CROWD LIE IN THE DARK WHERE THE **SHADOWS RUN FROM**

THEMSELVES

COMMINITION OF SEASONS AND A S