

## tears on the pillow

let the red sun sink into the waiting arms of the night

let the dusk roll out its loincloth of grief

for the lamps are drained of oil

and the blue skies are gone

they drifted away with the fading smell of your cologne

leaving traces of dirt on my heart

and where the songbird once sang the darkness away

the owls have assembled a choir of sorrow

it is love that we mourn here, darling

but we also mourn moments shared on the wings of adversity

when the world lost its memory

i wander on a sandless beach at dusk

hunting for smells in the crab holes of regret

wondering where the tide has taken you or the smell of your cologne

and at dawn

i awake to a pool of tears on my pillow

and i am breathless with a sense of loss