

# Josephine

Richard Thompson

Josephine paces her room  
Josephine wishes the stars would appear  
Breathless she'll run to her tryst  
On the brow of the hill  
If God will

Josephine looks for a rose  
To perfume the tight angry curls of her hair  
He'll come this once, and maybe  
Again, but where  
Or when

And the leaves blow in  
And the leaves blow into the hall

Josephine dresses her wound  
One scent of blood and he might disappear  
Or maybe he'll want to devour her  
Whole and complete  
In a heart beat

Josephine talks in her sleep  
More friends around her asleep than awake  
Cries desolation to phantoms  
But nobody hears  
A dream's tears

And the leaves blow in  
And the leaves blow into the hall

Josephine writes on the wall  
Writes all the thoughts that escape from her head  
Hundreds and thousands of words  
Written small on a wall  
That's all