

Chalk

Blanco White

Each time that I hold the dice
The numbers fade
And leave their marks in my hands
Where the chalk and dust remain
But lines can be read like notes
She said I'd leave for Spain
She couldn't know that city's light
From the marble she gave me

Some would ask for more
Fooled in the silence
Cast the stone down
And doubt what they saw
Just to follow the siren
As she moved on, and
Passed through the crowd
She carried our hearts out
It's true that some words are lost
Because you chose not to hear them

The hour of two years had marked
New lines on her face
But passed me by in the dark
My hands hadn't changed
With a crayon and pen from a can
She drew a map of Spain
I still have it now, with a letter white
But the markings have faded

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