

Streetlights

John Vanderslice

I booked a room up on the 31st and climbed out, onto the window ledge

Walked past, out past the awning, a warm night in early September

And high above the city and all of its bad blood, the lights spreading out to the

Lake shore, what is the color, a yellowish decaying orange

It's like you dropped a chandelier in honey

And turned it on

Like a minor 6th, it's sad and hopeful mixed

That color near, it's amber dear and so it goes, on and on

I climbed back in the window and rode the glass elevator down

And walked out into the wild night, the lights oh what is the color

It's like you dropped a chandelier in honey

And turned it on

Like a minor 6th, it's sad and hopeful mixed

That color near, it's amber dear and so it goes, on and on