

In The Twilight

Judy Collins

She's a lady,
and she barely knows her name now
In the twilight as she sleeps
And her memories chase her down the days of childhood
There was music, always music

And her brothers - there was Robert,
the captain of a freighter that sailed to China
There was Shannon, who ran off one icy morning
And then Herbert and then Frank, all so handsome
And her sisters, who were beautiful
and yearned to be together.

She's a lady,
and she's sleeping like a princess
who will wake up and drink amber
from a slipper made of diamonds
She was married to a blind man who was my father,
such a charmer, and another whose name was Robert
Who holds her fragile hand while I am weeping

Chardonnay in a crystal glass,
amethysts on her fingers
Roses and forget-me-nots
in the garden where she lingered
All around her the snowy peaks
drew her eyes with wonder
All of her betrayals drowned
in the roaring canyon's thunder

She's a lady,
and she always dressed in silk and had her hair done
and her clothes were pretty colors
and the scent of Chanel in her satin cloak
when she went dancing with my father
when they were very young

She's a lady,
and saw nearly twenty presidents and she voted for Obama
In the old days,
sipping Presbyterians, she'd argue with her children
who had opinions about everything that mattered
And she'd tell of the time she saw Rachmaninoff.

Chardonnay in a crystal glass, amethysts in her
necklace Roses and forget-me-nots
and three sons so fine and reckless
Daughters too, who were free like her
One who sang and one who painted
She loved them all ever more and more
And thought all of us should be sainted

She's a lady,
and she barely knows my name now
In the twilight, and she sleeps most of the day
and when she wakes up she says that she's going home
And asks me how I knew where to find her

In this home that's not her home

She sees her garden,
Growing wild since she had to leave the sweetness
of those afternoons on her patio
Where Robert kept the flowers blooming.

She's a lady,
and she's going home she tells me
in the twilight as her eyes close
I ask her where,
and she says that it's a secret
Then she's gone just like the flowers in her garden.

Chardonnay in a crystal glass, amethysts on her fingers
Roses and forget-me-nots in the garden
where she lingered
All around her the snowy peaks
drew her eyes with wonder
All of her betrayals drowned
in the roaring canyon's thunder

Marjorie, my mother, sweet Marjorie of the garden
That blooms now in my heart