

# November

Peter Mulvey

Close my door

Close my eyes

Press my fingers to the glass

Why does November drag its heels when October never seems to last?

The television tells us love can make a mute man speak or

make a closed man walk outside

But time sheds its light on all that I wanted to hide

I get off the train I stumble 'round the Square

I look for the poems at my feet

You and I come home

And there we bitch and moan

'bout all the perfect lovers that we never seem to meet

You'd better let someone love you instead of pushing us all away

Until time rolls right over all that you wanted to say

I know you are hurting

I see you tied up in knots over there

But these are the days we are given

They are precious we must live them I swear

This could be the last warm day in a cold and ugly November

When it's all over, what are you going to remember?

Hey old one up there

Where's the snow where are the lighted windows of our passing age?

You know you never told us of the bitter cold

Trying to find the heart inside each well-built cage

Still i forgive you

I would not have it any other way

I can say it only once more, I love you

Stay

Stay

Stay