

A Book I Should Not Read

Piano Magic

All armies bear their losses
yet still they rally on.
The fanfare may be muted
the spirit may be gone.

And Troy was devastated
by an accident of greed.
I knew that you were taken
a book I should not read.

But the sun danced in your shadow
like the mocking of a bird.
And I was dragged down to your depth.
And I clung to every word.

You're a statue in my past.
You are stone amongst the grass.
Byzantine and cold
but never growing old.

And the clouds pass over Europe
as the night, it battens down.
I am drinking in the backroom
of a bar of some renown.

And I'm thinking how I lost you
how I let go of your hand.
Your last words wore a sadness.
You were drowned out by the band.