

Josephine

Richard Thompson

Josephine paces her room
Josephine wishes the stars would appear
Breathless she'll run to her tryst
On the brow of the hill
If God will

Josephine looks for a rose
To perfume the tight angry curls of her hair
He'll come this once, and maybe
Again, but where
Or when

And the leaves blow in
And the leaves blow into the hall

Josephine dresses her wound
One scent of blood and he might disappear
Or maybe he'll want to devour her
Whole and complete
In a heart beat

Josephine talks in her sleep
More friends around her asleep than awake
Cries desolation to phantoms
But nobody hears
A dream's tears

And the leaves blow in
And the leaves blow into the hall

Josephine writes on the wall
Writes all the thoughts that escape from her head
Hundreds and thousands of words
Written small on a wall
That's all