

## Opalescent

Rolo Tomassi

No measured mark of wit, wisdom or rhetoric could solve this  
Too fractured to endear, bonds broken beyond view  
With all roads leading here, fettered by an endless blue

But I held the arrows, I pulled the strings  
And bottled messages never to be seen  
But I held the arrows, I pulled the strings

In fits and starts it can blossom and bloom  
But I held the arrows, I pulled the strings  
In fits and starts it can blossom and bloom  
The shot at the moon still falls short of the stars