

## Rose's Dream

Rubblebucket

Silently they fill the air  
Around my head  
Colors of her ancient stories in my blood  
Rose's ways come through my own  
We are walking in their shoes  
The ones they made so long ago  
With sweat and sex and love and toil and play  
And exploration

How could I ever know  
The secrets in my own blood?  
But she informs me from the grave  
In my dreams I see her walking by  
Telling me the way ahead  
Or holding up my worn out heart