

The Lantern Flower

Scott Matthews

It's minus ten degrees, a heavy breeze to the west,
A quiet melancholy beats inside her chest,
Like a hummingbird
Seeks the flower to feed the urge,
Staring out the window,
She can read his face,
Breaking his back, not a minute to waste

At the close of the day,
Let us while away the night,
There's nothing more that I can say
That can change our way,
I'll keep the fire strong and burning bright

Branches freeze above his head,

A fire to relieve their winter's nest,
Like a flock of birds
Seeks a warmer place on earth,
Stares into their window,
He can read her face,
Yearning for the sky and the season's change

At the close of the day,
Let us while away the night,
There's nothing more that I can say
That can change our way,
I'll keep the fire strong and burning bright,
Let's disappear until there's signs of life

It's coming around