

Ember Days

The Lemon Twigs

The fire, it still glows
The ember holding on, the wilting rose
Desire in repose waking from its lullaby
Breathe the salty air
The wind moving along from here to there
Soon, it's everywhere whistling through a mountainside

Where is the moon for us?
Those who dwell in these caves in a factory gaze
When is it June for us?
Those whose permanent place is a dark alleyway

Past the frozen scene, the ocean angels hide
Remain unseen
Take refuge in between ripples in the waterline
Feed the hungry birds, their circling turning slowly into words
Every movement heard
Shining like a marquee sign

But where is the moon for us?
Those who dwell in the caves in a factory gaze
When is it June for us?
Those whose permanent place is a dark alleyway

Where is the moon for us?
Those who dwell in these caves in a factory gaze
When is it soon for us?
Those expected to wait a whole lifetime to play
When is it June for us?
Those whose permanent place is a dark alleyway