

Cocoa Brovaz

"Lately"

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Lately I've looked at the moon
Through the dim window-glass of this old cellar room
And winter has come since we last talked
Fog's rolling in on the river walk

And the noise from the motorway stays the night
through
When the working day's over there's not a lot that I can
do
So I write you these poems & make silly rhymes
And watch the clouds go drifting by

And when twilight comes I sometimes go for a walk
The wind is in the branches & the frost is in the bark
Of the Winter Street trees as they reach for a pale sky
You can almost hear them sigh

And I bet you've been wondering just what I've become
Now you know I'm still right here where the story once
began
And writing you name on this steamy window glass
As the moon above the cellar is rising at last

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