

Fogelberg, Dan

"Sketches"

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a. Summer

Late in the summer
When the cottonwood dies
The fields are on fire
With green bottleflies
And I'm still seeing reflections
Of me in your eyes
And why did you leave
Last summer?

Now, the seasons are changing
From summer to fall
And I've still got that picture
Hung on my wall
And there's so much forgotten
And too much recalled
And why did you leave
At all?

b. Winter

Standing beside you
Mid-winter day
Hearts beating close
Together.

Wishing that we'd found
Someway to make
That moment last
Forever.

Standing silent--laughing--
Breathing steam
Gazing down into a freezing
stream...
I saw the face of a child
I saw the face of a child.

