

Gregory And The Hawk

"Season Poem"

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One by one
The days fall beside us
Like yellow leaves
We have no conscience
Oh, what we're becoming

Month by month,
The rings on our tree trunks,
Like old wise eyes,
Grow wider and winter
Lends them a dead disguise

Now time- like an ocean
knows tide - like a notion
To toss about the house
And lose inside the couch
And piles of our thoughts
Run miles in the dark
Just tryin' to get home

Age by age,
We rhyme with our seasons'
Rehearsed routines
Still turning
And returning

Now I'm wide as the ocean
Now I bleed roses
And you are just a mark
on the map of my past
But I am a road
I wind along alone
All day until the coast

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