

Incrave

"The Actor"

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The actor leaves the stage with a rose in his hand
He settles in the back seat his thoughts are like fine
sand
Driven through the rain swept streets casting a
melancholy stare
Upon two enraptured loves kissing without a care

The dreams of an actor spill slowly by
Like the thoughts of a dreamer or the casting of a die
Talking to gay fellows of the follies on which they perch
He saw a lovely lady beneath the arches of a church

Cigarettes in the airless twenties
An estate well filled with dust
In the evening reading Swinburne
Eating mightily with some false lust
But a kiss was what we found
On damp but friendly ground

The lady wore no makeup but she stood like a swan
Thin body of a dancer her dress was quietly torn
Her eyes searched his distant heart that lingered in the
ram
But his friends caught his iron gaze and carried it away
again

Broken hearted in the loveless twenties
Where a wink was like an embrace
Making love on blue fridays
From across some foggy space
But a kiss was what we found
On damp but friendly ground

Tea was like a mirror a reflection never there
His thoughts upon that ring of love that burned upon
her stare
Her eyes her lips her chin her grace the rain upon her
hair
Thus it gripped his white gloved heart can anyone be
so fair

Untied in the breezy twenties
With a hand held in my arms
Bearing my heart to the hallowed spires
Of this quiet and ancient land
For a kiss was what we found
On damp but friendly ground

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