

## Irma Thomas

### "Sixteen Maybe Less"

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Beyond the ridge to the left, you asked me what I want  
Between the trees and cicadas singing round the pond  
I spent an hour with you, should I want anything else?  
One grin and wink like the neon on the liquor store  
We were sixteen, maybe less, maybe a little more  
I walked home smiling, I finally had a story to tell

And though an autumn-time lullaby sang our new-born  
love to sleep  
My brother told me, he saw you there  
In the woods one Christmas Eve, waiting

I met my wife at a party when I drank too much  
My son is married and tells me we don't talk enough  
Call it predictable, yesterday my dream was of you  
Beyond the ridge to the west, the sun had left the sky  
Between the trees and pond you put your hand in mine  
Said, Time has bridled us both but I remember you, too

And though an autumn-time lullaby sang our new-born  
love to sleep  
I dreamed I traveled and found you there  
In the woods one Christmas Eve, waiting

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