

Krystle Warren "Some Trivial Pursuit"

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I take the train station to station
It's one of my few luxuries
Besides my last sip of coffee
And eyeing the man across from me

He is lost
Lost in the papaer
He's chasing some trivial pursuit
Some propaganda for your honey suckle dreams
That somehow grasp the day

I get off, take a step. Step, stop, look around
I can't find the time.
And there's a man holding court int he market and I
Can't conjure up a dime.

His cheeks are kissed with mid December chill
Like a gnome planted firmly in the garden.

And then the sky puts on her make-up.
She's in her evening gown.
She coyly accepts the city lights
And wears them in her crown

Laying in bed, I can't hear the side streets
I've blocked the record playing
Though it's singing just for me
And before drifting into sleep
I hear Kyra say

Is that why people think life is beautiful?
Because they know that it ends?

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