

Adrian Belew "Inner Garden"

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Autumn has come to rest
in her garden
come to paint the trees with emptiness
and no pardon
so many things have come undone
like the leaves on the ground
and suddenly she begins to cry
but she doesn't know why
heavy are the words that fall through the air
to burden her shoulders
caught up in the trees,
her soliloquy,
"Don't leave me alone"

Rome now comes to sit
in her garden
mingling the breeze with memories
of a time when
there was a room with pale yellow hues
her room with a view
where love made a bed of happiness
in muslin and lace
sweet is the voice from far away
that speaks sotto voce and
is lingering there in the golden air
to quiet the day

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