

Red House Painter "Dragonflies"

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This is the first you spoke of it
In your black magic house
In a cold damp attic
Two windows stare at us like eyes
Behind them
December's dark
Early morning sky
And a couple of
Dead trees
With their ornamental stars
I thought by now that i
Figured your head out
Until now i thought i
Figured your body out
So please help me to understand
Because i love you
More than anyone
I wonder in what fields today
You're chasing dragonflies at play
My little lost girl
So far away

This is the first you spoke of it

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