

White Willow "Chemical Sunset"

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She left him on the roof
Looking out onto the city
It's towers concrete and steel

One humid afternoon
In a month of dying crickets
And corpses of burned out cars

With the image of his profile
Still etched on teary eyes
And the chemical sunset
That stained their good bye

And later that year

When the satellites were falling
Debris from a crowded sky

She often thought of him
And the roof where he was waiting
Through days and through fevered nights

And she fears now the streets
That once led her to his house
Are erased by the colours
Of poisonous skies

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