

New York Room "Blue Dahlia"

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the stars are hanging, shining brightly
the sky above me glows white
the tiny lights, flickering slowly
as if they were signaling me
the falling rain tenderly, gently
as though it were crying
the dew drops are beading, glisten, gleaming
the clouds are waving good-bye
the moon once hiding is rising early
the night has taken the sky

sometimes, if only it could be
once more, tomorrow
this time, if only just for me
awhile, tomorrow

remembering, still searching, deeming
as though only pretending
rendering, if only seeming
though only believing
these thoughts are fading, distant, fleeting
the past is blurring with time
voices faintly, quietly, merely
as if only seeming to be
still so clearly, peacefully, near me
though I know I am dreaming
the words I am hearing are closely guarding
those things of which no one speaks
the end we are nearing, sharing, fearing
the truths of all that we seek

belongside of everything I find
belongside of everything I hide
belongside of every reason why
belongside of every tear I cry
blue dahlia, blue dahlia
belongside me guarding, guiding
belongside me finally finding
blue dahlia, blue dahlia
belongside me outside, inside
blue dahlia

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