

## **New York Room**

# **"Long Slow Waves Of Colour"**

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underneath my eyelids I  
can see the shape of a glowing light  
and I smile, and I cry

the light it gleams of a perfect bright  
and then it shifts to a soft, pale white  
so precise, and it shines

it floats and climbs  
then soars and winds  
and spins its web over my eyes  
falling like rain, never the same

with delight  
with mirth and melody  
gleaming bright  
with myth and majesty

shimmering in long slow waves  
the colors swirling all the many shades  
of the sky, intertwined

the streaking rays of color bend  
they push and twirl until they blend  
into one and become

so small and frail  
crimson and pale  
and curls around its silver tail  
the lights they shine in this my shrine

with delight  
with mirth and melody  
gleaming bright  
with myth and majesty

ooh, the glimmering hue, so warm and so new  
ooh, the pieces of blue, that open unto  
glittering  
blossoming  
dividing  
gliding-colliding

ooh, this beautiful view, so pure and so true  
leaping up, soaring ever more  
warm and close then beside of me go  
darting down, dropping further  
amber and rose in fading rows  
and trailing off, downward float  
and drift into a rippled arch they fall

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