

## **The 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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