

Aaron Thompson

"Bethany Lane"

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How did we end up as strangers here?
You blew out the candles and counted another year
If your roots are in these vines
Then why did you leave?
'O child, because I had to, you see
It was written all over me.'

The colors are changing
The air is strange
There's an old man singing gospel at the corner
On Bethany Lane

We were the summer
Now we are the fall
We'll be the winter
Freezing flagpoles to our tongues

The escape was narrow
The run was cheap
Two autumn lovers pass an orphan in the street.

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