

Richard Buckner "Witness"

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Leaves too young to fall
Wonder if they've heard it all
Hoping just to breeze through

Panes we raised too low
Sometimes it would get so cold
Wake me like you used to

Letting in the chill again
Every now and then

Just too close to miss
Now I'm left with only this
Moment I can see you

Talking as we'd milk it out
The sun was slowing down

Setting off, still lost one night
How could we have been surprised
By things that only we knew

Waiting though you couldn't stay
Keeping little ones awake

Then finally coming from your room
Calling to the passing through

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