

Brightman Sarah

"As I came of age"

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Sorting through my things
See what I can find
Picking through the past
See what's left behind

Multi-colored sweaters
That moths have eaten holes
A paire of breaded mocassins with worn out soles

Boots were made for walking
Winds were blowing change
Boys fall in the jungle
As I Came of Age

Black and white TV
With a broken 12 - inch screen
Dylan's highway 61
And Jackie's love machine

I reread your letters and again
I cry great tears
Light comes to the surface
Even after all these years

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