

Scott Parks

"A Glimpse"

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A well worn porch...
Sunset and a life
clinging to a hope...
Four stories high...

Casting down glances,
Swaying side to side
A painted sky half hidden
by a rooftop by and by...

They weren't just words after all
but images and ragged thoughts
spinning through the air with love
molded from the battles fought.

And can time stand still?
Sometimes it seems it does,
offering up a moment,
a glimpse of what's to come.

T-shirts and tree tops -
a small gift for us,
wearied from the searching
for what was lost...

A melody, a harmony
caught up in a mystery...
Or maybe it was a memory?
I can't say anymore...

They weren't just words after all...

Submitter's comments:Â

Scott Parks is a quite little-known American musician who has lived in my own Russian city of Kostroma for 7 years! It is certainly an unusual fact that non-Russian immigrates into Russia - in 99,9% cases it happens on the contrary! This song is dedicated to the Russian years of the author,

and the last days of his Kostroma period was very difficult for him and his family, as he himself admits on his official site.

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