

Howard Elliott Payne

"Until Morning"

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I know there's things you want to know
And things you want to say
And many times your fortune rhymes
Have led your heart astray
Beneath a moon whose whispered tune
On sighing rooftops played
While it held you in its silver palms
Until the morning

Your lover you pushed out your door
Had no more cards left that he could play
And you sing about how he ain't coming back no more
And how you like it better that way
But your words they break and bend and shake
Until every thorn has come away
And trembles on your lips
Just like a warning

The river boat through your deep dreams floats
Its moorings long since broken away
And search light beams still search the streams
Where song birds fear to stray
Between the walls of daylight hours
Where siren fingers lay
Their ice and cool fire touch
Upon the morning

I ask of you to listen through
My asking you to stay
Well it's not like I wish to waste your time
By hoping to explain
How the night is full of will to pull
its chariot of flames
Across the deep blue iris
Of your morning

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