

Morning Touching Down In New York

Lucas Carpenter

I am an intruder here
I've always been with my red socks cap and a pen
Jotting down answers
A scribe stepping from a carriage car
Luxurious faded jeans and a greyhound bus
A weekend connoisseur
She's always there to greet me
As I hit the sidewalk
Eyes sparking like a flintlock
Aimed and ready to fire
8 am the skyline backdrop reflected in a blur
The pavement shimmers
The great lakes of 32nd street
And there's something about
Morning touching down
In New York
Once again the evening retires
And we lay fulfilled
Daybreak pours through the windowsill
And that's good enough for now
At least that's what we tell ourselves
In moments just like this
Clinging to every kiss
Comfort takes a bow
Why don't we stop and find the perfect reason why we shouldn't let this deteriorate
But I'm one battle too late
So I drop my rifle and i retreat
Wrapped in white towels she heads for a solo shower as I stare out over the great lakes of 32nd street
And there's something about
Morning touching down
In New York
New York
Maybe on a return trip or something
It'll look a bit different to my eyes
No longer in the foreground
She'll be blending in with all the other passers by that i will meet
I'll meet on the shores of 32nd street
Take a pin drop cab right downtown
Early Sunday morning

Manhattan is stirring
Stumbling to its feet
She walks away on water
As we say goodbye
And witness for the last time
The great lakes of 32nd street
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