Reflections After Jane

The Clientele

Butterflies with gilded wings this morning
Touched the red sun and the rain
On the bridge the workers pass in threes and fours and fives
To my sleeplessness
Reflections after JaneHow I long to live inside a window
By the sighing motorway
Feel the city searching for my loneliness
In all the dust and glass
Reflections after JaneAnd I see her all on a golden Sunday
With her hair so dark in the rainWho is in the newspapers this month or week or year
My silent friend
I can starve my life into a deeper sleep
Remembering
Reflections after Jane

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