Prairie Melancholy

Gretchen Peters

The moment we said good bye
Silence tore across the sky
The riverbed lay wide and dry
As far as I could see
And someone said
My ghost was found
Laying her burden down
Taking the long way around
Underneath the moon.Somewhere on the prairie,
A little cross is mine.
A simple wooden marker
With a plastic rose entwined.
And in the stillness of the twilight
As the tumbleweeds wind
I am crawling like a scorpion
Across the melancholy time.So shred the poems
Let the wild birds chase them in the breeze
Let them make their nests
From words like please
Put those dreams to rest
Throw them at the moon
Blow the confetti across
The golden west.I was the fragrance in the wild flower
Opening for only you
In the delicate hour
Before the cold shot through.
Ten thousand years from now
You'll put your hand in mine
Remembering a fragrance
Full of melancholy time.You see those ravens breaking the prairie sky?
We used to go where ravens fly
Our giddy laughter made the angels cry
To fly as free as you and I.Somewhere on the prairie
A cross, a rose, a shrine
Standing for true love
Gone before its time.
There goes your shadow down the highway
Out that road I could't find
While I crawl like a scorpion

Slowly to the new world
Across these miles of prairie
Full of melancholy time.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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