

# 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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