Rosemary

Scott Walker

Voices from a photograph
Laughed from your wall
Screamed through your dreams
Wake up Rosemary and wipe your teary eyesRise and cross the cold bare floor
And watch the moon through frosted glass
Damn that photograph
I'll have to take it downShe hears the boats as they move down the river
She sees a dog straining hard on his leash to get away
She hears the clock and it strikes like a hammer
Pounding the nails one day further in the coffin of her
youthEvenings with your mother's friends
Pregnant eyes, sagging chins
Swollen fingertips
Pour antique cups of teaWho are you and where you been?
Suspended in a weightless wind
Watching trains go by
From platforms in the rainLook at the photograph
Dream back last summer
Dream back the lips
Of that traveling salesman, Mr. JimHe smelled of miracles
With stained glass whispers
You loved his laughter
You tremble beneath him once againThat's what I want
A new shot at life
But my coat's too thin
My feet won't flyAnd I watch the wind and I see another dream blowin' by

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