

Chasing the Horizon

The New York Room

will you be
my misery?
heart in heart
hand in hand
black on black promise me
that you will be
hope on hope
hurt on hurt
grief on grief swear to me
my dear and sweet
Marian
Lorelei
Angeline how the stars they hum
and multiply, mystify
sad and long their hymn
and you and I
we are weary and wondering
chasing their song across the sky
their lullaby

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