Child In a Chair

Peter Ivers

Child in a chair, Sunday night
Listens in the kitchenâ€™s yellow light
Child in a chair, small and still
Elbow on the windowâ€™s dusty sill
Cheek on a window cool as glass
Waiting for the painted night to pass
Child in a chair, Sunday night
Listens in the kitchenâ€™s yellow light
Faint and faded stars arrive
Moving like a movie on the sky
Child never dreams of what might have been
Believes the evening is meant for him
I was a child on a Sunday night
Hearing the wind, talking to the land
And letting the time slip through my hands

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