In the Gray

Hot Water Music

I'm suspended now,
Hanging in the gray of a weather beaten town
December rolls around,
Lays a blanket of herself on the ground where comfort lives in sound,
Like a gun laying cold on the ground, no way to spell it out.
Still much to say of a gun left down.
Most of me is elsewhere wondering
Shall we hear a song? Shall we live one, soaked to the hone?
I'm suspended now,
Hanging in the gray of a weather heavy cloud,
Soften my face and bow,
Bid my farewells to the ground for now
Part of me is sinking, pondering.
Hope is a gracious term, aligned with the faith that reason
has a course to take, be the just one.
until then, I will drown, go down without a fit.
How glorious is it?
Bound in sound, even and weightless and free from wrist to wrist

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

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