

A Map of Shadows

Carrie Newcomer

It's four in the morning, the last dregs of the evening
I sit and rock on the front porch swing, til the morning sky starts bleeding
It's cool and it's quiet, bats and owls lay down beside it
Mourning doves breathe a sigh, as a shadow passes by Well well well - it's so hard to tell
There's a line between the light and dark
Between heaven and hell Well well well, well, well, well
it's not easy to see
What's out there on my left or right
Or what's right in front of me There is magic in the dawning, a black and white Escher drawing
Night pivots on its axis and turns into the day
Devils close down shop and move along
Angels wink and slide familiar palms
And say, "Good night good luck 'til the day comes round
And out on the other side" Well well well - it's so hard to tell
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What's out there on my left or right
Or what's right in front of me It's beyond my understanding, so much depends on where you're standing
Yet I hold it up into the light, to take a better look
And I've been plenty wrong before, chose the tiger behind the door
But it always seems to make more sense in the pale morning air Well well well - it's so hard to tell
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