Starlings

Adrian Crowley

How dare the Premier ignore my invitations?
He'll have to go
So, to the bunch he luncheons with
It's second on my list of things to do
At the top I'm stopping by
Your place of work and acting like
I haven't dreamed of you and I
And marriage in an orange grove
You are the only thing
In any room you're ever in
I'm stubborn, selfish and too old
I sat you down and told you how
The truest love that's ever found is for oneself
You pulled apart my theory
With a weary and disinterested sigh
So yes, I guess I'm asking you
To back a horse that's good for glue and nothing else
But find a man that's truer than
Find a man that needs you more than I
Sit with me a while
And let me listen to you talk about
Your dreams and your obsessions
I'll be quiet and confessional
The violets explode inside me
When I meet your eyes
Then I'm spinning and I'm diving
Like a cloud of starlings
Darling, is this love?

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