Memory

Laura Burhenn

Midnight, not a sound from the pavement.
Has the moon lost her memory? She is smiling alone.
In the lamp light the withered leaves collect at my feet.
And the wind begins to moan.
Memory, all alone in the moonlight.
I can smile at the old days, I was beautiful then
I remember the time I knew what happiness was.
Let the memory live again
Every street lamp seems to beat a fatalistic warning.
Someone mutters and the street lamp stutters and soon it will be morning.

Daylight, I must wait for the sunrise.
I must think of a new life and I mustn't give in.
When the dawn comes tonight will be a memory too.
And a new day will begin.
Burnt out ends of smoky days, the stale cold smell of morning.
The street lamp dies, another night is over, another day is dawning.
Touch me. its so easy to leave me all alone with the memory
Of my days in the sun.
If you touch me you'll understand what happiness is.
Look, a new day has begun.

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