Red Paint

The Promise Ring

I was sad enough last Saturday
I woke you to talk but you didn't have much to say
You came to, to two cherry cokes, came to, to cokeIn the morning, when the wind is still warm
And the rivers still coming and following
The Astor hotel is black in the windows
Black in the hall, since we left separatelyA country letter, straight from a widow, come in the nighttime
To the back porch, throw rocks at my window
And climb the terrace to the landing
This house built cleverly for you and me
(You sound like young love)

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