

Serenade

Boris Rubaschkin, bariton

Darkness falls
Around your window pane
A light still burns
But just a smoldering flame
Is it the end of another affair
An open engagement with gloom
Or will you be smiling when the sun conjures up
A broken spell au clair de lune?
Silhouette
As you draw the shade
Cloak of night
You know it's tailor-made
G-Plan gymnastics by an everglow fire
Could never mean the same
As summer enchantment by an old mill steam
From courtly love to costly game
Maybe I'm wrong for seeming
Ungrateful, unforgiving
Oh how it hurts now you're finally leaving
I couldn't take anymore
Now's the time!
Let's hide away
Sacred hours
Saved from yesterday
Boo-hoo willows weep around you still
Mirror reflections of dew
But waterfall pages of an open book
Could shower new horizons soon
Call the tune, will you swoon?
As I croon, your serenade

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