Josephine

Richard Thompson

Josephine paces the room
Josephine wishes the stars would appear
Breathless she'll run to her tryst
On the brow of the hill
If God willJosephine looks for a rose
To perfume the tight angry curls of her hair
He'll come this once, and maybe again,
But where or whenAnd the leaves blow in
And the leaves blow into the hallJosephine dresses her wound
One scent of blood and he might disappear
Or maybe he'll want to devour her
Whole and complete in heartbeatJosephine talks in her sleep
More friends around her asleep than awake
Cries desolation to phantoms
But nobody hears a dream's tearsAnd the leaves blow in
And the leaves blow into the hallJosephine writes on the wall
Writes all the thoughts that escape from her head
Hundreds and thousands of words
Written small on a wall
That's all

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