

Sweet Miriam

Lorraine Feather

Written on a New York sidewalk
One thousand feet of purple chalk
Is a madmans letter to the girl who split in zero zero.
He never, ever begs for money.
Though the guys defacing public property,
The five-oh let it go,
So they too can read his tale of woe. Dear love of mine,
Once again, I see the sun shine.
Does it still shine on you,
Sweet Miriam?
Ten years since we kissed,
But as long as I believe you still exist,
I can survive, sweet Miriam. Though I loved and I lost and the cost was terrible,
Almost unbearable,
I feel no regret.
People pass and I guess they see me,
As being on the fringes of humanity,
Cause I work till creeping night
To get this one thing right,
My letter to you,
Sweet Miriam.
When Im done,

Youre gonna come on home. One day I walked by and there were no words at all, just drawings of the two of them in the park, ice skating, stuff like that. Once he did kind of a flow chart showing how their affair fell apart). But mostly, its him talking to her.

We had it, we had it,
We had that deep connection,
Far beyond the extremes
Of physical affection.
To think you could share it with someone else,
I cant describe the hurt.
If somehow you turned into a ray of light,
Or a speck of dirt,
Or even if you were plankton
Floating in the sea,
Id know you,
I would need you near me.
Oh please, oh please, forgive my delirium,

Sweet Miriam.
Come on home.

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