

Question Marks In Time

Dan Hill

Washed out in the stillness of the night
She's left searching
Once again love's promise has been broken
And he snores indifferently to the rhythm of her breathing
As she lights a cigarette and waits for morning
Light years apart, they lie both together
Like a child caught playing with matches
She's been burned again by fire
And she knows she's been betrayed by her own imagination
The cigarette keeps burning as she curses her desire. And she thinks
She's the only one who's lonely
And she wants the world to feel sorry
And she's trapped
Within her own self pity
And she asks: will anybody love me. And on the radio an old song sings
Suggesting that love is why we're living
As she turns the station fast. She looks down at her lover
A friend of a friend of a stranger
As if his mouth might breathe an answer
And she knows she's getting older
The emptiness controls her
And the smoke curls round her fingertips
Like question marks in time
The sun plays with the windows
As the man wakes up beside her
Silences are awkward as he reaches for his clothes
And as he leaves
She feels suspended, invaded and rejected
The cigarette is ended
That's how her story goes. And on the radio a new song sings
Suggesting that love is why we're living
Ironically she laughs
As she turns the station fast
She's given up on giving
Washed out in the stillness of the night
She's left searching

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