

Memory of You

Richard Shindell

Its uncanny
Its something strange
Its something I have
Long tried to ignore
Behind the curtain
Behind the door
If I keep my eyes cast down
It just might go away
Its got no name
Its got no shape
It cant be photographed
And it lives in no one place
Its got no shame
And it knows no grace
And its got two long arms
Reaching out for me
I hit the light
Ill take my stand
Lets have your best
Show your hand
The shadows run
And I see true
Its just the memory of you
So whats your pleasure
My phantom friend
What thing could bring you out
To haunt this world again
Some sweet revenge?
Some dread command?
Or do you only need
Someone to hold your hand?
Why did you leave
Your will so vague?
Just three blue lines
Across the page:
You take the vase
Ill keep the rose
And the memory of you

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