Iscrapbook

None More Black

Somewhere I cracked a smile down Harbourton Rd.
Now I feel all right.
Half past the minute before midnight came to carry me home.
Like solid gold.
Half past that minute, it's gone.
It's gone to pave the way.
It's gone.
It's tucked away somewhere that I can't see.
Fingers riding wind.
Flickering life back to that body I forgot what that felt like.
When twilight came, I swallowed it whole.
I'm beaming from moonlight.
Shining through.
Half past that minute it's gone.
One day I'll have a story to tell about the young adventures that I had.
No one else knows how crazy I am 'til all the dumb ideas that I've had all end up on the shelf.

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