

The Appointment

Clockwork Monkey

Lie with me my darling
We'll talk of burning things
The black urgency of the horses' eyes
Melted in the streetThe faint smell of hibiscus
The cracks around your lips
Slowly painted over
In some morning before thisMy love, I stood for days
Trying to piece back into place
All the words that fused together
In the fluffy ashen pagesI surrendered every one of them
And the case that couldn't come with them
Just to be with you
To be surrounded by your room
With its outline of a fireplace
Behind the chair, by the fernTalk with me my darling
We'll lie of burning things
The girl ablaze by the lake
Though I could never have seen itYour light breeze from the ceiling fan
And traffic hum downstairs
That thing you do with your left foot
At the edge of the carpet squaresMy love, I could never sleep
Beneath the blankets nor the sheets
Beyond the new meridian
Scratched into my yearsI surrendered every one of them
The long long days, the months of green
Just to be with you
To be surrounded by your room
With its sunlight on an absent mantle
And the hour ending soon
Our hour ending soon

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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