

# 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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