Afterwards

Naftule's Dream

You stare out in yellow eyes
Larger than my mind
In viscous pools of joy
Relaxing, we glideIt's all too beautiful
For my mind to bear
And as we shimmer into sleep
Something's unsharedBut seeing the flower
That was there yesterday
A tear forms just behind
The soft peace of your shadesThe world's too lonely
For a message to slip
But between the dying rails of peace
You tripThe petals that were blooming
Are just paper in your hand
Your eyes, which were clear in the night
Are opaque as you standIt was too beautiful
For it to last
These visions shimmer and fade out of
The glassThe petals that were blooming
Are just paper in your hand
The petals that were blooming
Are just paper in your hand
The petals that were blooming
Are just paper in your hand

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