Copenhagen

Tina Dickow

Thundering news hits me like a snowball
Striking my face and shattering
Covering me in a fine powdery mist
And mixing in with my tears
And I'm 57 but I could be 7 years old
'Cause I will never be able
To comprehend the expansiveness
Of what I've just learned
For you, I'll disappear, you have been released
You are flecks of light, you are missed
Somewhere spinning 'round the sun, circling the moon
Traveling through time, you are missed

Walking through unfamiliar streets
And shaking unfamiliar hands
And hearing unfamiliar laughs
And lovely languages I don't understand
It's late, I'm told, openhearted
The skies are gray, the snow has fallen
I can see my breath outside
I'm freezing the ocean waves with disbelief
That you have disappeared, you have been released
You are flecks of light, you are missed
Somewhere spinning around the sun, circling the moon
Traveling through time, you are missed

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