

Witness

Richard Buckner

Leaves too young to fall
Wonder if they've heard it all
Hoping just to breeze through Panes we raised too low
Sometimes it would get so cold
Wake me like you used to Letting in the chill again
Every now and then Just too close to miss
Now I'm left with only this
Moment I can see you Talking as we'd milk it out
The sun was slowing down Setting off, still lost one night
How could we have been surprised
By things that only we knew Waiting though you couldn't stay
Keeping little ones awake Then finally coming from your room
Calling to the passing through

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