

# August

## John Roberts

august  
i'll see you soon  
under yellow moons  
where i'll gather what's left of you and august  
i'm on your side  
or did i speak too soon?  
now we've crossed the great divide someday we will meet beyond the stars  
and it'll be away from here  
someday we'll meet beyond the time and the bars  
and it will be away from here august  
august of last year  
before the leaves disappeared  
told me you were not the one august  
something in your eyes  
or was it that July  
told me not to take it to heart someday we will meet beyond the stars  
and it will be away from here  
someday we will meet beyond the limits of who we are  
and it will be away from here someday we will meet beyond the stars  
and it'll be away from here  
someday we'll meet beyond the land that you call miles away  
away from here

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