Harlequin

Weather Report

Came the night
A mist dissolved the trees
And in the broken light colors fly
Fading by
Pale and cold
As figures fill the glade
Grey is the web they spin
On and on, and on and on
Through the flame still summer lingers on
Though her pictures soon shatter
All, always the same
But there appears in the shades of dawning
Though your eyes are dim
All of the pieces in the sky
There was once
A harvest in this land
Reap from the turquoise sky
Harlequin, harlequin
Dancing 'round
Three children fill the glade
Theirs was the laughter in the winding stream
And in between
Close your door, the picture fades again
From the flames in the firelight
All, always the same
But there appears in the shades of dawning
Though your eyes are dim
All of the pieces in the sky
All, all is not lost
And light appears in the shades of dawning
When your eyes can see
Order the pieces, put them back, put them back

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