

In heaven worm souls flutter  
They flutter by with rosaries  
Dangling from their necks  
German shepherds guide by nightfall  
Little kinder dressed in starlight  
Inside I feel like I'm crying besides a tree  
I'm watching myself like an old movie on color TV  
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When people whisper in Portuguese  
It's just as mysterious  
And the stubble on his face  
It hurt me when  
When we fell onto each other's faces

Dawn retraces heart ached patterns across grey oceans  
Windows brighten up the room  
And one could cast a smooth worn lover's stone  
Worn smooth from days of fertile deliberation

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Worn smooth from days of fertile deliberation