

# All the Colors of the Dark

Marissa Nadler

You look the same  
Nothing round you ever changed  
Behind tall trees, plenty of grass  
And white pine leaves  
This is not your world anymore

I sat in the car in the shadowed topiary gardens  
I had long imagined where you lived  
The skin of your palms  
And some strange pardon

All the colors of the dark  
Of all the colors of the heart  
All the colors of the dark  
Of all the colors  
You had left your mark  
Change change  
I got married on a Sunday afternoon

Summer's singing I am not the same  
Still marking "X" for days  
It's not that things go away  
Took you on a subterranean ride

Columbine and clover  
Grapes grow on the vine  
I must have made years of surrender  
You see it all the time

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Of all the colors of the heart  
All the colors of the dark  
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