

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
Of all the colors of the heart
You had left your mark
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