

For Rose

Mary Gauthier

A warm wind blows
across my windowsill tonight
like a ghost, like a ghost
soft and low
in this other-worldly light
I dream of Rose

Common time
never ceases, never yields
it comes and it goes
now I find
I lost the pavement 'neath my wheels
when I lost Rose

Should anybody wonder where I'm bound
I don't know
I come and I go
wreckage looks the same from town to town
I suppose
it wasn't meant to be this way
for Rose

Solider on
what's left is not what I planned
it's what I chose, what I chose
and the sun
up and slipped right through my hands
when I lost Rose

Should anybody wonder where I'm bound
I don't know
I come and I go
wreckage looks the same from town to town
I suppose
it wasn't meant to be this way
for Rose