

## Shades On A Casement

Mechanical Poet

So now I'm left alone  
Inside my dusky room  
The shades are slightly grown  
They grabble in the gloom

Glissading by the window-sill  
Suspiring in the nightly still  
They slowly ride the wooden floor  
Entrapping scents from outdoor

Fantastic shapes  
Are dancing on the velvet drapes  
Grimacing in the reel  
In endless fuss  
They silently discuss  
The secrets that I can't reveal

Glissading by the window-sill  
Suspiring in the nightly still  
They slowly ride the wooden floor  
Entrapping scents from outdoor

But maybe they actually want to believe in  
The frail and illusory system they live in  
Maybe they think they are sovereign wights  
Being the echoes of lights

Glissading by the window-sill  
Suspiring in the nightly still  
They slowly ride the wooden floor  
Entrapping scents from outdoor

Forevermore...