

Roving Jewel

The Coral

I used to call
At The Roving Jewel
I'd stay there
For the winter
Memories,
Pinned inside of me
Like the scarlet curtains
Hanging in the window

Bows of silk
And strands of hair
All the pages
Lying empty
Seems to me
A mystery
Like the scarlet curtains
Hanging in the window

Paper flowers
On the table
Thought I'd left them
By the door

All the pictures
They have fallen,
Many times before

I've bid farewell
To the Roving Jewel
Secrets sleeping
In the barley
Silver skies
Things I've left behind
And the scarlet curtains
Hanging in the window...