

Conversations

There are certain conversations
And they only last a second
The Mystery of life touches me
What blind little children are we
In the night In the night
There's a place we're meant to be

There are certain convalescences
Constantly fine tuning me
I open my eyes see what I see
I have found my way through
I am sister to the wind
I have sensed where things began
And it's oh so very sensual

The old have turned to white
As they travel within themselves
With just a wave of a thought
I can see so very much
It carries me so

Then the moment leaves me
As I walk through blank faces once more
Cold notions make ice form on the shores
Temporary things there's no use for
It seems to me I'd rather be
In the night In the night

I have found my way through
I am sister to the wind
I have sensed where things began
And it's oh so very sensual

The old have turned to white
As they travel within themselves
With just a wave of a thought
I have seen so very much
It carries me so

Susan Melbourne