

Joseph Ostapiuk
Midnight Rosemary

I know how this goes
I won't let the moon deceive me

Because the night's not playing Beethoven
And the stars just aren't aligned

The rose stands shivering in the distance
And the streets are all vacant

There's this absent call in the wind
Where your voice should be

I know how this goes
I'm just another cigarette of yours
That dies in the rain

I'm just an empty ember
Who's lost his flame

And perhaps I'll last a moment on your lips
Or an hour, just the same

But still I'm here
staring at your windowsill
And I just can't help yearning for a glimpse
Of your grace so pure and still

Because these warm nights revolve around you
And these tired eyes are lost without you

I know I could never rise to the occasion in your eyes
It's just another matter I could never master

It's just I never could decide
What it was I was after

And now, too soon, the mysterious flames of morning
Come rising over the horizon

And each phosphorescent moment
Tears through the fragile dome of night

The stars go disappearing
And the voices go laughing in the distance

As I stand here like a knight without his token
Searching past the children playing in the sun

Where I go following
Another night that's gone