

HIEROGLYPHS OF LIGHT

Lee Slonimsky

Our lives are so confusing nowadays;
I don't know how we'll ever stay in love.
We gaze long at October's sunset haze,
as if some guidance soon appears above.

You say you're unsure if you'll live with me,
or go back to Don Juan and try anew.
The amber ghost of sun is what we see,
and not sky's language telling us some truth.

I've loved you since that warm September night
so long ago, when we were both fifteen.
Now reading hieroglyphs of first starlight,
I can't decipher what is real, what seems.

At last you lean against me, take my hand.
For one sweet twilight moment I'm your man.

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