

Speak To Me

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Looking out my window
On a wet Octobers' eve
The autumn rain, indifferently
Beats the ghosts of summer's leaves

Listening to reflections
Off the looking-glass streets
I hear my spirit wondering
When do age and wisdom meet?

*Come on raindrops speak to me
Have you nothing to say?
Did you learn up in heaven
How to shine through the gathering
grey?*

My hands tell their stories
Of labour, ire and love
A billion strums on a guitar
Each a gift from above

Whispering contemplations
Of what I've left behind
It won't be long till the snow flies
And I must stay inside

*Come on raindrops speak to me
Have you nothing to say?
Did you learn up in heaven
How to shine through the gathering
grey?*