Return to Me

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Where a patient, lonely freight car waits at rest,
    Looking west.
And the small, red country station 'round the bend
    Nears the end
Of its days beside the railway. Lovers talk
    As they walk
Down the quiet grade, half lost in amourettes—
    Silhouettes
Dusking softly into twilight as the sun
    Ends his run.

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Return to Me

By Elizabeth Foster

Return to me, dear one, some day
When you have tried your fragile wings;
Come back to me to nurse your stings
You may receive in some rough fray.
I let you go. You've stayed away.
Regret your broken promise brings.
Return to me, dear one, some day
When you have tried your fragile wings.

Of course it's not for me to say
What you should do; some say, "He flings
Her heart away." My love just brings
Me memories. And so I pray
Return to me, dear one, some day.