Lament

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Lament

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Abstract

The walls are close and the ceilings low that hold the voices. Sad words filter through the door jambs. Mourning a young sinner...
some night, maybe next year or maybe even tomorrow, darling, you'll come for me and I'll be gone. Then I'll laugh and watch you search for me.

Lament
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The walls are close and the ceilings low that hold the voices.
Sad words filter through the door jambs,
Mourning a young sinner.

The screen door squeaks, but doesn't slam,
And a form disappears down the coral rock road
Toward the tall grass and the trees where the wind sings through.

Has anyone seen a lost soul
Wandering around in its bare feet?