

Emily Sits by the Window

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Emily sits by the window, in the early light starting the day
Emily watches the birds land, she moves and they all fly away
She thinks about birds in the sky, reasons they fly
Shortness of seasons, and wondering why . . .
But the thought doesn't stay, it too flies away
The sun rises higher and moves through the day

Emily sits by the window, with the afternoon sun on her skin
Emily thinks of the sky and its colors, a painting that she should begin
She thinks about brushes she'd use, colors she'd choose
Cadmium yellows, cerulean blues
But the brushes are gone, time rushes on
She smiles at her hands and her thoughts move along

Emily sits by the window, with stars in the darkening sky
Emily thinks how the days go, how time never stops passing by
She thinks about clocks that are wrong, hums a short song
Thinks about singing, it's been far too long
There's a song on her tongue from when she was young
Of lovers and troubles that finally are done