

## Morning Song

The mountains are gone.  
Hills have all turned gray.  
Rivers of black starlings  
heading south for nine long days.  
And I crave because I loved her,  
but I'm trying to upgrade.  
Sleeping in a catapult,  
dreaming of the jade.

I wanna kiss her like an archer,  
bending back the bow,  
pulling on the bowstring,  
and releasing the arrow  
into the constellation  
where the ghosts of lovers go.  
Light a candle for the conquered,  
close my eyes and watch it glow.

Played a game of poker.  
Lost a pair of queens.  
Took my heart out for a beating.  
Watched an opera from the wings.  
And the song of dawn is humming  
what it hasn't learned to sing.  
My currency's uncommon.  
It's based on suffering.

Somewhere there's an ocean.  
Somewhere there's a glade.  
Somewhere is an architect  
digging with a spade.  
And this morning came an answer  
but the bed was never made.  
Night has done gone left me.  
Stars burn bright then fade.