

Four Syllables on Water



Willie Watson

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Introduction

Some writers write because they have a tale to tell, something to say, a message, a story they feel compelled to share with the world. I, on the other hand, want to be a writer because I think that it's a cool thing to be. It sounds so much more intriguing, on meeting a new person, to say I'm a writer, than I'm a teacher.

So, much of my work is tinkering with words, and hoping an idea sneaks in there, somehow. Surprisingly often, one does.

The first poem I wrote for this book was Plato's Cave (convex), which came out of an experiment in writing where I was compiling lines of different syllable lengths, 10, 8, etc.... The idea was that then I could plug them into different poems wherever. Shallow, but effective.

Anyway, once I hit four, my mind sort of drifted off on this tangent and then it was down on paper. Four seemed to be the magic number. Certainly, a count of four is important in poetry, as in music.

Once, upon a
Midnight dreary
By the shores of
Gitchi-Gumi
One fish, two fish
Red fish, blue fish
In the shining
Big Sea Water
While I pondered
Weak and weary

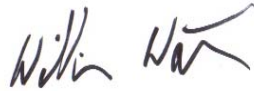
and so on. So, I decided to write more poems in that way, and these are the result.

I decided not to worry about rhymes too much, they would have slowed things down, but of course some snuck in there anyway, and I'm glad of it.

Also, I must confess, I didn't stick religiously to my own rules. There are some lines of five syllables, some lines of three. I have different rationalizations for this. Sometimes I justified it by hedging the count. Is fire one syllable or two? Is usually three syllables or four? It sometimes depended on what I needed it to be. Sometimes a particular point was too important, sometimes it just sounded right, and sometimes I balanced it with the next line (five and three averages out to four).

Why water? No great story there, either, I'm afraid. After I'd written two or three, there was a common theme, so I decided to go with the flow.

Hope you like the book!

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Willie Watson', with a stylized, cursive script.

Willie Watson

Acknowledgements

I would especially like to thank my wife Helena, and our friend Bill Karneges for their help in the production of this book.

Liquid States

Water comes in
many states
as dense as ice
when it is cold
very pretty
and it's nice for
skating on or
looking at, or
maybe putting
in your drink, and
water can be
thin as steam, when
heated till the
teapot screams
water can be
fresh and flowing
in the course of
mountain streams that
merge and form the
mighty rivers
too much water
makes a flood, but
mix with dirt and
you have mud, and
water's in our
very blood it
comes in raindrops
from the sky, and
comes in teardrops
when you cry, and
perspiration
when you sweat, oh

water's cool and
waters wet, and
water makes the
flowers grow, and
water can be
white as snow and
formed in perfect
crystal flakes or
water can be
crystal clear in
swimming pools or
mountain lakes it's
good for sailing
good for boating
good for swimming
good for floating
good for washing
good for cooking
good for standing
there and looking
at when you need
inspiration
what a wonderful
creation



Complex as things are
It's still elementary
Earth, Water, Fire, Air

Milovice

Drip, drip, drip, drip,
drip, drip, drip, drip
At a village
railway station
where the lines are
plain and simple
where the village
stands behind you
where the view a-
cross the tracks is
one of farms, of
fields and forests
where the eye can
focus further
than it can in-
side the city
where it's blocked in
each direction
by the buildings
and the billboards
houses, streets and
intersections
there are not too
many people
here and there a-
long the platform
in a random
distribution
not too close and
not too far, as
patiently, they
stand and wait, like
stalagmites upon
the ground and

from the metal
beams that hold the
homely, slatted
wooden ceiling
of the cool and
shady platform
there's an icicle
that's melting
drip, drip, drip, drip
on a sunny
afternoon, at
not quite yet the
end of winter
As the water
drops upon the
dull gray concrete
of the platform
suddenly it's
not so dull, the
film of dust is
washed away and
there's a spot that's
slowly spreading
it's a brighter
shade of gray, the
frigid beauty
of the winter
starts to lose it's
icy grip, drip,
drip, drip, drip, drip,
drip, drip...



Icicles melting
Announce the coming of Spring
With cold clarity

Los Angeles

Los Angeles
A pretty place
the ocean lies
just off its shore
and palm trees line
the boulevards
sometimes very,
very tall ones
It's a pleasant,
desert climate
so it's more than
metaphor, to
say it almost
never rains
but sometimes when
it does, it pours
before the rain
the air is still
the day is hot
the pressure builds
there's a feeling
of despair from
so much nothing
in the air from
so much concrete
on the ground, from
so much city
all around, and
then, there is a
sudden breeze, a
sudden movement
in the trees, and
suddenly, it's

not so warm as
dark gray clouds be-
gin to form and
darken till they're
almost black, and,
like the nut that's
in the vice or
like the witness
on the stand, or
like the northern
sea of ice, which,
getting warmer
in the spring, like
these and like all
other things, under
pressure, they will
crack, and water
will come pouring
down, a wail of
anguish from the
sky, wracking sobs,
cathartic cries,
the sky is pour-
ing out it's grief
and it's crying
brings relief
the broken sky
the pouring rain
relieves the press-
ure and the pain
and then the sky
is blue again
but clearer than
it was before
as if a window

has been cleaned
to suddenly
reveal the scene
as if a curtain
has been drawn
so we can see
what lay beyond
there are mountains
you can see, they're
big and tall, with
snowy peaks, the
rain down here which
cleared the air, must
have appeared as
snow up there, so
pure and white as
if a light had
been switched on, and
suddenly, the
dark dispelled, they're
standing there, they've
always been, how
is it that we
haven't seen them
there before, have
we been blind, or
or could it be
some new-age kind
of Southern
California biz
(first there is a
mountain then there
is no mountain
then there is) but
no, those peaks are

really there, the
difference is
in the air, it's
pretty, for a
couple days, but
then, the steady
stream of cars will
fill the air again
with haze, until
the mountains are
obscured, and they
can safely be
ignored, reality
has been restored



Man messes things up
Nature restores the balance
If we win, we lose

Translucence

There were drops of
rain upon her
face as she was
standing there and
looking at the
menu, in line
at KFC
I wished I were
a raindrop in
that evanescent
moment of
existence that was
absolutely where
I longed to be
But I am not
a raindrop and
I couldn't have
explained it if
I'd gone up to
that girl and said
"I'd like to touch
your face," I think
she would have thought
it out of place



Beautiful woman
The fact of your existence
Enhances my life

Thunderfuck

Really must give
credit for the
writing of this
poem to a
guy we met in
Portugal while
walking on the
beach one evening
I was dating
Margaret, a
woman who I
worked with in the
reservations
center of an
airline I won't
mention, as it
doesn't really
matter, 'cause my
story's not a-
bout that, but we
had some discount
tickets, so we'd
flown on down to
Portugal to
pass some time and
drink some wine and
see some sights and
catch some sun, just
to get away
and have a bit
of fun.... Well, he
was just like we

were, a traveler
going nowhere
as we flit from
place to place and
choose the space to
spend our time...the
sky was changing
colors, from the
afternoon's pale
blue to brilliant
gold and blazing
scarlet, with a
soft and subtle
peach-it was a
lovely evening
just as poignant
as the morning
but the promise
of the sunset
is the coming
of the night, so
we talked and watched
the changing of
the light... and we
were telling tales
of LSD
that saboteur
of sanity
the anarchist
dispatcher at
the switchboard of
your brain, is it
a demon of
deception or
an aid to clear

perception, a
key to hidden
portals to the
halls of higher
consciousness, the
sacred light, the
elevated
plane?...and swapping
revelations
tales of sudden
inspirations
that come to you
full grown, just like
a thought you did
not think of, like
a message in
a bottle, like
a sign from up
above, like the
time it struck me
suddenly, one
misty early
morning, it was
up in Skagit
County, I was
walking by the
river, in the
fresh, revealing
light, which was
really just the
clearing of the
night, and I felt...

**I was walking
on the surface
of the planet!!**

It's amazing
rather tragic
but most certainly
ironic
how the magic
of the moment
how the golden
revelations
how such certain
indications
in moments of
sobriety
are suddenly
mundane... He said
"I've got a good
one, we were walking
down a long
straight road, somewhere
in the country,
in the middle
of the afternoon,
the air was
warm and dry and
very much like we
are now, my friends
and I were looking
up, and though
the sky looked different
there, and then
it's still the sky
and it was chang-

ing colors, not
so pretty, not
like this one, but
the way it often
changes in the
middle of the
day, from baby
blue to cold and
ugly gray...so,
the clouds were quick-
ly forming and
we knew there'd be
a storm... but just
then I looked up
and saw - **The clouds
were making love!**
I'm not speaking
metaphoric-
ally, that would be
rather boring
but a textbook
definition
of the meaning
of the act, would
establish this
as plain and sim-
ple fact... you see

as the moistened
air condenses
there's a building
of the tension...
just like there is
whenever men
and women are

together there's
a pulling, an
attraction, it's
magnetic, it's
compelling, it's
a feeling that
goes far beyond
our power to
explain it, and
although we try
to train it, tame
it, channel it
in ways that make
it socially
acceptable
we fail...and our
basic instincts
our instinctive,
primal urges
which were handed
down to us by
people who were
less than perfect
people who were
driven by their
chemical compul-
sions, by their need
to spread their seed
around, will
usually prevail

Then the clouds were
getting darker
getting bigger
getting denser...

as the scattered
drops were being
pulled into the
throbbing center
like the semen
from the scrotal
sac is pulled in
to the penis
filling up the
horn of plenty
feeling that the
time is ripe, the
pressure's building
in the pipe..and
so the drops were
coalescing
came together
pushing, pressing
merged their bodies
with each other!
that is something
human beings
even at our
finest moments
even at the
peak of passion
even in our
frantic, sweating
desperately
manic coupling
humping like two
spastic rabbits
even in that
magic moment
when the ego

is forgotten
and the brain
is overridden
by the blazing
burst of passion...
never really
quite achieve

so we should not
mock the methods
water has of
procreation
sacrificing
self-existence
for the coming
generation
now the sky was
changing quicker
growing darker
growing thicker
with the nearly
solid liquid
that the puffed up
clouds contain, there
was a sudden
bolt of lightning
it was really
rather frightening
all at once to
see the blaze of
glory spread a-
cross the sky... and
there could be no
denying there
was passion, sparks

were flying and
a moment later
it was audibly
confirmed
long and low there
came a rumble
something like a
lion purring
was it baro-
metric pressure
or a cloudish
moan of pleasure
giving voice to
base desires
that can never
be restrained, if
the sound of sum-
mer thunder some-
times makes you stop
and wonder at
the meaning of
the message...though
it's never put
in words, that time
around I clear-
ly heard...then the
strain became too
great, the seething
mass began to
tremble, then the
raindrops started
coming coming
down upon the
Earth and it was
ready, it was

waiting, eagerly
anticipating, harboring
the seeds that
waited to
absorb the precious
liquid ...thus the
Heavens and the
Earth were making
love and giving
birth...it really should
not seem so odd
to those who have
the eyes to see
the life that's growing
from the ground
that's here and there
and all around
a sea of green
across the land
it isn't hard
to understand
that raindrops are
the Sperm of God



Tension in the air
Pressure approaches climax
Storms are sexy

The Watched Pot

Water's still with-
in the pot that's
sitting on the
right front burner
of the stove that's
in my kitchen
in my tiny,
grungy kitchen
still as ice on
frozen rivers
still as stones up
on a hillside
still as early
in the morning
in the quiet
pre-dawn morning
in the village
where the people
every single
blessed person
is at home right
where they should be
sleeping, sleeping
and they know that
nothing sudden's
going to happen
water lying
in the pot is
molded like a
block of jello
calm and still a
little pond content

to never
go beyond the
limits that are
placed around it
stretched as taut as
summer canvas
but the winds of
change are waiting
and the forces
start to gather
heat is flowing
through the metal
and it moves through-
out the water
molecules be-
gin to move
around, they're bouncing
off each other
streams and currents
swirl and eddy
in reaction
to each other
Are they running
from the danger?
Does the water
fear the fire?
Or is this a
happy meeting
are the tiny
beads of water
jumping up and
up in pleasure
or is this a
confrontation
clashing of two

basic forces
will the water
douse the fire?
Will the fire
steam the water?
Or is it a
magic meeting?
When the fire
meets the water
giving birth to
something other
in the moment
of creation
all we know is
there are changes
nothing's static
nothing's solid
with the heat a
passion's building
there's expansion
there is pressure
like a crowded
Metro station
there is pushing
there is shoving
there is tension
there is motion
there are heated
interchanges
and the bubbles
break the surface
and they hover
for a moment
in a brand new
atmosphere, they

didn't even
see it coming
it's a bit like
popcorn popping
first there's one
and then another
as the mob begins
to feel a
certain, sudden
surge of panic
and they're racing
towards the exits
forming into
perfect spheres
upon the surface
of the water
at the border-
line between two
very different
states of matter
leaving that which
once contained them
which was all they
ever knew and now
whatever can
they do? Looking
lost and out of
place, suddenly
in outer space
they burst, and then
more bubbles rise
to give themselves
up to the sky
until there is a
steady stream of

bubbles turning
into steam
the water has
become a vapor
like the words we
put on paper
there's a line which
they have crossed for
what they've gained there's
something lost
and that's the way
the story goes
the watched pot boils
but, yes, it's slow



Changes come slowly
They only appear sudden
Looking back on them

Plato's Cave (convex)

I was looking
out the window
at the sunshine
on the water
and the light
of its reflection
that was dancing
that was playing
that was bouncing
off the surface
like the billiard
balls that ricochet
around the
green, felt table

demonstrating
laws of physics
demonstrating
laws of motion
like the waves
out on the ocean
moving in a
constant pattern
in a dance of
things reacting
to each other
in the total
set including
all the points
upon the table
bordered by the
green, felt buffer

bordered by the
sky above us
bordered by the
Earth below us
bordered by the
world we know as
if it were the
only one and
we were prisoners
of the sun we
see the stars at
night that beckon
silent beacons
in the blackness
of the distance
shining, shining
in the blackness
of the future
of the unen-
lightened future
of the still un-
painted future
of the empty,
lonely future
it's so big and
we're so small like
ants upon a
basketball we
grip the surface
but we see them
but we know the
stars are out there
like the mountains
meant for climbing
as the sea is

meant for sailing
they are like a
phone that's ringing
and we know that
we will answer
it is simply
human nature
to respond to
distant signals
to respond to
ancient yearnings
that are glowing
that are burning

We are living
on the planet
Earth-a womb of
dancing light by
day, and then, re-
vealed at night, we
see the signals
that we crave
All the world is
Plato's cave



When your thoughts wander
There is no earthly limit
To where they will go

The Shower Poem

I like singing
in the shower
I could stand and
sing for hours,
well, perhaps it's
not so long, but
time outside is
cut and measured
by the ticking
of the clock, the
metronome of
daily rhythms
meetings, classes
jobs, appointments,
here, I'm standing
in the flow, a
stream that's pouring
from the ceiling
every moment
here is treasured
here, the cadences
of time... are
less measured, more
sublime, water
cleansing, water
cooling, water
falling like the
rain, water easing
aches and pains
Water striking
naked flesh is
like a liquid

acupuncture
sensitizing
every single
pore upon your
naked body
it's like standing
underneath a
pure and simple
waterfall, the
very air around
you charged with
energy and
good vibrations
it's a wonder-
ful sensation
and, as there are
no distractions
to disturb your
concentration
just the falling
water's action
maybe even
titillation
you can lose your
inhibitions
from the total
relaxation
here inside the
echo chamber
and besides your
mental state, the
acoustics here
are great, I must
admit, of all
the lovely sounds
we hear each day

around us, if
I have one sin-
gle choice I choose
the sound of my
own voice, mingled
with the flowing
water, reso-
nant inside the
chamber, where there
is no one to
say that it is
like a rusty
gate, that it is
like a pair of
tomcats who are
locked in mortal
combat, that it's
like the sound of
mules who are
impersonating
camels, when there's
no one there to
hear me, I can
let my voice go
soaring, strong and
proud and loud and
tuneful, I can
stand and sing for
hours, when I sing
inside the shower



Lift your voice in song
When there's no one listening
You can do no wrong

Long Islands

It was in the
afternoon, a
quiet, summer
afternoon and
I was headed
home after a
class I'd taught in
Braník, which was
really not a
class, I'd had two
students, for one
hour apiece, I
caught the seventeen
I think, it
might have been the
three, but one of
those that runs
along the river,
rolling northward
to the center
rolling northward
like the river
(I got on at
Pristaviste
would change at
Palackého),
and that day it
wasn't crowded
that was much
appreciated
anytime that
I can stand with-

out the pressing
crowd of people
anytime that
I can stand with-
out my hand
upon my wallet,
let's me feel a
little freedom,
makes me feel a
little better
makes me feel a
bit more human
and when I can
get a seat to
ease the throbbing
of my feet, I
count it as a
lucky day, it's
certainly a
point in favor
as I'm tabu-
lating pros and
cons of my pa-
thetic life, and
on a day like
that day then, when
there are seats from
which to choose,
I always try to
pick the side that
offers me the
nicest view, and
so I sat upon
the left and
cast my gaze

upon the water
on the broad and
placid river
on the soft, gray
surface that is
something like a
carpet on the
aisle through
the city's center.
It's a constant,
little-changing
focal point for
meditation,
like the gardens
made of sand with
ripples raked
across the surface
and my thoughts are
caught and held by
things that are out-
side the window
thus the circuit
is complete, our
vision is a
two-way street, and
then I thought of
all the people
men and women
past and present
who have rode
along this river
who have walked on
wooded pathways
who have stood here
on it's banks and

who have let their
thoughts go drifting
some no doubt have
been mundane, as
bland as bland, as
plain as plain, just
wondering what would
be for dinner
wondering where
they'd go that weekend
wondering if he
really loved her
and their thoughts and
mine are floating
in the space
above the river
and of course there's
no connection
but at least we
have this common,
flowing point of
reference, it
helps a bit to
level out the
obstacles and
differences

we were moving
past the sports camps
we were sailing
past the boat clubs
and there was a
pair of rowing
shells out racing
on the river

long and thin like
water beetles
lightly skimming
on the surface
lines of oars all
moved together
like the legs of
some small insect
like a mini-
Roman galley
though they're lower
and they're shorter
and they're doing
it for sport, in
structure they are
much alike as
both of them are
long and thin and
that, of course, is
predetermined
Engineering
has to follow,
must abide by
real conditions
boats are always
long and thin, they're
something like the
fish who swim and
obviously
were designed with
water's steady
flow in mind and

now we're moving
past the islands

which are one
behind the other
just a range of
hill that's rising
peaks which poke
above the surface
all we see is
just a part of
what is hidden
by the water
like the dorsal
undulations
of the highland's
Loch Ness monster
and they look like
dashes which are
painted down the
freeway's center
and it seemed so
well designed that
they were standing
in a line and not
just scattered here
and there as if
the planner did
not care, it's not
like man, who builds
the cities, builds them
more or less at
random, builds them
anywhere he
can; here, you see
how things began-
nothing random
in the plan

No, it isn't
really strange that
everything is
so arranged that
everything that's
in the mighty
river should take on
it's shape. It's
natural, there's
no escape



Islands in the stream
Are long and thin just like boats
It's not surprising

Ashkelon

I like lying
on my back at
night, in warm and
salty water
just offshore from
all my worries
just offshore from
traffic, buildings,
just offshore from
people screaming
at each other
over nothing

Best, if it is
out of sight of
any kind of
city lights, the
idea is to
get away and
find a place where
you can lay a
moment, just a
moment in the
bathtub that goes
round the world, the
ocean that's the
source of life for
everything
upon the planet

All you hear is
water lapping

as it moves be-
low your body
as it moves
around your body
There's a slapping
and a sucking
and a splashing
and a slurping
There's a certain
sibilance of
soft and soothing
ocean sounds, the
sound of liquid
liquid sound, and

All you feel is
warm and gentle
water as it

goes to shore and
then it comes to
sea once more
Water as it
flows beneath you
water as it
flows around you
water as it
forms a cushion
to support your
resting body
All you feel is
nearly nothing
it's as close as
you can come to
separating

mind and body
it's as close as
you can come to
being somewhere
other than the
space where you have
always lived, the
space that is with-
in your body

It's a line of
demarcation
It's the border
of the nation
It's the border
of the state of
being, which you
cannot leave, but
here, while floating
in the water,
there's a feeling
there's a sense
that even if
you cannot leave
you still can look
beyond the fence

What you see are
stars above you
in the night as
black as nothing
in the black of
non-existence
in the black that
is reflected

in the water
that's around you
in the blackness
that's the very
nature of the
universe, but
it isn't dark
and gloomy, or
oppressive, like
a dungeon, it's
a different
sensation, it's
the dark of
liberation,
it is airy, it
is roomy, it's
a blackness that
starts here and stretches
to the nearest
star, which is
of course, as we
all know, very
very, very
far... Far across
the black of night
we see these tiny
specks of light and
we don't know if
they have planets
which have people
who are like us
we don't know if
they have trees and
rivers, mountains,
deserts, valleys,

we don't know if
they have people
who write poems in
languages we
can't imagine
we don't know if
they have wars and
cars and cities,
TVs, phones, in
fact, for all we
know, we might as
well admit that
we're alone, but

we can see them
through the darkness
now the sun has
gone behind us
and it's light has
been extinguished
we can see
across the distance
suddenly, it's
all transparent
suddenly, it
seems as if we
have been blessed with
x-ray vision
and we see
beyond the oval
cage in which we
are imprisoned

There, across the
empty vastness,

There, across the
space between us
There, across the
gaping void the
stars are shining
bright as beacons
flashing from a
distant lighthouse
They are spread
a-cross the heavens
dense as dewdrops
in the meadow in
the morning, and
they almost form
a blanket, like
the sand upon
the beach, or like
the neon in
the city, each
one crying for
attention, but
in places they're
so dense they al-
most seem to form
a haze, Broadway
on the Milky
Way , but as I
lie there in the
water, in the
warm and salty
water, in the
balmy ocean
water, looking
out across a
zillion miles of

dark and empty
space, from this place
to another
place, the inter-
vening space is
clear, they are so
far, and yet so near



Warm and protective
The womb of the human race
Salt water is sweet

Most Legii

I was standing
on the bridge and
I was leaning
on the railing
though the cars were
zipping past me
I was not in
any hurry
I was watching
people rowing
on the river
that was flowing
in their boats like
little insects
that can walk
across the water
leaving dimples
on the surface
like our footprints
in the sand, they
were sitting on
the water on
their little wood-
en benches, on
their artifi-
cial islands which
were floating on
the stream and the
sunlight hit the
water and it
sparkled and it
gleamed. It was a
very pretty
summer scene.

They were tourists
just like I was
just like I am
just like you are
even if perhaps
you live here, we
are all here temp-
orarily
just passing through
this lifetime
trying this thing
trying that thing
here and there
upon the planet
but the time we
spend upon it
doesn't give us
any credit
doesn't give us
any title
like the water
that is flowing
from it's source down
to the ocean
we will pass, and
keep on going
as another
set of people
takes our place
upon the planet
but the stream is
carried forward
and succeeding
generations
will be just as

much like us as
we are like the
ones before us
like the river
that I'm watching
slowly drifting
on it's way is
very like the
river that was
in the same place
yesterday.

They were floating
on the river
on the broad, slow
moving river
on the soft, gray
thoroughfare that's
flowing through the
ancient city
it's away from
all the motion
and commotion
and congestion
it's a channel
cutting through the
artificial
rigid, concrete
world we've built upon
it's banks and
it provides a
sanctuary
here the water
keeps on flowing
wipes away the

daily pressures
softening the
bad vibrations
flushing out the
evil karma
It provides a
quiet refuge
from the rumbling
of the engines
from the pounding
of the hammers
from the ringing,
and the buzzing,
and the wailing
and the blaring
and the screaming
and the bitching
and the cursing
of the people
who are struggling,
struggling for their
petty goals
it's a tonic
for our tensions
it's a balm for
troubled souls

When the summer
days get hotter
it's much cooler
on the water
and you get the
long perspective
of the city
that is rising

rising in it's
ancient pride up
on the banks on
either side, and
it's a vantage
point that equals
that of peaks which,
overlooking
give a sense of
domination
awe, amazement,
Inspiration,
with their broad and
sweeping views, but
let me tell you,
'cause it's true that
if you want to
have a rest and
clear your mind and
cleanse your soul, the
view from down below
is best.



Cities change a lot
Century to century
Rivers stay the same

Snow

Snow is falling
all around, the
snow is lying
on the ground, the
snow is falling
through the night, so
in the early
morning's light, the
snow is still, a
sea of white, it
covers every-
thing in sight, it
covers houses
fields and trees, it
covers up the
fallen leaves, the
rusting cans, and
other things are
gone, until the
coming Spring
it simplifies
what was complex
perhaps its best
perhaps its best
in Spring we have
a time of hope
in Summertime
we try to cope
with all the changing
sights and sounds
as the world is
spinning round, in

Fall, we see the
blazing fires
of the Summers
spent desires
now the snow is
thick and deep, we
can relax, perhaps
forget our
troubles for a
little while
it's time to sleep
it's time to sleep



When it's all over
Forgotten is forgiven
Everything's covered