

When All is After

When all the greenery is gone
And the wind that kept us tossing
Has died in the grass by the river
You will be laughing still, I know
Chin tucked madly
Against your chest
And for your midnight reminiscences
A toilet seat kept warm
For your sighs and singing.

I will still be waiting
In the long echoing hall
Leaning my grateful shadow
Against the grinning wall.
And as you roll home
My dreams will track you
Down side streets, cackling
While swallows call and streetcars clang
And the little cracks in the dawn
Fly off singing.