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I Don't See How

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I Don't See How

I don't see how I can be
transfixed by your beauty, repulsed by your vanity.
Love standing strong, sand castle against the waves,
frothing water washes sand towers away.

But your books are gone from the table
your flute lies lonely and unplayed
and your mother doesn't really know
she really doesn't know.

Too late for the professor,
too late for the words,
Your sweet songs notes have faded,
paint brush lies unused
and pallet flowers have wilted.
The paint drips on the floor
and a flattened Coca Cola straw,
lip-stick smudges color the end
and paint rags hang limp.

Taxi cab traveller rides away,
meter ticks softly, cares drain away.
Terminal driveway, traffic congests,
suitcase in the gutter, payment is made.
Orange airport easy chair, just minutes to wait,
and a PA message she just doesn't heed.
and her books are gone from the table
flute lies lonely and unplayed
your mother doesn't really know
she just doesn't know.

/David Root/