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Winter Conversation

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Winter Conversation

Miles W. Curtiss

If you could see me now,
All dressed up to go out,
Just waiting for the magic of this moment to erupt.
Sometimes, I wish inside
I was as old as I feel.
That way the ghost of entropy
wouldn't bite at my heels.

Everyone is heading there
and still we all complain.
Afraid the things we expect to lose
are gifts we've already sold away.

You plan to call California,
contact the man with the means.
He'll keep you resting in slumber
and hold you safe in dreams.
But that old man
is just a sycophant
who's gonna slowly drain you
of all the riches in your head.

You say everyone heads there.
Its just the way were born.
We must give up all of our rampage
and don these last uniforms.
I say if everyone's looking for a city of gold.
Then there must be one somewhere
who knows?

If you could see me now,
all dressed to worship the night.
She's not the deity I had in mind.
It seems a strange consolation
for what we've given away.
The happy haze of a drunken hour
today.