The Life of Mrs. G.B.

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"THE LIFE OF MRS. G.B."

Sitting, staring into space
Evolving, everything in place.
And snow falling crisp and light
Randomly endless, on this cold night.
Call of desire loud in the day
Honey is sweet in the games we play.
Ice dripping, melting and wet
No change foreseen as of yet.
Great ambitions ever fading fast

Such is the present like seeing the past.
Echoes of wishes grow in the heart,
Actively reach to make a new start.
Replaced by summer's blistering heat,
Call of desire, drugs that are sweet.
Hearing no answer from Heaven above,
Infant to elder and finding no love.
Naked the trees and dead the will,
Gone the chances; the snow falls...still

DAN JENSEN