

Broadleaf Summer

In that broadleaf summer there were traces of angels
Perched upon my windowsill,
But I thought they were slug trails
I regret that error still

In that broadleaf summer all my friends found their freedom
In the Republic of First Love
And they made it look easy
Waltzing through the clouds above

In that broadleaf summer when the sky was so wide
You came and offered me your heart
But I thought it was kindness
So I proudly drew apart



In that broadleaf summer when the evenings were endless
I lost what I know should have been mine
You may say it was careless
Must have thought I had more time

Through the year I thought of you
I watched the rosehips swell
The broad summer leaves were pulled back to the earth
And a pinecone winter fell

In that broadleaf summer, when the sun was so lazy
It warmed our crenellated hours behind acres of days.
We thought we would be safe from harm

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Perched upon my windowsill
But I thought they were slug trails
I regret that error still