

And Then The Pages Turn

The Hours of Life

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(Song from "The Hours of Life.")

YES, I OFTEN ASK MYSELF
WHY HE OCCUPIES MY SHELF
WHEN OTHER BOOKS I'D TURN BACK TO A TREE.
AS I OPEN UP EACH PAGE
I'M A PRIS'NER IN HIS CAGE
FOR IN EACH POEM HE WRITES I SEE...

A TOWER BUILT OF INK
WITH SUCH WONDERS IN ITS WALLS.
ONCE OR MAYBE TWICE I BLINK
AND I'M DANCING IN ITS HALLS.
BUT WHERE THE DARKNESS LIES
COLD, RAVENOUS EYES
I TREMBLINGLY DISCERN.
AND THEN THE PAGES TURN...

A RAINBOW BRIGHT WITH WORDS
THEN ERUPTS TO FILL THE SKY.
IT CLEARS OUT THE BUSY BIRDS
SO THAT DREAMS ARE FREE TO FLY.
BUT FOLLOW THEM THEIR FLIGHT
FAR INTO A NIGHT
WHERE STARLIGHT FEARS TO BURN.
AND THEN THE PAGES TURN...

YES, EVERYTIME HIS WORDS INVITE THE DARK TO CHILL ME
THE PAGES TURN AND BRAND NEW WORDS ARISE TO THRILL ME.
THUS EVEN AS I TRY TO DARE AND DOUBT THEM
I CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT THEM.
BUT NOW, TELL ME IF YOU CAN:
COULD IT BE, TOO, WITH THE MAN?
THAT I'D GREATLY LOVE TO LEARN.
UNTIL THEN, THE PAGES TURN AND TURN...

RIGHT THEN I'M SWEEPED AWAY
ON A TIDAL WAVE OF RHYME.
FROM MY THRONE ATOP ITS SPRAY

I HEAR METERS BEAT THEIR TIME
THOUGH BEATING LIKE DEATH'S DRUM
COMMANDING YOU COME
WITH TEMPO LOUD AND STERN.
AND THEN THE PAGES TURN...

I'M THROWN INTO A GRAVE
FILLED WITH FEELINGS I THOUGHT DEAD.
THERE'S SO MUCH THERE THAT I CRAVE
AND SO MUCH THERE THAT I DREAD.
AND IT WILL BE SO STILL
THROUGHOUT AND UNTIL
MY ASHES FILL THE URN
AND PASSIONS CEASE TO YEARN
AND PAGES CEASE TO TURN.
BUT, TIL THEN, THEY TURN.
YES, TIL THEN, THEY TURN.