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Whispering

Reference number pt0032

WENDLA

Whispering.

Hear the ghosts in the moonlight.
Sorrow doing a new dance through their bones,
Through their skin.

Listening

to the souls in the fool's night,
Fumbl'ing mutely with their rude hands,
And there's heart-ache without end.

See the father bent in grief,
The mother dressed in mourning.
Sister crumples and the neighbours grumble,
The preacher issues warnings.

History:

Little Miss didn't do right.
Went and ruined all the true plans.
Such a shame.
Such a sin.

Mystery.

Home alone on a school night.
Harvest moon over the blue land,
Summer longing on the wind...

Had a sweetheart on his knees
So faithful and adoring.
And he touched me and I let him love me.
So let that be my story.

Listening

For the hope, for the new life,
Something beautiful, a new chance.
Hear its whispering there again.