

Langour

Alone in the cold darkness
Racing in the fast lane
Walking down a New York avenue
Drawing from a nicotine stick
Leaning against a white wall
Unknowingly posing for us all
You were a "Rebel Without a Cause"
Another "Giant" who was "East of Eden"

But something is wrong
We're both alone, robbed of youth, forgotten
I'm here too late, offering the wilted fragrance of flowers
And you lay with a cold, carved stone
Six feet above and behind your head

Leigh Steele