

## Tales From The Blue

An old collection of a journey  
Laid down upon the desk  
faded memory  
My heart is covered by a blue touch  
It's gone when the blossoms end

A vase awaiting flowers, has never been blessed by them  
An exquisite pot, never been acknowledged  
I filled the glass with some fine scotch  
Closed my eyes  
The night ends  
And it's all blue

A herd of serow in the distance  
Passed by across an unknown railroad  
White barks emerged in the blue sky  
Trimmed by square window panes  
I picked out a fragment of time  
A traveler, once left behind  
Magically the scent has moved the still wood  
Wakes me up with the sizzling drum of rain  
The play ends  
And it's all true