

Magic Trance

Kathy Mar

On a gentle summer afternoon
We were walking through the aspen by a quiet stream
All at once I saw a rainbow curling over you
And I felt as if I'd wandered into some old dream
You were dressed in golden armor
I was dressed in lace
Sunlight flashing on your shoulders
Sunbeams kissed my face
All at once I knew that you and I
Had been wandering the centuries as in a dance
And the sound of laughter floating through the aspen trees
Called me back to now and from that magic trance.

Now I wonder in my melancholy
Which of us will be the first to leave this time around
For it seems as if we're always parted
Just as soon as we're found
Oh, but not this time around
We'll stay around.