

How Long

Roo Panes

This pitter-patter falling sure,
A hypnotic pattern calling forth Impatience with its steady beat,
For I don't want to sleep.
A new life in this sheltered room,
I feel its balm and I breathe its boon,
The sweet perfume of Claire de Lune - the scent of what's to come!

Oh how long?
How long?
How long must I wait for tomorrow?
How long?

Well I meet this night with open eyes,
dreams of day, and excited sighs,
Moon shadows of the life outside paint writing on my wall.
It's secrets played before my eyes,
what heaven prepares before sunrise,
Such beauty met without reply,
an orchestra of peace.

Oh how long?
How long?
How long must I wait for tomorrow?
How long?