

Mid-Air

Rosanne Cash

I'm haunted by your poems
And the color of your hair
A world unfolds outside my door
But will I find you there?

Your picture on the mantle
In a room that is stripped bare
You're the rhythm of my bloodstream
But will I find you there?

When night falls out my window
I catch you in mid-air
In your screams and your history
Will I find you there?

I've earned your condemnation
Angry words and frozen stares
If I keep walking towards forgiveness
Will I find you there?

I carry you in my body
My heart and my soul and my prayers
And all my dreams of our destiny
Baby, will I find you there?