

## Poems

Stephen Sondheim

Rain  
Glistening  
On the silver birch  
Like my lady's tears  
Your turn

Rain  
Gathering  
Winding into streams  
Like the roads to Boston  
Your turn

Haze  
Hovering  
Like the whisper of the silk  
As my lady kneels  
Your turn

MANJIRO  
Haze  
Glittering  
Like an echo of the lamps  
In the streets of Boston  
Your turn

Moon  
I love her like the moon  
Making jewels of the grass  
Where my lady walks  
My lady wife

Moon  
I love her like the moon  
Washing yesterday away  
As my lady does  
America  
Your turn

Wind  
Murmuring  
Is she murmuring for me  
Through her field of dreams?  
Your turn

Wind  
Muttering  
Is she quarreling with me?  
Does she want me home?  
Your turn

I am no nightingale  
But she hears the song  
I can sing to her

My lady wife

I am no nightingale

But my song of her  
Could outsing the sea  
America

Dawn  
Flickering  
Tracing shadows of the pines  
On my lady sleeping  
Your turn

Dawn  
Brightening  
As she opens up her eyes  
But it's I who come awake  
Your turn

You go

Your turn

Leaves  
I love her like the leaves  
Changing green to pink to gold  
And the change is everything

Sun  
I see her like the sun  
In the center of a pool  
Sending ripples to the shore  
Till my journey's end

Your turn

Rain

Haze

Moon

Wind

Nightingale

Dawn

Leaves

Sun

End