

## Reflections After Jane

The Clientele

Butterflies with gilded wings this morning  
Touched the red sun and the rain  
On the bridge the workers pass in threes and fours and  
fives  
To my sleeplessness  
Reflections after Jane

How I long to live inside a window  
By the sighing motorway  
Feel the city searching for my loneliness  
In all the dust and glass  
Reflections after Jane

And I see her all on a golden Sunday  
With her hair so dark in the rain

Who is in the newspapers this month or week or year  
My silent friend  
I can starve my life into a deeper sleep  
Remembering  
Reflections after Jane