

RAFA RUSSO



A petrified forest

YEARS GONE BY

I awoke one day in half-empty bed
A lipstick message on the looking glass
Sheets like steel, over-smoked cigarettes
Cold inventory of all that's left
Of the years gone by

All the records piled, all the books on the floor
Have no owner anymore
Love's been exorcised and I've realized
The jewel I fiddled with was only ice
And the years gone by, years gone by

Yet my arms still seek her in the wood-wormed air
Like a stray dog of its loss unaware
But how can you help feeling a fool
When love's magic carpet wrecks and you
Face the years gone by

Years gone by, years gone by
Fictitious distance
Scattered in incense
Years gone by, years gone by

Now the years don't weigh, the years don't taste
The years just dash in a suspect haste
Like the rain in the sea, like the smoke in the breeze
Leaving hieroglyphs in the deposits of tea
And the years gone by, years gone by
I've been rummaging through the dump of time
Looking for those moments engraved in rhyme
All the promised, all the passion games
All the tender nights, all the tattooed flames
But there was only dust beneath the dust
Grass on the traces
Bleach on the pages

