

Curious Thing

by Stephen M. Golden

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Full moon rising over my shoulder.
My load gets lighter as I get older.
Night time is a friend I count on for peace, rest, and release.

Cloud filled sky, misty rain,
Its soft sound of comfort on my window pane.
I find I like Autumn better than Spring. Curious thing.

I look at the night sky, I look at the stars,
And sometimes I wonder how I've come this far.
So many things I'll never forget. I have no regret.

My life has gone through so many changes.
It seems when I start to settle down, life re-arranges.
It's makin' me wiser, but sometimes it stings. Curious thing.

The watch of november shall always be
A time of reflection and solace for me.
It's hard to explain it. I don't think you know
how much I don't show.

A cloak and a whisper, the moon shines its light.
A fleeting moment, I pass in the night.
You try to recall me -- no memory it brings. Curious thing.

I find I like Autumn better than Spring.
It's makin' me wiser, but sometimes it stings.
You try to recall me -- no memory it brings. Curious thing.