

Elizabeth's Lament

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It was coming on to New England night
She was driving down the Mass. turnpike
The leaves had turned to yellow-brown
The sky was grey, winter was coming down

She thought about the ones at home
A son she loved about to go
A daughter half way out the door
A man who didn't know her anymore

And the skies open up the turnpike slicks with rain
And the rhythm of the wipers on the windshield click her time away
And she holds the thought of security she'd bought
But the days go by and the Time runs out...a spirit is caught...

She thinks of her community
The Ladies to bridge, the Ladies to tea
Forced cocktail parties now and then
Where she cannot call a single soul a friend

And she wonders about the home routine
The daily Chores, the weekly Clean
Soap operas in the afternoon
At night the house gets silent far too soon

So she goes up and turns the bed sheets down
A quick kiss and the husband's gone
The shadows on the ceiling play
She wonders how it came to be this way

And the tires grip the road the rain keeps coming down
And the lights on the highway flicker by as she reaches town
Still she heads for home, her shelter from the storm
But the days go by and the time runs out...a spirit is gone...