

Scenes From Yesterday

Here we are at our first summer in the sand.
See how tenderly I hold her precious hand.
This, a gentle kiss, was taken from above.
That, you see, is me a bit too much in love.

This was taken later standing in the cold.
Notice how her eyes could penetrate my soul.
There I'm sitting oh, so quietly alone,
Slightly unaware that anything was wrong.

Frozen moments waiting to lay bare a love supreme.
Who could dare imagine fate would care to intervene.
Funny how a snapshot haunts us from the past.
Mocking images of times that wouldn't last.
Funny how the sounds of laughter here today
Are hushed by silent scenes from yesterday.