
Watercolor Rain

Snow falls upon its quiet rails
as the years begin to spin away,
and no one else recalls your name
except the one you led astray;
All lessons and principles
learned in an earlier day,
blurred by multicolor raindrops
racing down the side of a page;
You were more than twice my age
when the art gallery bathed
in the shade of watercolor rain;
Stained glass curtains opened
and never closed again;
I was the quiet stranger
when led by the sweat of my hand
to the rumbling waterfalls
of some faraway, foreign land;
The ready room at the top of the stairs
dimmed when no one else was there;
Every night we thundered down
those screaming, runway lanes,
leaving the evening haze of city lights
and our cloudy pasts behind;
Fleeting images fill those forbidden nights
that forever flicker within candlelit frames;
They hang upon the hidden hallways of my mind
safely tucked behind an occasional smile;
-- Do I pass before your glimmering eyes
every once in a while in days gone by,
for often I wonder where you are today,
and whether you even recall the name
of the high school boy of seventeen
left standing in the watercolor rain.