

STEINAR RAKNES

Lonely

*She was born as the northern light
flashed upon the sky
greens, blues and tangerine
blazed along with her cries
The Big Dipper was her carriage
and the moon was her first sight
In the backseat of a jalopy
speeding through the night*

*Raven looking hair
gently winding around her neck
walking by herself
saving from the wreck
A tender blooming flower child
searching peace at the spring of life
found her way to loneliness
before she could say knife*

*Trying to look back
in a cloudy state of mind
on the edge of loosing reason
sense is hard to find
I wish you peace and happiness
and love on solid ground
start singing your own melody
and ease is to be found*

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