

The Morning After

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by Erin Crowley

This was a poem first...was not intended to be a song, but one day it just crossed over. So no chorus, no hook, no rhyme scheme, just my musical poem. For all that it's lacking in structure, it's still probably my personal favorite.

the morning after
the morning after
we wear sunglasses
to hide our blackened eyes
to shade us from the blinding
truth that hangs between us

what space is left for
discussion or equivocation
words cannot be undone
nor deeds unsaid

and I for all the world
will bask in what is
too bright to fully understand
the morning after
the morning after