

## The street-lamp

In front of my house lives a street-lamp.  
He brightens our world in the dark and the damp.  
In the sun his reflection all gloom can dispel.  
If only he'd speak, what stories he'd tell!

September October November December  
He's been there as long as anyone can remember.  
It's a nice place to move in, a nice place to settle,  
unless it happens to rain and you happen to be metal!

In front of my house a street-lamp resides.  
Although windy it's not a bad place to live, and besides  
he commands a grand view and need never move away.  
If only he'd speak, who *knows* what he'd say?

In front of my house a lone street-lamp stands.  
At his feet grow weeds between the pebbles and sands  
upon which fell Eddy, but that was long ago.  
If only he'd speak, how Eddy fell - might he know?

January February March April  
The street may be clean or may be unsterile.  
Mr. street-lamp doesn't care, and he watches us all,  
He knows how we live, he knows why we fall.

In front of my house the street-lamp grows tired  
from years of observing all that has transpired.  
But he never forgets, and that's his appeal.  
If only he'd speak, what secrets could he reveal?

In front of my house street-lamp battles the wind.  
He's seen it all. He knows how we've sinned,  
he knows whom we hate, he knows why we fall.  
If only he'd speak, wouldn't *he* tell us all?

May June July August  
Year after year he stands firm, but just  
now that he's ancient, to him it's no fun  
to know whom we fear, to know why we run.

In front of my house street-lamp may be scared.  
Did he look into the eyes of the one who dared  
to pursue Eddy - did he realize the threat?  
If only he'd speak, he might choose to forget.

The street-lamp's our future, the street-lamp's our past.  
If *we* don't hold on, why should *he* stand fast?  
What happened to Eddy might happen to me.  
If *I* were to speak, street-lamp at last could be free.