

Returning to retrieve  
The words we left behind  
To jet black slate, grain ornate  
Parting at the kissing gate

It's no consequence at all  
But we walked here, you recall  
Warm hands holding, dark eyes shining  
Worlds colliding

This place, this was  
The place that captured us  
And then it was and here it is  
All that's left behind

I was strange and too intense  
And when time came for recompense  
How quickly you were gone  
And the world was colourless

## Professor Blue

# Black Rock

This place, this was  
The place that captured us  
And then it was and here I am  
Afraid of letting go

The same ridge that I follow  
The grit and scree and stone  
The cold that coils and penetrates  
Never letting go

This place, this was  
The place that captured us  
And here alone togetherness,  
Is all that's left behind

The same ridge that I follow  
The grit and scree and stone  
The cold that coils and penetrates  
Never letting go

©Copyright 2023 All Rights Reserved

Words and Music: Mark Goodman

Photo and art: Runs with Dogs