

NICHOLAS

Jason A. Spraggins

Nicholas holds moonbeams in his hands,
singing words no one understands.
While thunder roars across the land
and waters churn the ocean sands,
Nicholas holds moonbeams in his hands.

Nicholas is fighting with the wind,
and the night seems to know no end.
In my room, a candle's burning,
but I know the tides are turning.
And Nicholas is fading in the wind.

Nicholas sleeps with ghosts beneath a starless sky.
His angels hold his heart; his demons close his eyes.
Now Nicholas, it seems, has traded in his dreams.
And shadows hide my sweetest friend from me.

Nicholas lives in my memories
with might-have-beens and used-to-be's.
Though the past still calls my name,
there are storms I cannot tame.
So Nicholas lives in my memories...

And he chases lights to fill an empty sky.
He hears his angels cry but hides himself in lies.
Now Nicholas, it seems, is in and out of dreams.
But tomorrow might bring him back to me.

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