

"Purple Phoenix"

Behold the regal purple gypsy!
He came to be...
near the banks of the mighty Mississippi.
Come down to the river of sight!
The waters reflect his purple majesty
over the Twin Cities tonight!
If you listen to the wind you can still hear his guitar play.
It brings a tear to your eye...
knowing the purple phoenix had to fly!
One thing's for certain, his legend will never die!
I guess we finally know what it sounds like...
when doves cry!

"The Barren Lady"

Children's laughter brings a smile to my face.
However, I've been robbed...
of the choice most women have in our human race!
Some wonder why my humor is a bit dark and shady,
but they'll never know what it's like...
to be labeled the barren lady!
A child's smile...
so innocent and fancy free,
still warms my heart with glee.
It also brings pain!
Pain of knowing...
I'll be the last branch on my family's tree!

"Rose of Paradise"

(Nora June)

Her laughter could bring a hush over a crowd!
Whoever was caught in the cyclone of sound,
would never be the same...
when their feet touched back on the ground!
Her smile shined as bright as the sun
on fresh fallen snow.
Only to burn out...
and slowly turn to stone.
How were we to know?
How could we know?
Now our days seem darker...

our hearts grow colder,
knowing she will never be a year older.
On the day she left...
oh how we all wept!
In our hearts her memory will always be kept!
If someone was to blame,
they would never get our pardon!
For now she's moved on to the paradise garden.
They say there's a rose that blooms in the dead of winter.
It's beauty cuts you like a knife.
Just like the day...
we lost the love of our life!

"Gales of Gitche Gumme"

Gazing upon the shining blue sea they call "Gitche Gumme."
The glorious waves crash against the rocks.
Creating gusty gales that seem to whisper,
tales of all her missing flocks!
Her beauty is an awakening!
The misty lake breeze carries her siren song.
Making you hers for the taking!
This shining blue sea is filled with tears.
Tears of widows that have been shed...
for this lake never gives up her dead!

"Smells of Home"

When the night seems cold and I'm feeling alone,
I long for the smells of home.
I open my closet and pull out the sweater my mom wrapped around me,
when I left in the rainy weather.
I hold it around me so tight!
I play her old records all night!
A sweet familiar song puts me on a track,
of cherished memories I'll never give back!