

The Writer's Ballad

What we carry through
runs deep in the palm, runs deep
in the idle grip of the pen when no words will do,
runs deep in the grip of the gun
when no life seems worth taking, runs deep
in the despairing fist, runs deep in
the soft glow of the secretive palm...

There is so little love
I keep what I have in a small, mahogany
box on my dresser.
Next to it is a dim lamp that stays on
all night, that stays on through the drizzle
on the dank street corner, that stays on in the eye
peeking out of the alley...
Who are you, the voices asks,
and in the midst of an answer
we exchange a vow of ignorance.

I'm not sure what I can do for you,
or for myself for that matter.
All I wanted on this afternoon in the late
shadows of these Vermont hills,
blessed by the wild flowers in the
faint blush of memory,
all I wanted was to isolate the moment
when you and I met, met like
never before, when the late afternoon shadows
fell across our haunting looks as we saw
in each other the last veils
of a terribly human urge to lay in each other's arms
and disappear under the blue vapor of undulant pine.

Perhaps there is only a single romantic moment
that we carry on for as long as we understand
it vanishes and stays whole
only in the absence of regret...
I keep it in the mahogany box,
hidden in the secretive palm, the years passing,
notebooks filled with fraudulent and lyrical grunts.
I don't even remember her name...
or yours.