

# Better Than Ezra, Waxing Or Waning?

YOU IN YOUR COAT  
WRITING A NOTE,  
"DEAR SAL, I HOPE YOU'LL AGREE..."  
THEN CATCHING A BUS,  
JUST AFTER DUSK,  
A ONE WAY TRIP TO THE CITY.  
A COLD WATER FLAT.  
A HOT PLATE,  
A HAT.  
THE WANT ADS ARE STREWN ON THE FLOOR.  
AND YOU GET SO MAD, WHEN YOUR MA AND DAD  
REFLECT WHEN YOU LOOK IN THE MIRROR.  
BUT I SEE YOU THERE  
NUDE AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS  
(BUT SO FAR AWAY)  
AND I RECALL ALL  
YOUR DREAMS AND YOUR SCHEMES  
MOVING ME.  
THE PLANS THAT WE MADE,  
A STREET SERENADE  
YOU CAN'T BE LIKE YOUR BROTHER AND MIKE,  
CONTENT JUST TO LIVE AND GET BY.  
I HOPE THAT YOUR FINE,  
AT 13TH AND 9.  
WAXING OR WANING?  
YOUR CALL.  
BUT I SEE YOU THERE  
ALIGHT AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS  
BUT SO FAR AWAY  
AND I RECALL ALL YOUR  
HANDS AND YOUR PLANS MOVING ME  
THE SENSE THAT IT MADE  
A STREET SERENADE.