

Deb Talan, Tell Your Story Walking

Tell it to the judge, man.
Tell it to your motherless reflection.
In a sock and one shoe
after the great defection
he said, "tell a lie sometimes, tell the truth
when it suits you, and when you've lost your way
tell a story."

Tell your story, tell it, tell it.
Tell your story to anyone who'll listen.
Tell your story, don't stop talking
just tell your story walking.

Listing through Carol Gardens
on the way to Cobble Hill
I stopped by a psychic's dusty, wilted windowsill.
Forgot what she told me, mostly
but I remember one thing she said
"You may slip and call some lousy fuck your friend
but in the end you'll come out even
then, tell your story."

And it's a sorry, frightful thing
when you want to cry, but you can't keep from laughing.
Outside the church that's so quiet it dares you to shout
you put a hand to your mouth to stop the rain.
You do a St. Vitus dance, to the sky you raise your voice.
This is your chance, you have no choice
you tell your story.