

Deb Talan, Saturn's Light

Saturn's light throws a ring around the moon
and I said my prayers too soon, no one was listening.
There's a hush on the street
I can hear my own heartbeat, and my lonesome breathing
but my soul's little bird can still sing:

I want good love, I want it so bad.
It's a seed stuck in my throat
it's a weed around my hope it makes me choke
and I can only breathe outside
or in tall buildings with high ceilings and open doors.
Isn't there someone out there I am here for?

It takes a will just to make it through the night
when to wait and when to fight, I'm swing-and-missing.
When we meet, will his eyes recall me?
I look for his face everywhere in the dark
and I carry my torch of bright stars, 'cause I want good love.

Couples kiss across counters and tables
I smile and then look at the wall.
But some people hold hands and they don't pay attention
like their love is somebody else's invention.
Our heads say hold back, but our hearts run to strangers and say
"look at me, look at me, look at me."