

Deb Talan, Thinking Amelia

Turning like a leaf in changing weather
Feathering down to the earth
Like a moonbeam come untethered.
Chalk it up to bad timing, bad signing
Maps are misleading, are to be mistrusted
Are no two paths alike

I think Amelia had it okay
She had a one in a million bad day
With her eyes in the clouds
The clouds in her eyes in a big, wide sky
Expecting to fly
Doesn't sound so bad to me.

Here on the ground in a big, busy town
Where there's more air above us
And the schoolboy alone greets
Every person he sees riding the public bus.
Pretends the driver is his father
Strange how a city
Can make blood seem like strangers
Strangers like family

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