

# Me Without You, In A Market Dimly Lit

the bird that plucked the Olive Leaf  
has been circling like a record never-ending in my mind  
where the needle's worn the grooves too deep,  
and scratched the wax that's blistered from the heat besides  
so from any movement in the room-  
if my cat walked by the arm skipped!  
but to my surprise, my interrupting cat improved  
a sound already so severely compromised

the needle's worn the grooves too deep

I'm a donkey's jaw on a desert dune  
beside the bush that Moses saw  
that burned and yet was not consumed  
she's the silver coin I lost,  
I'm the sheep who slipped away  
we pray the fingers crossed  
but you listen patiently anyway

I wrote a little song for you  
with a melody I'd borrowed put to words that didn't rhyme  
to repeat what you already knew  
as the stones thrown at your window tapped a syncopated time  
you kept a distance out of fear you'd break  
but what good's a single windchime, hanging quiet all alone?  
the music our collisions would make  
is a sound that turns the road-that-leads-us-back-home  
into Home.

the music our collisions make!

I had a rusty spade but I'm not the fighting sort  
if I was Samson I'd have found that harlot's blade  
and cut my own hair short!  
then in a market dimly lit I come casually to pay  
you see my coins are counterfeit  
but accept them anyway

so spare me your goodbyes,  
your waving-handkerchief-good-byes  
given my tendency to err so on the sentimental side  
I'll spare you my goodbyes,  
the truth belongs to G-d,  
the mistakes were mine