

Michael Nesmith, Marie's Theme

Her only remark was a closing remark
That one sometimes hears between friends.
And she began to emerge
Without speaking a word
Into something quite different from him.
For she usually would start
Where he usually would stop
And then blissfully wade right on through.

Still the ideas unfolded in their perfect array
Only hinting at what lay beyond them,
Hidden behind all the logic one finds without Truth.

I recall how a carnival meeting in late Fall
Had brought me together with them.
With no real direction, but just simple reflection
Of movement as clear as the wind.
We both stood there gazing
And not quite believing,
Nor willing to change points of view.

Still the ideas unfolded in their perfect array
Only hinting at what lay beyond them,
Hidden behind all the logic one finds without Truth.

So I'm watching another exceptional flower
Beginning to blossom and grow.
As yet still unspoken
But with more than a token
Reminder of times yet to go.
And the frequent suggestion
Is that time is the question
And not so much which one you choose.

Still ideas will unfold in their perfect array
Only hinting at what lay beyond them,
Hidden behind all the logic one finds without Truth.