

Rheostatics, Here To There To You

Dave Bidini

A hand to see. An eye to touch.
To miss the one I'll miss her from.
An airport's terminal repent
In warm beer left in empty tents.

When miles from you the days they inch,
They hold me in their tightened clinch.
The world gets stranger in my head.
We are poems written but never read.
Now that there's nothing left to prove.
I'll take a single step
From here to there to you.

A face that dreams, a heart that thrums.
The voice is weak, but the voice is young.
A sweet as sugar from a tree.
An elbow, finger, or a knee.
Now that there's nothing left to prove.
I'll take a single step
From here to there to you.

Love like a fevered lullabye.
A star blinking in the summer sky.
Without it there, we're an empty universe.
Shuttered skies. Poets dreaded. Beauty cursed.

The snow that falls and wets your face,
That pulls me to the deepest space
Of blood and oxygen and sweat
Down the salt river of your neck.