

The Good Life, An Acquaintance Strikes A Chord

he broke his old guitar.

he couldn't make it sing.
the strings had grown so worn
they made his fingers bleed.
soon after the event he made an acquaintance
whose fingers bled as well,
forming scabs that never heal.

would you play a song for me?
some wilting melody
that drifts over the sunflowers
to some far away country.
won't you play a song for me?
with words like push pins?
they stick into my heart...
and bleed out resonance

these songs are all asleep.
they lay dormant inside of me.
this vacant recitation..i can't resuscitate them.
won't you play a song for me?
let the words escape your mouth!
scream out what you've lost!
in song it will be found.

he broke his old guitar.
he smashed it on his bedpost,
where he used to dream up lovers
kissing his forehead, "good morning."