

Courtroom Concerts

January 22 Texts

KISS

In the dreamed of places

At the end of the dock, the rowboat, tied,
a familiar rope, a simple knot, as easy to
loose as a kiss from my lips, as easy to sail
as the stars in this night sky.
In the dreamed of places, there is always you,
this boat of longing, the steady hum of a song
not yet written, a world, just beyond tomorrow.
In the dreamed of places we sleep,
our bodies fragrant and sweet. Once I was so
poor, I thought a butter and sugar sandwich was
decadence. Once I was so young I thought the
world only spoke in rhyme, spun like a record,
played the same song, over and over until
I knew my heart, knew by heart the map to love.
Trace a shadow onto skin, let night fall
dense and deep, like this dream we now begin.

How to Bone a Fish

My skin sensed you first. Felt the
ripple of air your body made,
walking. I swam toward you
down that hallway made of sunlight
and polished wood.
You are far enough away
that I can see you walking.
See how your shoe hits the floor firmly
yet lingers, sole to wood, before touching
air again.
I see how your hips tilt with each stride
how they carry you closer now
I follow the row of buttons on your shirt
(cream colored, four holes each)
to your throat. You are talking to a colleague.
You are talking about music. The importance
of the adagio. The slow movement
of things. I cannot look at your
lips. Your mouth. For I would want you
to devour me.
I would let you devour me.
Your eyes now. On me.
Unblinking unswerving.
My bones, soft as a fish's bones,
my flesh as sweet to eat.

Your Hands (*El Corazon*)

I will not talk about silence
how in the absence of sound
hollows are formed, small graves
to bury each thought, every desire.
I will not talk about the moon
how she curls up in the night sky
tugs at the oceans within me,
spills light upon darkened streets.
I will not talk about love, how
it is as clear & fragile
as dragonfly wings, that when it lands,
it leaves its mark, dusted in pollen.
Instead I will tell you
that it looks like it might snow,
and that when I smell smoke
I want to kiss your hands.

One More (Steer Towards Danger, He Says)

I think of cliffs to drive
over, horses I've tried to ride,
sailing at night in winds too strong
to hold our course, dogs
at the gate ears up and panting
eyes glassy and lit from within,
strays of any kind, that baby smell of newness &
endless possibility, infinite love,
men I was attracted to
for their long legs &
slow smiles, their teeth
white and gleaming behind
lopsided grins, the way
their jeans hung low on their hips,
how their elbows unhinged me.
I think about that moment when
a moth flies into the light,
a tree limb drops, the sound of it
tearing away, straining until
it gives way to the obvious.
One more step and I'm in
over my head, one more minute
and it's pouring, one more kiss
and I'm not going home.

“Downbound Train”

I had a job, I had a girl
I had something going mister in this world
I got laid off down at the lumber yard
Our love went bad, times got hard
Now I work down at the carwash
Where all it ever does is rain
Don't you feel like you're a rider on a downbound train

She just said “Joe I gotta go
We had it once we ain't got it any more”
She packed her bags left me behind
She bought a ticket on the Central Line
Nights as I sleep, I hear that whistle whining
I feel her kiss in the misty rain
And I feel like I'm a rider on a downbound train

Last night I heard your voice
You were crying, crying, you were so alone
You said your love had never died
You were waiting for me at home
Put on my jacket, I ran through the woods
I ran till I thought my chest would explode
There in the clearing, beyond the highway
In the moonlight, our wedding house shone
I rushed through the yard, I burst through the front door
My head pounding hard, up the stairs I climbed
The room was dark, our bed was empty
Then I heard that long whistle whine
And I dropped to my knees, hung my head and cried

Now I swing a sledge hammer on a railroad gang
Knocking down them cross ties, working in the rain
Now don't it feel like you're a rider on a downbound train

“Wonderwall”

Today is gonna be the day
That they're gonna throw it back to you
By now you should've somehow
Realized what you gotta do
I don't believe that anybody
Feels the way I do about you now

Back beat, the word is on the street
That the fire in your heart is out
I'm sure you've heard it all before
But you never really had a doubt
I don't believe that anybody feels
The way I do about you now

And all the roads we have to walk are winding
And all the lights that lead us there are blinding
There are many things that I would
Like to say to you
But I don't know how

Because maybe
You're gonna be the one that saves me
And after all
You're my wonderwall

Today was gonna be the day
But they'll never throw it back to you
By now you should've somehow
Realized what you're not to do
I don't believe that anybody
Feels the way I do
About you now

And all the roads that lead you there were winding
And all the lights that light the way are blinding
There are many things that I would like to say to you
But I don't know how

I said maybe
You're gonna be the one that saves me
And after all
You're my wonderwall

I said maybe
You're gonna be the one that saves me
And after all
You're my wonderwall

I said maybe
You're gonna be the one that saves me
You're gonna be the one that saves me
You're gonna be the one that saves me