she who sang for me.

Dan Brewer

the sounds vibrate slowly—slowly—thru the cavities of the mind
wandering,
wondering who they are from this time.

misuse of the language that came so preciously
precisely describing every adjective that parallels you
weakening to lies you have heard but resistance is difficult in spring.

tell me with the quickness he said them
tell me how well rehearsed
give me seasons and emotions
and nurse the reasons i won’t listen to you.

circling the cycles of your brain
as vultures circle the dead
words that mean so little
you are losing stability.

vibrating to steady patterns
hearing electric tones
notes music music
believing in him.

you have dreamed
you’ve dreamed—but
after all was there really
someone.

why did you not choose another stranger to sing to.