

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  
afterall was there really  
someone.

why did you not choose another stranger to sing to.