



One More Time With Feeling

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The darkness on the edge of town rolls in—
hot summer blackness like a rag over my mouth,
my eyes rolling in my head— thrashing, stomping, tossing.

All around me are eternal sleepers.
They left me here alone.

They're satisfied, drunk on honey wine and being loved.
I'm the kill-pen rescue rearing against the softness;
I'll never let you in, never let you down.

I already told you, you know,
and you slumber on,
but I crawl through the night
and I dig in the earth with my hands

and I yowl with the cats and
cry with the birds and the dogs
on the edge of the field,
under the moon eclipsing in Cancer.

No sound now
but a rusty old fan
and an open C chord
under a ghost white hand

trailing along
in the thick, empty night.
I want to set this calloused
whisper-song alight with feeling.

Everyone around me is gone
but I'm still reeling.

Please reach out and touch me, I want
to beg, gnawing on your leg, slobbering.

You know, though, when it's gone this far—
if ever you did touch me, I'd become a great black hole.

