

In a Market Dimly Lit

mewithoutYou

The bird that plucked the Olive Leaf
Has been circling like a record 'round the spindle in my mind
Where the needle's worn the grooves too deep,
And scratched the wax that's blistered from the heat besides
So from any movement in the room-
If my cat walked by the arm skipped!
But to my surprise, my interrupting cat improved
A sound already so severely compromised

The needle's worn the grooves too deep

I'm a donkey's jaw on a desert dune
Beside the bush that Moses saw
That burned and yet was not consumed
She's the silver coin I lost,
I'm the sheep who slipped away
We pray the fingers crossed
But you listen patiently anyway

I wrote a little song for you
With a melody I'd borrowed put to words that didn't rhyme
To repeat what you already knew
As the stones thrown at your window tapped a syncopated time
You kept a distance out of fear you'd break
But what good's a single windchime, hanging quiet all alone?
The music our collisions would make
Is a sound that turns the road-that-leads-us-back-home
Into Home.

The music our collisions make!

I had a rusty spade but I'm not the fighting sort
If I was Samson I'd have found that harlot's blade
And cut my own hair short!
Then in a market dimly lit I come casually to pay
You see my coins are counterfeit
But accept them anyway

So spare me your goodbyes,
Your waving-handkerchief-good-byes
Given my tendency to err so on the sentimental side
I'll spare you my goodbyes,
The truth belongs to G-d,
The mistakes were mine