

# Conjectures of a Guilty Bystander

## Over the Rhine

You are a gardener  
You cultivate my soul  
You water thirsty vines  
That snake along my spine  
In case I forget to shiver

You are a carpenter  
You build the scaffolding  
Replace the windowpane  
I see the sky again  
As if I've been delivered

You are a fisherman  
My weather lets you know  
When and when not to wait  
Your hook's inside the bait  
I'm wary but I swallow

You are a messenger  
You bring me all the news  
The kind that never lies  
It's written in my eyes  
You beckon and it follows

I get to be guilty  
I

You are a singer too  
Carry me like a tune  
Like a newborn child  
I'm wrapped up for a while  
You're swaying like a hobo

You are a circus clown  
I've never laughed before  
Beneath your canopy  
Oh, say a prayer for me  
I want this in a photo

So be a photographer  
I'm dancing naked now  
Across the maple floor  
Above the lion's roar  
Your pictures will protect me

You must be a scientist by now  
With rumpled midnight hair  
You've studied every pore  
And every follicle  
Of my bewildered body

I get to be guilty  
I

Yours is a different light  
I like my face that way  
The canvas of my skin

Serene and strange but true