

the braid from your hair  
rested on your shoulder  
shown in the green light  
from the panel of instruments

the hairs looked like threads  
woven and were perfect  
shaking when you spoke  
and the voice near perfect too  
the darkness killed all doubt

not more than an hour  
and mostly simple words  
straightened out the corners  
and for a short time filled the seams  
so no light could break in

without all the lows  
there's no way to describe  
contrast the last of night  
of jackson and canada

if we didn't lie  
how could you believe  
the closeness in between  
the dawn and blue half-light  
so little in between

re-enactors reconsider please  
the chance to someday let you down  
good as any that you've heard of  
at night on your a.m. radio

when the car doors closed  
eyes were all too tired  
there's nothing left to see  
there's nothing in between