

a poetry cover or review for a Dan Seals song

(read left column as song lyrics & right column as poetic translation)

*I've often wondered what would I do
if I found you alone like this*

after two decades of sadness; the sun still sets on
your skin, where no beauty is lost, where night
becomes music

*would I remember what I've got at
home or forget it all with your kiss?*

& you dance with me. it is the feebleness of ache
/ how easily it caves under white light, that mis-
leads one to think it was never there / bleeding

*'cause when you left me I was hurtin'
so, she picked me up off the ground*

is refutable. true pain, like a skilled arsonist,
leaves only ashes behind / not the ablaze tones of
blood / like there is anything colourful about
dying

*and I do love her, want you to know
that I never want to let her down*

a death that leaves only pain behind. a boy
drowning, saved, owes his life to the rescuer
not the water rejecting his body for the 3rd time
/ in this context, luck is a hornet's nest.

but you still move me

every place you enter coughs you like a sickness,
till you find haven. now, imagine this sadism:
that the sun images on the glazed surface
/ of the same river that had tried
to wolf you / & begonias crimson on a deathbed
your body had been left to sour.

though I'd never let her know

that a potter finds you in shards & fixes you /
that you re-break yourself into her flesh / because

*there's a place inside of me
that just won't let you go*

*and every time I hold her in
my arms or look into her eyes*

I wonder, this time, does it show?

cause you still move me

pain adores company / your pain is peculiar,

paces back to its start line & blows a whistle
even when your body cannot collar its bulk.

no one makes poetry out of thorns / only roses /
I speak to my body not to romanticize pain.

a part-song, waterlogged by tears, flowers

in my throat. you make vegetable [out] of a man /
chew him with the continuance of your kindness
/ & spit him out / for who exactly?

let's say, he stretches this hole left behind in his
heart into a space large enough to accommodate
you / let's say, you don't burn.

teach me how to morph into the shape you desire
/ consider this atonement.