

John Vanderslice "Coming And Going On Easy Terms"

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window seats on bullet trains
smear land into sky
fear and sorrow coalesce

now I'm trying to find that quiet place
where living is breathing
not knowing is understanding
coming is going
but my heart just beats faster and faster

they asked for me to come
and identify my son
but my son is alive

the life that whispered in my ear
is gone gone gone
window seats, commuter trains
send me headlong

trying to find that quiet place
where living is breathing
not knowing is understanding
coming is going
but my heart just beats faster and faster

they asked for me to come
and identify my son
but my son is alive
in maharishi oblivion

the love that counted back

from ten is gone gone gone
fear and sorrow coalesce

now I'm trying to find that quiet place
where living is breathing
not knowing is understanding
coming is going
but my heart just beats faster

when I got down to the morgue

they pulled back the slab
it wasn't my son
I wasn't his dad

they covered him up
I smiled I smiled
the past is cities from a train

now I'm trying to find that quiet place
where living is breathing
not knowing is understanding
coming is going
but my heart just beats faster

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