

Carpenter Mary-Chapin "Ideas Are Like Stars"

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Today Joseph is sitting alone, with occasional nods to
the waitress
She tops off his cup while she's snapping her gum,
making her rounds on the lunch shift
Counting out coins, he leaves them arranged, in neat
lines and circles and arcs
She just stares at the tip that spells out her name and
ideas are like stars

And yesterday pedaling down 4th Avenue, between the
stalls and the bookshops
The sepia tones of a lost afternoon cradled a curio
storefront
And inside the air was thick with the past, as the dust
settled onto his heart
And here for a moment is every place in the world and
ideas are like stars

They fall from the sky, they run round your head
They litter your sleep as they beckon
They'd teach you to fly without wires or thread
They promise if only you'd let them
For the language of longing never had words, so how
did you speak from your heart
Yet here is a box that swears it has heard that ideas are
like stars

Tonight Joseph stood out in the yard, as Debussy
played from the kitchen
Celestial companions 'til mornings first lark, shone
overhead and he listened
And who was that shadow there by the gate, who was
that there standing guard
It was only loneliness, and loneliness waits, and ideas
are like stars
Ideas are like stars

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