

## Lydia "White Christmas"

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Where in the world did you come from my dear?

Did some mysterious voice tell you I'd still be here? I bought this ticket to Mobile, but I been stranded all day... p.a. said the bus broke down ten miles away from the station.

So seldom a door... so seldom a key... so seldom a lock like the love between you and me. But seldom comes happiness without the pain of the devil in the details since I saw the smile on your face as I was crying in a Greyhound station on Christmas Day... in 1998.

The burden of love is the fuel of bad grammar.

You stutter and stammer--what a bitch to convey the crux of the matter, when the words you must utter are hopelessly tangled in the memories and scars you show no one. So seldom a door... so seldom a key... so seldom a hit like the hurt you put on me.

But seldom comes happiness without the pain of the devil in the details since I saw the smile on your face as I was crying in a Greyhound station on Christmas Day... in 1998. I remember quite clearly, a bad Muzak version of James Taylor's big hit, called "Fire and Rain" was playing as you crouched down and tearfully kissed me, and I thought, "Damn, what good fiction I will mold from this terrible pain." So seldom a door... so seldom a key... so seldom a gift like the gift you gave me. But seldom comes happiness without the pain of the devil in the details since I saw the smile on your face as I was crying in a Greyhound station on Christmas Day... in 1998. Amazing grace, how sweet the smile upon the face I never thought I'd see you again... especially here in this Greyhound station... on Christmas Day... in 1998

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