

Matt Pond PA **"Close"**

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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

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