

## David Arn "What Comes Next"

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Healing sad Jane over coffee  
At the upstream Gallery East  
It's there we compare pains we bear the best  
With pleasures we share the least

She's been gone, her mind is on the ropes again  
Back from London, where coming undone, is no longer  
such a deal  
Paint on her dreams has trouble drying,  
she's been stunt flying over danger zones  
as she lifts up her eyes, finds her stage, and makes  
her appeal.

It's not like we're waiting  
For a world that connects

We're not anticipating  
Some miracle that corrects  
All this time alone  
We've always known it was more complex  
We're waiting for what comes next

She doesn't want genius in a stroller  
She knows heaven is not the sky  
Long gone are days when newspapers talked to her  
And flags waved goodbye  
Sad Jane, I wish I could contain  
Every storm you see in the lull  
So many nights your pillow is staying empty now  
While your mind is staying full

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