

AFTERMATH

If I could find you now where would it be?
Should I seek the calm, or look somewhere extreme,
in the shipwreck squall or the glassy summer sea?

The nights go by and moonlight baffles me.
My parachute of sky has come unseamed.
If I could find you now where would it be?

The stepping stones are gone; what's left for me
a useless row of water-welts between
the shipwreck squall and the glassy summer sea.

There we are: heads together, I can see
us catching hailstones in the headlights' beam.
If I could find you now where would it be,

in the desert noon or the moonlit redwood tree?
Will I hear you in the windy torrent's scream,
in the shipwreck squall or the glassy summer sea?

I'm almost lame without you, almost free,
limping toward the sharp end of a dream.
If I could find you now where would it be,
in the shipwreck squall or the glassy summer sea?