

For Marcia

Amplifier

In the cold glare of a coke machine
And in the pulse of the droning stars
In the slow swelling of the sea
Well what can you hear?

But who's that tapping on my shoulder?

You're in the dust falling from the moon
And in the crack of a sandy dune
You reach down - and pull me through
To where our feet need not touch the ground
And just like me and just like you

Some things can never be