

# The True Story of What Was

Ani DiFranco

The light blue flickering rhythm  
Of the neighbor's big console t.v.  
Is basking on the ceiling  
Of another insomniac spree  
And outside sleep's open window  
Between the drops of rain  
History is writing a recipe book  
For every earthly pain

Oh to clean up the clutter of echoes  
Coming in and out of focus  
Words spoken  
Like locusts  
Sing and sing  
In my head

And thing is  
They often seem  
In my memory's long dream  
To be superfluous to  
The true story of what was

Cause

Real is real regardless  
Of what you try to say  
Or say away  
Real is real relentless  
While words distract and dismay  
Words that change their tune  
Though the story remains the same  
Words that fill me quickly  
And then are slow to drain  
Dialogues that dither down reminiscent  
Of the way it likes to rain  
Every screen  
A smoke screen  
Oh to dream  
Just for a moment  
The picture  
Outside the frame

Then in a flash  
The light blue horizon  
Spanning a sudden black  
Is sucked into the vanishing point  
And quiet rushes back  
To search for the downbeat  
In a tabla symphony  
To search in the darkness  
For someone who looks like me

(though I'm not really who I said I was  
Or who I thought I'd be)

Just a collection of recollections  
Conversations consisting

Of the kind of marks we make  
When we're trying to get a pen to work again

A lifetime of them!

Cough, cough, ahem

I say to me  
Now here listening  
I say to the locusts  
That sing and sing to me sitting  
Now here on the front porch swing of my eyes:  
I hereby amend  
Whatever I've ever said  
With this sigh