

Waxing or Waning?

Better Than Ezra

YOU IN YOUR COAT
WRITING A NOTE,
"DEAR SAL, I HOPE YOU'LL AGREE..."

THEN CATCHING A BUS,
JUST AFTER DUSK,
A ONE WAY TRIP TO THE CITY.

A COLD WATER FLAT.
A HOT PLATE,
A HAT.
THE WANT ADS ARE STREWN ON THE FLOOR.
AND YOU GET SO MAD, WHEN YOUR MA AND DAD
REFLECT WHEN YOU LOOK IN THE MIRROR.

BUT I SEE YOU THERE
NUDE AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS
(BUT SO FAR AWAY)
AND I RECALL ALL
YOUR DREAMS AND YOUR SCHEMES
MOVING ME.
THE PLANS THAT WE MADE,
A STREET SERENADE

YOU CAN'T BE LIKE YOUR BROTHER AND MIKE,
CONTENT JUST TO LIVE AND GET BY.
I HOPE THAT YOUR FINE,
AT 13TH AND 9.
WAXING OR WANING?
YOUR CALL.

BUT I SEE YOU THERE
ALIGHT AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS
BUT SO FAR AWAY
AND I RECALL ALL YOUR
HANDS AND YOUR PLANS MOVING ME
THE SENSE THAT IT MADE
A STREET SERENADE.