

Where You Been

Carrie Newcomer

He was driving in to Chicago in a borrowed El Camino,
On a hazeless day in springtime I think the Cinco De Mayo.
Maybe it was St Paddy's Or the Gay Pride parade,
But I've never seen nobody light up the street that way.

Brother/ Sister where you been? Hold on if you can.
Just do your best then
say, "Amen."

Called in sick and spent the weekend, drinking St Paulies in Wi
sconsin.
I'd been fishing with my buddies most of Sunday afternoon.
And there beneath the halo of the Old Milwaukee sign,
He said, There's big ones in the shallows I see them all the ti
me.

I stopped into the Seven-Eleven, I was buying an Aquafina.
He was wearing knock-off sneakers I was nursing a hangover.
He said, "You're worth a lot more baby than you've ever dared t
o dream
of."
Like he knew all the secret sketchy places I'd been looking for
love

A tall skinny guy with dread locks said they're giving' out fre
e bagels &
lox.
So I took the kids and all my plastic bags and walked the seven
blocks.
There were joggers and commuters, skate board kids and Goths.
There were drunks and dogs and meter maids in that downtown
vacant lot.

He said, "The universe is unfolding and the center still is hol
ding,
There's enough if we just share it, now ya'all don't forget to
pass the
basket.
Blessed are all the good hearted, the poets and the dreamers,
And all us crazy holy hungry ones who believe in something bett
er."

I saw Jesus on talking shop, with Buddha at the Starbucks,
I saw Gia and Ganesh, doing double Dutch in the park,
And Mohammad was throwing popcorn to the pigeons and the
sparrows.

And all us crazy holy hungry ones still believe in something be
tter.