

Still

Jason Webley

Beyond the song that came before,
Before the song that's still to come,
A still ness comes, a stillness comes,
There's still, still more to come.
Back in the town where we were born,
Just past the corner grocery store,
Down littered pathways well explored,
Across the garden and through the door,
Inside a box under the floor,
Tucked in a long forgotten drawer,
In letters written long before,
In words that ask what words are for,
What these dreams are for?
The morning after the downpour,
An unrequested last encore,
In missives sent in semaphore,
TO friends you don't call anymore,
Between the water and the shore,
Beneath the skin, outside the core,
Among the virgins and with the whores,
The stillness wounds its silent roar,
For bodies withered, wrinkled worn,
That faith and time cannot restore,
Behind the eyes you once adored,
After the fire, between the wars,
Inside the mind that still keeps score,
Of synchronies and metaphors,
Of patterns you cannot ignore,
'cause there will be more, yes there will be more,
All through her hair and in her pores,
In folds of clothing well explored,
She asks you do you still want more?
Do you still want more?