

## Christmas Day

Jim White

Where in the world did you come from my dear?  
Did some mysterious voice tell you I'd still be here?  
I bought this ticket to Mobile, but I been stranded all day  
P.a. said the bus broke down ten miles away from the station.

So seldom a door, so seldom a key, so seldom a hit like the hurt  
you put on me.  
But seldom comes happiness without the pain of the devil in the  
details  
Since I saw the smile on your face  
As I was crying in a Greyhound station on Christmas Day, in 1998.

The burden of love is the fuel of bad grammar.  
You stutter and stammer--what a bitch to convey the crux of the  
matter,  
When the words you must utter are hopelessly tangled  
In the memories and scars you show no one.

So seldom...

I remember quite clearly, a bad Muzak version of James Taylor's  
big hit,  
Called "Fire and Rain" was playing as you crouched down and tearfully  
kissed me,  
And I thought, "Damn, what good fiction I will mold from this terrible  
pain."

So seldom...

Amazing grace, how sweet the smile upon the face I never thought  
I'd see you again  
Especially here in this Greyhound station  
On Christmas Day  
In 1998.