

I found an old rock in the dry dirt outside
The door of my motel room
It was a triangle with soft, rounded edges and a split
down the middle of one corner
It was darker than English moss, green like the soft
frills of a peacock's plume

I waited for you but I never told you where I was
It was who taught me how to write these kinds of
equations
I waited on the steps for you and I hid in the bushes
whenever a car pull into the parking lot
You taught me how to listen to these distant stations

Distant stations

I saw the sky break
I threw a rock at a crow who was playing in the mulch
of some rosebushes by the motel office
Missed him by a good yard or two

I sang old songs from nowhere
Los Angeles, Albuquerque
I said a small prayer for the poor and the naked and
the hungry
And I prayed real hard for you

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Distant stations