

## Spain

Once without time  
Your head on my shoulder  
We drove at night on rainy streets  
Passing triple-deckers and traffic lights  
Through the potholes of Brighton ...

Once without work  
We wandered out to Walden Pond  
Sun and shadow danced on drowsy water  
We kissed near mud and melting snow  
Coffee and bagels on the shore ...

Once without words  
We walked through the fair  
Near Harvard Square  
Near Washington on horseback  
With me holding your strong hands  
And letting go ...

And letting go  
I fell fast and free  
Heading west as you went east  
Dogged by a high and drifting lonesome  
My outline etched in road kill  
A raven circling ...

Strolling sad through shopping malls  
Nowhere warm to go  
And the longest lightning bolt I've ever seen  
Slashing an Illinois cornfield  
Somewhere south of Springfield ...

Than crossing the Mississippi  
The Gateway Arch at midnight  
Lit like a lonely promise ...

To a showdown on the Pecos  
Buttes on guard on all horizons  
A rattlesnake dead at my feet  
A raven circling ...

2.

And still you're with me  
(Like a medicine bag)  
Though I knew you moved to Spain  
Like my old leather cowboy hat  
Like a young guitar player by a deep dusty well ...

You're with me watching roadrunners  
On Santa Fe railroad tracks  
Through looking glass suns  
And razor-sharp shadows  
In adobe shacks shingled with license plates  
In my flashbacks in mirages circling back  
In Mojave  
Where I knew I'd been before ...

Storms mixed in the north there  
Hawks soared to the south  
New roads cut blood red earth  
While Indians sold beads and trinkets  
Back to us  
While I saw only a map-less prairie  
To navigate alone ...

Drunk on a corner in Winslow, Arizona,  
And still you're with me

Blown tires and dead coyotes  
Walking in circles to drive off fear  
120 degrees and no fucking trees  
And still you're with me ...

Stranded with power lines and electrocuted ravens  
Ticking dreams lashed to ticking dreams  
Soulless currents bridging ancient hearts  
And still you're with me  
Like a wraith to face ...

3.

Cold night then icy clear  
I raised my collar and walked fast  
Down Commonwealth alleys  
Hands in pockets ...

Full moon beams lit alley stillness  
Winds rattled brownstone windows  
Traffic droned out on the avenue  
Shapes shaded maple trees  
In the full moon beams that I leaned into  
No snow yet ...

Hard wind then  
Hard times wind  
No night to be homeless wind  
As the alley dropped me  
Like a White Mountain creek on Commonwealth  
Where steam-fogged windows of pizza joints invited  
Where huddled forms forded the great street  
Crossed trolley tracks ploddingly ...

Where I roamed the banks idly  
Nitpicking  
With the bite of the cold  
And the white of my breath in the air  
Where I watched every face and window  
For tiny clues moving slowly east  
Like the Charles two blocks north ...

Where I shook off the cold  
In a deep dark tavern ...

Where I leaned on the bar  
Unzipped my jacket  
Without a friend or enemy  
To drink my last dollar  
In my last Boston winter ...

Where eyes in the corner  
Lit vacancies with friends  
And checked me in and over and out ...

4.

Things circle back again  
And landscapes in my mind  
Hold your silhouette ...

Far in the north  
There's sunlit foothills  
There's polar bear tracks in the snow  
There's blood on the ice in the river  
And smoke rings circling the long gray shore ...

There's nothing to wait for  
As north as north will go  
And no more words to lose ...

There's 50 sit-ups and 50 pushups  
Every morning  
And mornings oh-so-colder now ...

There's no more you  
The storm long cleared ...

There's my drive home  
Through Arctic daydreams  
Through November sunsets  
Sweet and final  
As the lurch and drag  
Of my new car  
Rides the high road  
My drifting lonesome just the radio  
Barely audible ...

Above my head  
A raven soars and chatters  
Circling ...

I'm home.  
My wife and kids are here to greet me.  
My feet walk holy ground.