

## Proud Crowd-pride Cried

Ferron

I can't call you from this place  
to hear you say that I'm not your kind  
It's a thin road before us, we're the wake left behind  
It's sad and I fail to see  
what it had to do with you and me  
But I guess that's like wondering  
what's the point to a line  
There must be something I wanted  
more than wanting your love  
'cause you stood in my doorway and I studied my glove  
Most afraid to follow, a kingdom my stride  
It's so telling what won't live with hunger and pride.

I thought of you often but I never could tell you  
the 'you' that I cherished, something hurt me so bad  
A few had come close, I couldn't take them in either  
I guess the distance between us was my love never had.  
And though we live separate I keep two rooms open  
One has you in it, the other does not  
And I move in the middle, unsure and protected  
And I trip on my rope, vaguely sensing I'm caught.

A friend tried to find me and saw through to my wheel  
She said you're now on the bottom,  
it's either that or the top  
You can keep yourself tiny and bang on the big door  
Or take the space saved for the queen of the hop  
But you know queens have their problems too,  
and my size won't stay static  
I like to think I never was one for the hoop anyway  
And then that night I dreamed again  
of the far side of nothing  
And trembling with terror  
I chose to come back this way.

In the streets or the 'after,'  
in the churches or in memory,  
The light that will guide you  
is the source of the flame  
While stumbling the back alleys  
in search of right action  
I fell and wept darkly and acknowledged your name  
And the door to my prison dissolved right before me  
But like a young fool I quick looked  
for a power to claim  
And my wailing increased  
with the shock of the knowledge  
That I often have needed something out there to blame.

I give up my fisted touch,  
my thoughts strung like fences  
My totem-pole stature, body chipped to the bone  
I'm nobody's saviour, and nobody's mine either  
I hear the desert wind whisper  
"But neither are we alone."  
Sure I long to ask how you're doing,  
if you got to the lightness

That you wanted so fiercely when we drifted that way  
There's no telephones ringing now,  
but I feel something calling me  
And I'm ready to go, I just need time to say  
Hearts are like meadows, with their weather potential  
With their reasons diluted by reason itself  
I may be shivering at the foot of  
this slow-giving mountain  
But the tiny spring flowers can look just like you  
And I won't ask the purpose of all of my footsteps  
And I won't let my eyelids cast down  
I am looking for something outside of forgiveness  
You might call it the jewel of the crown.