

Marie's Theme

Michael Nesmith

Her only remark was a closing remark
That one sometimes hears between friends
And she began to emerge
Without speaking a word
Into something quite different from him
For she usually would start
Where he usually would stop
And then blissfully wade right on through

Still the ideas unfolded in their perfect array
Only hinting at what lay beyond them
Hidden behind all the logic one finds without Truth

I recall how a carnival meeting in late Fall
Had brought me together with them
With no real direction, but just simple reflection
Of movement as clear as the wind
We both stood there gazing

And not quite believing
Nor willing to change points of view

Still the ideas unfolded in their perfect array
Only hinting at what lay beyond them
Hidden behind all the logic one finds without Truth

So I'm watching another exceptional flower
Beginning to blossom and grow
As yet still unspoken
But with more than a token
Reminder of times yet to go
And the frequent suggestion
Is that time is the question
And not so much which one you choose

Still ideas will unfold in their perfect array
Only hinting at what lay beyond them
Hidden behind all the logic one finds without Truth