

Dusty from the Talk,

Richard Buckner

Dusty from the talk, stalled & wired, he was broken in the fight, but, something mattered. Was it remembered all wrong as saved, but, always sown? In a dream, she said, "You were careful. You were calm. Were you always on your own? There must, somewhere, be time for lives & living."

(Once there was a child who growled & shattered.)

"O, there's trouble still untold & I'll know you so long," he said. "I'm closer to you now, &, I've been gold, but, I've been gone. The rain was sweet, but, now, I'm tired. & down here @ our best, my storms are numbered."

Other Richard Buckner songs