

# Personal Eclipse

The Weather Station

I remember the dry grass of Nebraska  
Grey to distant blue  
I stopped on hills like slumping shoulders  
Car cooling, I took off my shoes  
I drove out west with my sister  
She talks more than I do  
When she fell silent, still I'd miss her  
The sound of the wind coming through

I remember the smoky cups of coffee  
At the Continental Divide  
Mesas rose up there beside me  
I felt like I had arrived  
I walked on the streets of California  
To the wail of car alarms  
Men would shout out to me passing  
A stranger with crossed arms

I remember the subtlety of canyons  
Black by the roadside  
A cut in the rocks as I was passing  
Just a glimpse as you go by  
If there's something you always are choosing  
You may not recognize  
If there's something you always are losing  
Something disguised

Lately I find myself lonely  
I wouldn't have called it that before  
I always took it as a comfort  
What all the distance was for  
If you can't leave clean as a statement  
So true you almost wince  
If you can't leave, you get yourself taken  
Like a personal eclipse