

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