

## For Someone

WHY?

On the top shelf, three bells, twelve years old  
Turn the middle bottle clockwise twice  
Pull the pool cue rack and the back comes loose  
Now crawl on your knees  
And follow where it leads

There on Easter grass from last year's basket  
In a Nike box from '92  
Are the keys to the barman's Karmann Ghia  
A three-day lead at least  
Leave this place in peace

6:03, the city is asleep  
And these streets are seven seas of confetti in the breeze  
When dawn comes and I'm waiting on the beach like a slow sucking leech for someone  
Is it you?  
Is it you?

Stashed under the dash is a ragged map  
Preset 3 is the secret frequency  
The dot-dash code tells what back road  
Come forthright at dawn  
In one month with white scarf on

6:03, the city is asleep  
And these streets will grieve a million Mardi Gras beads  
When dawn comes  
Each one glistening like a Super Bowl ring in the sun  
Is it you?  
Is it you?

In the dearth of your wakefulness on Earth  
You might purchase some Safeway eggs of course  
In one might be your friend, a paper fortune, or a key  
Then wouldn't you be divinely obliged to inquire and see?  
Don't think so, well you know me and my kind  
I might change, you might change your mind