

November Lot in Chinatown

Lyrics and Music by Robert Edgar

The question's not "Why bother?"
And it's sure not "What's it worth?"
You focus dilated eyes
Over cold, concrete earth.
And as you stare, a fog receding,
Visions appear suspended and plain,
Floating there, forming al fresco,
Moist shadows, in bright northern rain.

Falling coins

Barking dog

Public space

Paramedic, leaning to you.
Brushes blossoms, sends frozen pollen
Dropping toward a patch of dirt, near
Your cloak of white sleet, quickly fallen.
And as it lands, its quiet detonations,
Cause what you see to juxtapose,
Rebounding clouds of atomized soil
Encased in icy embryos.

Seeds in frost

Shroud of slush

Parking place.

He smears the hair back from your eyes.

You're the sweating pieta

The newspaper that was your pillow

Sticking to your ashen face

And as you rouse, with the moment receding

Congested windshields reflect your embrace,

Falling crystals singing in spirals,

Inconsistent patterns, insistent space.

Fallen man

Mise-en-scene

Human grace.