

# On the Way Home

In the market's hive he sings, surrenders,  
and plunders the heart with his careful  
hands. A woman in her forget-me-not  
dress dances to remember.

Her daughter sees only what's there, impassive  
and detached, her obvious truths  
mean stop. Music shovels in her head  
like dough. Kneading her last dream, images  
sweat, as though with a fist full of tokens  
she'll reincarnate into her 'true' self.

Her mother talks out of tune like love.  
Or yesterday became forever  
while you slept. She denies not access  
but cause, sliding her frail lips to a smile.

On the way home no-one would guess.