

Listen to the Zephyr
by Sara Bergschneider

A love forgotten to be expressed
makes knots of love in my hair.
Yes! Sweetheart of course I care
every once and again
when my cigarette smoke catches the west
wing of a Zephyr I pray
that he will be kind enough to relay
this message to you;
your eyes rule this Gemini, your words
consume and burn my heart with fire, and when
you feel miserable just blow me a kiss with a prayer,
through the air.
I'll be right there.
I'll come running to where ever you may be.
Because your home with me is eternity
and we can try again in Mexico.
If you want to go
no one else has to know.
There are no crickets singing tonight, no
cars on the road. The bars are all closed and not a spirit stirs
and it's so still, so silent, so quiet, I whisper your name
and I'm sure you can hear me.