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Listening to Townes Van Zandt

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CHRISTINE GOSNAY

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*Listening to Townes Van Zandt*

We are of one mind  
and too much has not been said  
about all the quiet afternoons  
childhood offered us,  
lit gray like a cat, or blue,  
and cursed with an early moon.  
When father wore an apron  
or crept like a bear, we screamed.  
Nothing is so gone.  
Where is his record player  
or the channel that forked  
a distant year toward us,  
kind, slow magnet?  
There was a song we shared  
without your listening,  
you widowed soul crawling away on your elbows.  
I sing it to my child, with a full hand I  
flick its rapeseeds everywhere,  
clear, and slow,  
with all the sincerity its author indeed felt  
in his ten-gallon hat  
and his thin, whisky-soaked shirt.