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## Far-Away Blues

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## Far-Away Blues . . .

Can't see her face no more (too far away)  
cept'n when I close my eyes,  
can't hear her voice (not any more)  
less'n there's a strong south wind,  
doin't ev'n think 'bout her now (no blues)  
cept'n when I hear a roll'n piano play'n some soft  
    slow tune,  
        or hear a cat-bird sing'n like they did down there,  
        or some'un laughs,  
        or hear the moan of that eight o five  
head'n back to N'orlens—

*Then he sat on the steps near the I.C. line,  
he sat while the eight o five rolled by,  
put his head down in his arms,  
like he's trying to fall asleep,  
... or cry—*

. . . E. G. Domine

## Just You and I Against the World . . .

miss x (let us say) and i  
sought a shelter in the mist  
of dawn s early swamp

as we drove  
cars came toward us  
their lights piercing night  
and watching us  
but no one was driving  
any of the cars

lights glowed in houses  
but no one was there  
and everything was as it had been  
and now we saw the trick  
no one was really there

alone  
we were drawn together  
and in the endless night of infinity  
life rolled back  
and back