Far-Away Blues

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Recommended Citation
Available at: http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol4/iss2/20
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