

## song about jumping

there are plenty of reasons  
they were playing music in the park today  
and I made another drawing i don't want you to see yet  
and did I tell you the other night I watched a man put the clothing rack I've been needing right  
in front of my building

there is the lady at the hair supply store,  
who might be the happiest person I've ever met,  
who seems to have learned every one of life's delights selling teenagers bleach packets

and the drug runner  
who signs a heart next to the 1G on my seventy-five dollar paper bag  
and calls me *boo* and *honey* because he can tell from my voice what i used to be  
and is the only person to tell me to have a good night in quite a few sleepless ones

there are songs I need to take care of, send off into the world  
where they will learn to be quiet  
and  
there is my own quiet,  
which I have not yet fixed into a sound

I have never learned to dance the ballet and I have not yet seen San Francisco  
I have heard that four seconds is the longest wait  
out of all the mistakes I have made, I have never hurt somebody's feelings more badly than I  
needed to  
and I did not break the dead girl's heart  
I have staved off turbulence with the thought of you  
prayed when I got off the airplane, too,  
and I have fit everything in the car

there is a mess i would hate to make you clean up,

a dress I was thinking of wearing tomorrow,  
and a bus ticket I already paid for

there might be Joan and the house she will live in with me  
where I will keep a piano for us both to make mistakes at  
where her sickness might live too,  
where perhaps she will write her very own song about jumping