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Listen

John Melvin

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Listen

I want you to understand me.
Even though you are no one.
The sky won't even stay blue
anymore. It keeps
changing its plans.

It's like that, wanting things to work out.
Someone goes for a walk
to keep from suicide,
and nothing changes. A voice
says, "I am responsible
for my feelings," until feelings
are a road overgrown with clover.
You wouldn't go down that way.

Because you are no one,
there will be no magic tonight.
Nothing will change.
Nothing wants you,
not even me,
and I beg for things.

Today the sky is gray.
You, who are nothing,
it isn't sad, it isn't
worth anger how the
roses turn brown.
You are so many colors
trying to find the right one
as if anyone cared.

There are whole fields of clover.

John Melvin