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The Color of an Old Friend's Eyes

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THE COLOR OF AN OLD FRIEND'S EYES

If he had lived, you know, many a merry-go-round would play. He always bought rolls of tickets and stood by the pike laughing and crying with anyone who stopped, and giving pieces of Heaven away.

A gray bird with a gray song beat up and down all day, relentlessly trapped in a self that loved an oriole. What could Heaven be, or Hell, for a person who sang, or got sung to, in a world that strange?

A horse on a merry-go-round stares out wild-eyed all day, all night, ready to be in my dream. I keep it out by looking away from mirrors or ponds, and I never let that music find me when it is dark or anywhere near the sea.