



play me one more time

you're face reads no trace
soft lines seem so appeasing
though even your lips flow
with acoustics quite deceiving.

in the shadow of breath
sharp tongue strikes every chord.
gentle tones move just staccato
flat, dead-piercing as a sword.

can you play a different tune?
you see, this rhythm reeks of rhyme
and this rhyme betrays all reason.
solely, your eyes tap hint of a beat
soul-composed of doubt and treason.

so play me one more time
discordant notes you surely master.
play me one more time
broke-in strings strum even faster.
play me one more time
and I'll not sing of ever-after.

neil miller © 1986