



one step closer

unquenched, the taste still lingers dusty-old
inside my throat three words which quake untold.
it's too late now— unspoken words ignored
dissolve in wishing wells, now simple chords

are all she sings, and still she hides the fact
she mostly thinks we were a wasted act—
a circus stage in center ring with heaps
of tricks to entertain, yet hardly weep

nor feel the pain. we tread a thin high-wire
above burnt ground, overcook in the pyre
of spotlights and glamour, full-dressed to kill
too high to look down, too lost in the thrill.

for crowds we perform, for applause risk all
except those things so sacred that could fall
into the rising ring of regret far below.
one step further, we go on for the show.

just one more step on a thread with no pole
a wishful step with nothing left to hold.
one more step into the fireless smoke
our ashes fall as we continue to choke.

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