

That Tune of Yours
Bryce Heckman

Your indifferent hand touched me for the last time,
the fingers tough like hooks, tugging on my black dress.
What we had was nothing more than the sweetest lime.

The bubbly hoopla flowed fresh off the winepress,
clothes scattered, drinks tipped and books flipped
onto the oak flooring below, and I must confess

That I had embraced nothing more than a crypt,
a walking tomb that would lie crooked at best
in this grave yard of shattered dreams and leaves.

You played your guitar and had a reputation
around town from piles of clothes and crack,
and the other whores that soothed your agitation:

You couldn't do anything to have me back.
But what I miss most is that tune of yours—
and even though it never made the charts

or hit the stage, it still flows from my pores.