

Ideas Are Like Stars

Mary Chapin Carpenter

Today Joseph is sitting alone
With occasional nods to the waitress
She tops off his cup while she's snapping her gum
Making her rounds on the lunch shift
Counting out coins, he leaves them arranged
In neat lines and circles and arcs
She just stares at the tip that spells out her name
And ideas are like stars
And yesterday pedaling down 4th Avenue
Between the stalls and the bookshops
The sepia tones of a lost afternoon
Cradled a curio storefront
And inside the air was thick with the past
As the dust settled onto his heart
And here for a moment is every place in the world
And ideas are like stars
They fall from the sky, they run round your head
They litter your sleep as they beckon
They'd teach you to fly without wires or thread
They promise if only you'd let them
For the language of longing never had words
So how did you speak from your heart?
Yet here is a box that swears it has heard
That ideas are like stars

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