Brandon From Ithica

Craig Cardiff

the bus stopped in brandon, miles from ithaca
at a shop that paid it to pour all the people out
to drink all the coffee and read through the papers
about the famous coming outthe couple two rows up to the left didn't move
as I passed they just lay sleeping in
into one another like the way birds cluster
all together when facing windshe was like a camera, he a b-film
both pretty faced, but hard
from smoking too much and waiting too long
and from all the things that life does to break your heart
I told you so, don't say I didn't tell you soI listened to them all the way westbound
under gold blankets and blue fields
with the sally-ann jackets and pillows and backpacks
she turned into him like a shieldfrom the stories of santa claus drunk stuck in the chimney
and the deer they lost making him fly
how BB King rode the bus to the gig cause he was broke
and how sometimes it's ok to cryI hear it rains here all the time, she said
first thing we'll take a room to keep dry
we'll find a bed and put us in it
It'll feel like home in no timewhat if there's not much more of this
well, I'd like to share it with you
with your hundred and my hundred dollars
I'm sure we'll pull through
I told you so, don't say I didn't tell you so.

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