

# The Dangling Conversation

Joan Baez

It's a still life water color  
Of a now late afternoon  
As the sun shines  
Through the curtained lace  
And shadows wash the room  
And we sit and drink our coffee  
Couched in our indifference  
Like shells upon the shore  
You can hear the ocean roar  
In the dangling conversation  
And the superficial sighs  
The borders of our alliance  
And you read your Emily Dickinson  
And I my Robert Frost  
And we note our place with book markers  
That measure what we've lost  
Like a poem poorly written  
We are verses out of rhythm  
Couplets out of rhyme  
In syncopated time  
And the dangled conversation  
And the superficial sighs  
Are the borders of our alliance  
Yes, we speak of things that matter  
With words that must be said  
"Can analysis be worthwhile?"  
"Is the theater really dead?"  
And how the room is softly faded  
And I only kiss your shadow  
I cannot feel your hand  
You're a stranger now unto me  
Lost in the dangling conversation  
And the superficial sighs  
In the borders of our alliance