

# New Year's Day

## Exlovers

We are sitting at a table in a bar in Baltimore  
It's the last night of December  
And the room is nearly full  
And the front door pulls a draft in every time it opens wide  
And you are telling me a story  
From another time and life  
And the waitress brings our order  
And we're tucked in mighty close  
And I feel like we belong among  
The living and these ghosts  
And I know that I am dreaming  
As I memorize each part  
In the telling lies a reverie  
In the details lie the heart  
Like the folds of summer dresses  
Like the scent upon my wrist  
Like the way you played guitar  
Like a boxer punches with his fist  
And taken or just lost to me  
It's better now to say  
I dwell in possibility  
On New Year's Day  
There's a jukebox or a bandstand  
And we're on another round  
And the night's just getting started  
Or the night's just winding down  
And your stories are not clouded yet by the ale  
  
Or by the gin  
They just make me feel as if I've known you  
All my life again  
Like the folds of summer dresses  
Like the scent upon my wrist  
Like the way you played guitar  
Like a boxer punches with his fist  
And taken or just lost to me  
It's better now to say  
I dwell in possibility  
On New Year's Day

And this is what it looked like  
When we started walking home  
The night sky bleached to silver  
    Against the city's bones  
    In dreams or in our waking  
    It's just enough to say  
Love and grace and endless flowers  
    Be ours on New Year's Day  
And the folds of summer dresses  
    And the bangles on my wrist  
    And the way you played guitar  
Like a boxer punches with his fist  
    And taken or just lost to us  
    It's better now to say  
    We dwell in possibility  
    On New Year's Day

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