

# The Storyteller

**John Patitucci**

I have loved you a thousand times,  
cared not a whit you were not mine.  
The wise men say I dove too deep,  
but fools can swim and breathe in sleep.Under the blue, under the air,  
Magicians we can conjure where  
the slightest sigh above the floor  
is like a scream we do bear more  
interest to cease  
desire within split seconds of a pause so thin.This shooting breathes like molten glass  
and so we blow it is our task,  
to tender well the shyest need  
the silent prayer as thought were deed.

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