

Alto Rhapsody: Two Voice

Someone told me once that poetry is like the blues

**Like putting on my party dress and shoes**

**slip back pointy-toed high-heeled shoes**

Someone told me once that poetry was like a smoky little jazz piece

**Where the sax is like torn silk**

And then slips into Mary

**And then slips into Mary**

had a little fleece

**Snow white and soft picture cloud peace**

Someone told me once

**Someone once told you**

poems were like rhapsodies in Brahms

**Or story book prayers**

Now I lay me down songs

**Lulla baby bye**

But I see things

**See some things**

Someone is always telling me about things

**Things are always in something**

Everything is in something

**I want to be inside a river**

I want to be a river in the sea

**I want to be inside a jewel**

I want to be a mountain on the plain

**I want to be inside your hand**

I want to be the music

That slide from your lips to the bell

**That slide from your lips to the bell**

See, everything is always in something

**Love inside my heart**

Yes

**My heart inside under my breast**

Yes

Your breast inside your dress

**Whispers in grandmother's lace**

Like poetry glides

**Glides in Tango grace**

Bending backward

**Both time and space**

Come close **Come close** hold my hand **Brothers** and Sisters

Come close

**Come close**

**Closer come closer**