

Without Mercy, The Rains Continued

There had been
A microphone hidden

Beneath the bed
Of course I didn't realize it

At the time & in fact
Didn't know for years

Until one day a standard
Khaki book mailer

Arrived & within it
An old

Stained cassette tape
Simply labeled in black marker

"Him / Me / September, 1975"
& as I listened I knew something

Had been asked of me
Across the years & loneliness

To which I simply responded
With the same barely audible

Silence that I had chosen then

--David St. John