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**Fever with Guitars**

You sing because you say you get sick if you stop.

You go out for a walk

and the trees make a trail right through you.

Your blue coat wears you and your shoes just barely

bear you left, where the blackberries snatch at your sleeve.

So you’re singing when you say the leaves

in the street are the colors of a bus crash,

which is to say, still singing, that it’s been raining

the way it’s always raining, mainly, more:

the way you want the girl to have already caught you

against a car door.

So you sing to a sound with a similar song

as the words of what you’d say,

invented by Bach, played by Beethoven

and eyed by the red light on the radio

while you ring when the telephone calls

to say the tables are waiting. The tables are waiting.

The tables are tapping their silverware.

The cigarette smokes you and the bicycle

rides you and your glass pitcher pours you

like one last beer. The television tells you

that the girl says she loves you,

right there: on the criss of your double-crossing ears.