Lacustrine and Midrash

This is what kind of sweet life I have had:

Someone wrote to me:

*what a shame it is your love of life should be pulled into its best channels by a lady radio*

and I wrote it down
and I found it long enough later
that I have no idea who or when or why.
I did love that lady radio.

Also:

Someone sang to me:

*up in an airplane
smoking her sweet cigarette
she went way up in an airplane*

Then I read, years later, this very thing
in a Walker Percy novel
knew someone else had heard it sung
knew this was marvelous for I was so lone, so solitary
that whatever I heard was rendered
solitary too. Or so I thought but Oh

like Robinson Crusoe, I was not alone.

Now call upon my soul within the house,
go on, please.

I will answer, I am so happy.
Whereas before I knew this had all been so sweet

I would merely have hoped you would love me.

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