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A few coins in a styrofoam cup

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A few coins in a styrofoam cup

singing, he closes
his glazed eyes, passion bleeding
from heart to lips,
to the ears of an audience
driven to dreaming
of that rundown austin hotel
where a musician
cries for his boston girl.
devoted fans wish for her too,
singing with him:

*hallelujah,
hallelujah
heaven get me out of here*

outside on the pavement
a man holds his coins in a
styrofoam cup. he bleeds as well,
frigid with hunger
and aching bones.
while time catches up with him
and wrinkles his tender skin,
he lets his green eyes sparkle,
shakes his instrument,
and joins in:

*have goodness in your heart
lead me from hell to home
heaven get me out of here*

his soul echoes from the stage
through the crowded hall
with vibrations of voice.
he connects to his companions
with blinded eyes.
all the pain in the world
is felt right here;
inside his amplified guitar chords,
broken hearts scream
of nothing ever feeling worse.

*how can you leave me
hopeless and alone
heaven get me out of here*

singing, he smiles his eyes
despite helplessness bleeding
from heart to lips.
the crowd bustles by, bundled
in coats and hats and shared emotion.
the coins jingle on, unheard
as the musician drives off to sell
the same songs to new customers.
head to burlap, bare knees
to concrete, he searches for comfort
in sleep, humming with limo's
engine, the final lines:

*hear my humble prayer
amen.*

--Miranda Bodfish '05