

## After Dinner with a Beautiful Woman, I Wade into the Rolling Tennessee

OK, I'll be a fool for you, for now, head over  
and into — sung, usually,

Those things too stupid to be said, but here I am,  
living out a love letter with

Anthems in my heart —  
the clamor of you, of blade and blossom

Slick on a rumpled hillside and the river running  
high with the summer rains —

The physical world no longer  
what I bicker with

To keep back some imagined  
horror of the truth, but rather,

Every moment now with you, the moments freed and  
tumbling,  
and no one left wistful on the bank, waving or  
counting.