

There were three of us
the thief, the singer and me
once I tried to hum the singers tune
but stopped for she sang it so beautifully
so clear and perfect
that the thief
who was busy taking this and that
here and there
from crying babes and blind men
ceased his endless work
the mellifluous song enveloped his wiry frame
and embraced his being
her lyric spoke of glorious lies
of true love and sunsets
of heaven scented flowers
of hope and light and wonderment
and the thief
his eyes shining
put down his trinkets
his baubles and other stolen treasures
knelt
and wept.