

# JEROME

by brian michael tracy

*Dedicated to the life and music of  
Jerome "Jerry" Garcia*

What say you we sneak in our socks  
Through the empty cathedral,  
Lit as it is by the late afternoon  
Seeping through stained glass?  
And place a candle at its altar.  
Find our shoes and sleep  
Until the summer stars come out.  
Climb the bell tower, play our guitars and watch  
As the music moves down the street,  
Through the trees, into our yards;  
Swirling, like the skirts of gypsies when they dance  
And snap their fingers in the air.

What say you we take our horses  
Let out the leads, and race to the Chataqua?  
Pitch our tents against the trees  
And sing songs under an open sky  
With words that seem to spill from fire,  
Scorching the landscape like lava on its way to the sea.  
There they meet the tide and claim the shoreline

What say you we ride to the cliffs above the harbor  
To the unmarked trail between days?  
There the muse has poured the blue liquid of eternal  
tones  
Into a guitar.  
Pick it up.  
Bring it to your ear.  
Strum it, it is light.  
Strum it again, it is night.  
Strum it again and the unmarked trail is gone;  
So too the horses.

