

Springsteen Says the Show

is where we feel full.

That sounds about right.
We remember the joy

of being. That sounds right to me too.

We remember some happiness
always and never, ever. We are what we could be together.

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Clap. Jump. Gyrate. Drum on the chair arms
like a monkey over and over.

Comes a point when you realize
you should probably vary your animal sounds.
I mean how many whooo-whoos and whoot-whoos
and yeah yeah babys
before you are audibly
boring and fake? It's hard to express

one's love of the Show, one's tremendous appreciation.
A hunger, really, for the Song.

But face it; you'll never stop yelling
and dancing like a fool.
The Show is just not the time
or place for language per-say.

And yet here I am.