

Singer

By Jeffrey R. Paine
Inspired on 12-3-03

Voice that
 in her youth
had been
 as silk now
roughened textured
 transformed by
call it ten thousand
 nights maybe more
of singing and song
of smoke from ten thousand
 smokes maybe more
of ten thousand shots and
 at least as many pints
maybe more slaking
 thirst of ten thousand days
maybe more of heartaches
 heartbreaks day to day
living screams of
 anger anguish joy
tears of all the same
 ten thousand conversations
some whispered
 maybe more

That voice
 the woman
who is her song
sings for all
 and maybe
 ten thousand more