

We attend a party for a friend who is leaving town. Why do we throw parties for those we love who leave? Instead of “going away” parties, why don’t we throw “so you’re still staying” parties?

I never know quite where to put myself in these parties. After I have said my piece, something like, “Hey best of luck in your new life, I really hope that a new place makes you happier, and that you meet other people who are far more interesting, or at least interesting enough to make you want to stay around them for a while,” I head out to the back porch and sit and think.

For whatever reason, my mind is taken to the tide pools of California. I remember walking out onto a cliff and looking down into a tide pool, with her waters swirling. As we sit here and reminisce at this party, I bet those tide pools are still swirling this very instant. They are beautiful even without anyone there to note that beauty. And even here, in this quiet suburb, the sky is preparing a show for this evening. You can see it in the highest clouds. They are turning pink. In less than a quarter of an hour the whole sky will be alive with fiery brushstrokes.

The father of the friend who’s leaving crosses the empty porch and looks in my direction. He looks sad even though he’s the one who threw this party. He probably came out here to get away like I did. He’s probably thinking about how they built this porch for the kids back in the seventies. He wishes I wasn’t out here to wreck this moment, and I try my best to just disappear.

“Getting colder,” I say tritely.

“It’s the north wind. Big changes coming.”

## **Good Folks**

We are good folks  
we work hard  
we play our cards right  
we’ll be happy  
they tell us  
but sometimes we think for ourselves  
And that’s when it get hazy  
and some feel crazy

you have seen them  
you know them  
we're everywhere you go  
laying low when you are thinking  
you might be alone  
comes a feeling slowly sinking down

And the wind pulls from the north  
and the sky looks so sublime  
and the waves pull back and forth remember it happens  
all the time

We are dreamers  
we are schemers  
"know what you meaners"  
we throw parties, for partings  
keep inside our deepest longings

But sometimes  
when we're lucky  
we realize some things might be larger yet simpler  
not yet don't you see?  
coast is clear we must get moving  
from now on who knows?  
from now on I guess anything goes

And pretend you never saw  
when they speak to you in rhymes  
when you see the waterfall  
remember it happens all the time

Outside I hear clouds colliding  
outside I hear souls confiding  
outside I hear bells portraying time

We are known to  
we are prone to  
the bits we can be blown to  
in seconds

uncounted  
maybe we should move this party inside

Partitioned  
a slight condition not to worry  
(you look worried)  
what if something's wrong?  
what if it might take too long  
to figure something out?  
don't you think we should talk about

When the wind pulls from the north  
and the sky looks so sublime  
and the waves pull back and forth  
remember it happens all the time

But I've lost half of the nerve  
to assure you this is fine  
and we've both run out of words  
it happens...