To the Folksinger Just Arrived

by Justin Hamm

Whisper salutations to your irises and tie those strange ornaments into your hair. Crawl from your Volkswagen into the sweltering city and pluck something evangelical from your book of songs. Strum your dulcimer and enunciate as if to blow life back into fried chicken or restore the red to petrified roses. Give them mystery, ancestry. Give them not too much skin. Yours, never forget, is the music of freight trains and holyghosts. You need only the lungs to drown out the daily discord, the ambulances, the ring tones and the burglar alarms, and the city will place its heart on the steaming asphalt and ascend.

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