

# 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.

