

## **BAANDEE CIMBALOM**

*("The mind's reflection coldly noted  
The bitter insights of the heart" Pushkin)*

This music's twang is bittersweet –  
cimbalom's salt strumming in my blood.

By salt-lake margins, dirty-white,  
I sniffed spent tide-marks of the summer days  
and saw marooned the bleached spurs of trees.  
Words are like sandbar trails of salty scum.

Music's twang is bittersweet –  
cimbalom's salt strumming in our blood.

I see here cleared creek beds, stony ground,  
all desecration of these latest lands  
we think we've conquered with our restless hands,  
territories marked out with post and wire.

Music's twang is bittersweet –  
cimbalom's salt strumming in our blood.

When will this beating blood burst  
from chambers of its pride  
and follow the long healing road  
away from places where we sowed our death?

Music's twang is bittersweet –  
cimbalom's salt strumming in our blood.

Territories marked out with salt are lines  
away from places where we planted death.  
Trust that, as long as you draw breath,  
your words make better trails than sandbar's scum.

This music's twang is bittersweet –  
cimbalom's salt strumming in my blood.

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