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Unalloyed

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Unalloyed

Last night in a deserted field
owned by a nearby metals plant in Alloy, W.Va.
amidst slag heaps and piles of coal over grown with weeds
I played my guitar for you
like a madman

Until the strings burned and creased
the tips of my fingers
and my shoulder ached,
till finally the music played out
and all I could hear
was the pick dryly clicking over the strings
like crickets sing...

An old song
I only sang
before I met you
and after
you went away.

—T. Paige Dalporto