

The Trumpet Guidebook
For: Sheila R. Kohn (mom)
40 Late R.J.W.
Cassandra Baumann
and Hannah Webster

I heard you from far away,
I looked in the mirror and saw u instead
of me,

I pulled a piece of prevention, unravel from the seam of my pants , the inner thigh; I listened to
Winter's Solitude, and the trumpets of your vocal notes, said hello,

I heard you from far away, I lookked into the crystal ball of a spirit laden universal eye. I was
booking from bad days, absence found renewed and plasters of amazing waves to and fro...I
saw "You M83 Appearing", coming my way, so I stayed. The Borders took me in,
assured me that the galaxius was grabbing up stars to root them here on Earth, but, that
somehow God would give you back to me.

Telementary Dear Watson, should I expect a phone call or a mental note? Or should I just learn
to hope?

There is no guidebook or starry nite pamphlet for expectations, and the trumpet sounds the
same as it ever did in The Bodyguard Theme song, sad....at my hillside nothingness and
waterlogged skin, for you I jumped in, from a pallid corridor, and from out of my own native skin.
Native Skin boat, should I expect...? And if so what should I? Without you who am I?

Oh yeah I am the Native Skin Boat

with holes in my cast and sail, so I barely float but, voice patterns I do however carry, musical
notes, Telementary Dear Watson he would say...you should expect a phone call, and a pop up
mental note, and you should above all else...hear that sad trumpets notes,
and still seek to
find hope.

The End