

Calexico, Sunken Walz

Washed my face in the rivers of empire
made my bed from a cardboard crate
down in the city of quartz
no news, no new regrets
tossed a susan b. over my shoulder
and prayed it would rain and rain
submerge the whole western states
call it a last fair deal
with an american seal
and corporate hand shake
take the story of carpenter mike
dropped his tools and his keys and left
and headed out as far as he could
past the cities and gated neighborhoods
he slept neath the stars
wrote down what he dreamt
and he built a machine
for no one to see
then took flight, first light
of new morning