

# Kelly Joe Phelps, Loud As Ears

Old dark ruby coats his throat  
Gloves a feathered mind  
Sharpens up her fountain pen  
Lay ink down along the table  
Plaintive, brickyard textbook line  
Whips her fable down  
As long as she's able  
As long as she is able

Bang up, wave the weaver's wand  
Hand against the sky  
Day is rain so watch things grow  
Light pours through her window  
Tack will need a hefty breeze  
Blow as though can be  
As long as she's able  
As long as she is able  
Just as long as she's able  
As long, as long as she is able

Now here's a loud that turns to wail  
Salvage bits of wire  
Holding history blown to hell  
He'll nod off and she will sing  
He won't dream and she won't sew  
Talking never stops, no  
Not as long as she's able  
Not as long as she is able  
Not as long as she is able  
Not as long

The next day holds a smell to it  
Permeates the house  
Marches into each cold room  
Stands as long as Sunday  
Preaches loud as elder ears  
Year's they'll rectify  
As long as they are able  
Just as long as they are able  
As long as they're able