

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