

Son Ambulance, House Guest

A house guest at 3:25am

Scene two: your guest rooms by my cruel self.

Mirror, mirror which side are you on?

Im wet behind the ears and listening.

Im only explaining how to be aloof.

With eyes ajar and out the door, and down the block hes lighting up a cigarette.

A stranger passing by and saying,

With every year we stack, we trick our legs to climb a flight of weary steps until April, May, then Jun

Im only touching down for a second to tell you all Ive been to Lincoln.

Another year went by: It tripped my legs.

Im numb below the waist and tingling, numb below the waist and tingling.

Youre gone to the other shore, high in the afternoon.

Clouds, klint, youre upside down desires, unravelled.

She sails upon a sigh.

Her tail with bows tied.

Hold the spool and let her fly.

You cant keep the wind, you just keep billowing.

At last the courts dismissed my sad account.

The wrong side streets Ive been taking to go to town.

And heart-aches caught in tangled trees are finally relieved.