

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?

I'm wet behind the ears and listening.

I'm only explaining how to be aloof.

With eyes ajar and out the door, and down the block he's 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 June.

I'm only touching down for a second to tell you all I've been to Lincoln.

Another year went by: It tripped my legs.

I'm numb below the waist and tingling, numb below the waist and tingling.

You're gone to the other shore, high in the afternoon.

Clouds, klint, you're upside down desires, unravelled.

She sails upon a sigh.

Her tail with bows tied.

Hold the spool and let her fly.

You can't keep the wind, you just keep billowing.

At last the courts dismissed my sad account.

The wrong side streets I've been taking to go to town.

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