

Why?, Sanddollars

Your illegal name in watercolor
on a piss-stained Frisco truck
hoping some camera'd catch your face
when the rain comes down
and the fat worms show up like seared shut
half clotted blood vein sections,
fast fossil drying up.

You've got no God hand
in the when of a raindrop
and the paint that you used was water based.

The sound of light rain and burning leaves is the same,
The hound in night's brain learning dreams is untamed.

There'll be a time for drying up and
dying on sidewalks,
years for beards,
and the bushes in someone's backyard
damp dark in the shade
like an empty old seed pod.

Did you stay up all night
sprawled out over a xerox enlargement of my place card,
weeping backstage with the pretty plus one's ignoring you?

These are selfish times
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I got shellfish dimes
and sanddollars.

I'll no longer be the whit or Gaylord's heavy.
The glasses, bear, and bigwig must go.
I did not play bigger bank in the backseat
of the cheese that seemed risky
but my jeans were called husky's.
I wrote this one on chipped dead elephant ivory
and when they come I close the closet door.

I wanted to breathe on beat
and go a fifth higher
than my physical voice was coined for.
I wanted to serve with hunger
but my gut split
and the hunger men poured into war.

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I got shellfish dimes
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Did you stay up all night
sprawled out over a xerox enlargement of my place card,
weeping backstage with the plus one babes?