

ALO, Possibly Drown

I hear the ringing salutations of the crickets inviting my soul
With no responsibilities my heart feels light as I walk toward the water with my evening bowl

Awaiting mosquitoes and bumble bees and centipedes and slithy toads
On the trestle above the whistle blows
Carrying its load, carrying its load

Echo from the stereo of a passing car beneath the overpass
As I amble toward the water front
Passed the fishing dock and the powder mill
Along the red clay path

Italian stone masons built the bridge and the aqueduct long ago
On the trestle above the whistle blows
Carrying its load, carrying its load

I gotta hit the water and not the ground, but
I might possibly drown

On the tenth day of March 1891 were drowned Louise King Conelly and Henry Cumming Lamar

Long before the days of cyber space, alien warfare and electric cars
And as I swim in this canal I get a nervous feeling that I too may possibly drown