

# Kelly Joe Phelps, The Anvil

There are some that blindly and happily plow  
While the tractor screams "Feed me some oil"  
The scraping of gears and the gnashing of teeth  
Fall softly on full ahead ears  
A frown may give away something right  
A smile can hide crooked affairs  
The sun on the back rings a work man's guffaw  
It's all in the bag with coins

Call me tomorrow, then come over here  
See if we can figure this out  
There in an eye winking curiously  
By the campground, the bedside night stand  
My leg bones feel weary yet walk on they will  
Holding for wheels and gravy  
on a plate full of nothing but shaking my head  
with a side bowl of nothing to do

Could be a time thing, could be a ruse  
And I will concede to confusion  
Ideas spin 'round my crazy old head  
Hard as (and light as) an anvil  
The liver will wither and wax with the tide  
Fine, if I can find the answer  
To a question I've never been asked before  
I hear time and time again