

Why?, Fall Saddles

I listened to your taped
epistle to Rachel
stamped and dated,
Now I know you were really alive
in nineteen seventy one.
(fall saddles)
You carried God
like a bouquet of balloons,
Yoshua whispered in your ear
your next move...
"Go on, get on that train."
In your clay faced youth
the rubber upper lip
sounds out
a bold pen sketch.
Were you talking about
your dad when you said,
"Your fist language still affects my style.
Although I sometimes catch your
visions like a child."

Do you still pray about me
in your quiet time,
Cast out soft-core demons
when I come back home,
Let some Nashville fake
record your demo tapes?
When I'm waiting at a train
station or a bus stop.
I also play "led by the lord day"
in my own way.