

Willow Tree Blues

Brazen grass-rabbit
has struck at the heart of things.
And now tightly grips a skeleton key, for his bedrooms
grand old portals.
I couldn't help but cry
at the mess he made in his approach.

Thats mahogany there, the doors,
and those brass knockers
are as old as they can remember.

I don't care for the floor-grazing big-stuff, where—
by exception of your hollow—
is the indignity I was promised?
She was meant to meet me,
the neons said so a
couple years ago, and those lights
still switch on before a heap of
a tourist bus or an older man
on the dumber side. I know it. I know it.
Now!

If I can't reckon with the softy loosy
waves that throw sun up like rain
then, rabbit, which
have yet to leave me in ignorance,
I better sit on this ocean
with a mountain's thought
of the sky underfoot such a silly boy.

Oh, so be it,
sit, sit, sitsit sit sit sitsit
s it sit, s, sit , sit sitsit
sit, sit sit, sit sit, ssit ,s
i , si ,its sit sit, sit.

-42212Boneman

