



English Departments

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The poor man draws the darkest moon
 And the poplars play a wind in tune
 Type four 'faces' on a bend in bloom
 Heightened out of Satan's tomb
 For the only one to play the blues

(Don't mind me now, I'm only crying)
 Hogtie your tongue in a Gordian knot
 For begging at the bank of naught
 So shut your eyes and shut your doors
 To children, paupers, sinners and whores
 No one calls in th' pentacostal mores
 Because we all lie on the fattest floor
 (Don't mind me now, I'm only sighing)
 It's like a timpani played on your knees.
 It's only the slave the ferryman frees,
 Running through the bare-back trees
 Cuff the police with words sized like fleas
 While the boiling steam of poets abound
 Pissing away the curse of a sound
 (Don't mind me now, I'm only flying)
 Raid the shore and ask for lore
 Reciting's abuse and nothing more --
 Crossroads on nature's old floor
 Point to another Roman tore
 Where bleeds time in fancy store
 (Don't mind me now, I'm only dying)