

Who is the Ass Hat in Charge of this Gig?

There's beauty in sadness
and sadness at heart
Sometimes the key's all too tired
of forcing the engine to start
Twisting and turning she pushes and hauls
but the engine just wheezes
then coughs and stalls
Outside the wind amplifies the fire
blowing hot dry air
preaching to the choir
while the devil himself
rocks in his chair,
puffs on his pipe,
and fixes his stare
"To hell with you all"

A calling is uttered past the bushes and groves
all the while Miss Georgia's bruised peach
slaves over the stove
and dreams of the days
wearing buttoned up satin
and doily garnished robes
When the compliments came easy
and the juices always flowed
"She's quite the looker"
they all used to say
Her gams long and thin
hair pinned just the right way
The fantasy lives on
can't scratch the glitter from her ears
She's a superstar for sure
she glimmers spotlights in her tears

Fresh squeezed lemonade sweats
in a pitcher out back
The mason jars wait to be filled and tipped
The soft horizon blends
weaving tall grass to clouds
and all in the mind
soon a lone ranger will ride
and be counted like sheep
so the sun can go to sleep
and allow the stars to climb from their slumber
June bugs hymn
and toads join in
to croak a bluesy rhythm

Such calm and serene
though things are never as they seem
and the sand is being spent
from this hourglass we rent
while we're frequently pained with thoughts
of having to reset the clock

In this time
sadness slips into the emptiness that exists
until the bulb is filled
with the same grains of sand
reoccurring thoughts
monotonous and over taught
only to be sifted again

A man looking awfully like god
leather dress shoes, the brass cuff pins and all
steps onto the dew braided grass
and flashes a smile
decorated by a gold tooth cap
Then in a strategic business approach
tries to sell the good word
So the devil chased him off
with brandy scented scoffs
and the partition of heaven and hell
become blazed by flames again.

Over the singing of cicadas
the pageant queen begins to weep
In a dramatic film like scene
breaking dishes in the sink
Someone give her an Oscar
throw some roses at her feet
She's truly got a gift
building dreams on make believe

As for me I just sit
waiting for nothing at all
No excitement for sunrise
or the sky when night falls
I've counted my blessings
and found my two cents and all,
traded them for a dime
then threw my quarters at the wall
I'm a fossil of donated carbon
waiting to give that carbon away
I'm a no good sad Sally
a real gloom and doom
a tumble weed rolling
on these dust roads I loom

We're interconnected through isolation
dry in our wits
Aching to feel
bothered when we feel the ache
The long stretch is near
but near is far
especially when asking
to know who we are
So simple and daft
yet genetically complex
Walking contradictions

standing in lines all our lives
waiting to be next

I've walked to the threshold of sanity
which doesn't exist
and met an old timed rookie
who traded his brains for bliss
I welcomed him to the company
manufacturing ignorance for apathy
then added his name to the list
My patience ran thin
boredom struck me again
and I ditched that poor old fucker

I found solace in lies
convinced myself to compromise
and amused myself with prayer:
Oh lord take me in!
I've been cleansed of my sins!
I bought Jesus on my doorstep
from a man with a grin
He changed my dirty ways
through indulgences I paid
He drove off in a Caddy
with a bumper reading "saved"
I know I'll have a place
up in paradise
once I rid my hair
of the fleas and the lice
But maybe I've lost interest
that's happened once or twice
Instead I'll buy some whisky
and get tangled in a vice
so as to wash away some time
in this god forsaken life