

And Nowadays Nobody Has The Blues Anymore

I've seen enough

Marble

And

Ivory

Pearls

For more

Than three of them

Yet, not enough

For the grinning little man

That says,

"Hello to you",

To me

And

Grins

In the in-between Sound

And

Chugs a big jar of honey

When his eyes

Retire

And

Sees each rock being its own rock

But also being a rock.

Then,

Suddenly,

The little man's wearing rocks

And

It would be funny

If at least he had the Blues