

Daddy Sing Me that Song about Butterflies

She was just nine, a will-o-the-wisp.
With dreams of a Rat and his friend Mole
An imaginary world that guided her life
Friendship was loyal and steadied her soul.

People walked by on her sidewalk of life.
A front porch, a swing and good story book
They all lived together in her dreaming years.
Those hobbits and elves she never forsook.

Toadstools for fairies arranged in a circle.
Mother nature protected their fanciful flights.
As star-lite and daisies draped over her head
Memories were built in cool summer nights.

Fireflies in fruit-jars would light up her room.
Protection from dragons hiding under her bed.
Understanding of life oozed out of her genes.
She'd been here before, the fortune-teller said.

Life is an angel that rides on her shoulder.
A fairyland friend that squelches her fears
Imagination lives in the minds of the blessed.
And butterfly wings wipe away their tears.

Sing me a song daddy, rock me to sleep.
I want to drift away where the red fern grows.
Where lazy old bumblebees hang in the air
And the butterfly feeds with a long curly nose

“Butterfly, butterfly, dancing in the wind
Will you ever come back; will I see you again?”

Domino Players Reunion

Knarled, liver-spotted hands gripped his cane.
As it sliced through hot, muggy air.
“Tomorrow, I wanna go play dominoes.
Lord knows they need a good player.

Life still darted through his clear blue eyes.
Like swallows across wind-swept skies
Snuff spit painted lines in his chin.
He’ll dip that stuff til the day he dies.

Age wrecked this body, meant for going places.
Yet God and nature never slowed his soul.
Weathered muscle and bone gave up the fight.
Now the voice was left alone to control.

Complaints creaked from the wheels of his chair.
As he slowly made his way into supper
Bland food served with a handful of pills.
Help for the pain and his worn-out thumper.

Both the peeing and the chair hurt his pride
But his eyes and his voice just laughed.
Because he knew when he woke, he’d play.
Another game with his friends from the past.

God is my Roommate

God is my roommate; she lives in my head.
And calms my soul, while asleep in my bed

She sent down my soul, with my first breath.
It calmed all my fears, except for my death.

She saddled all our hate; I rode it without fear.
Then joined my last supper, just peanuts and beer.

My God and your God, live inside our heads.
They control all our hate, then love slowly spreads.

Peace is just a thought, that brings souls together.
To walk along life's river, in sunny, southern weather

My roommate and I, make each other laugh.
Talk about life's mysteries, we're both the better half.

She blends all our love, like a sister, father, mother.
It's like spousal culmination, or daughter, son, or brother.

Creation comes from love, not hate or fear or vice.
We'll always be together, to celebrate this life.

When I die, she'll leave me, to room with someone new.
The universe is her future, and she'll have a better view.

Hanging Out with Jesus

I've been hanging out with Jesus since I was just sixteen.
But I don't go to church on Sunday, no need to primp and preen.

My pew's an old oak stump left standing in the garden.
Birds and squirrels preach to me, wind and sun grant my pardon.

Introducing me to friends of his, Buddha, Muhammad, Abraham
He asks if I will stand with him, and if I really give a damn.

Never raised his hand in war, but stopped the moneychangers bid.
He laughs and then forgives me, for all the things I did.

While eating mud in Vietnam, still wet behind the ears.
He hung with me on recon and stilled my raging fears.

He screams at me in nighttime, to stop the Holy Wars
Then I try to drown the message, in honky tonks and bars.

You can't make a better world when you kill the golden goose.
The tears he sheds are bitter, as we turn the poisons loose.

Still, we lock away the peaceniks, and let the greedy demon's feed.
He wonders why I'm locked away, just cause I smoked a little weed

Is it all a senseless, hate-filled joke, folks killing in his name?
Then he holds my hand and asks, do I know the one to blame?

The mirror shows the fatted calf, that hides behind the bar.
Or flits around the countryside, in their shiny guzzling car

He asks with lightning tongue, why folks don't seek the truth.
But pass along the slanted lies, painted on their toilet booth.

He walks with me on wooded hills, he talks with me at dawn.
The light he holds for everyone, so our life is not alone.

Keep telling folks the truth, leaving out the easy lies.
You can't really lie to folks; they see it in your eyes.

When hanging out with Jesus, you're searching for the truth.

On salty shores or woody hills, or some old diner booth

No matter where you live or die, his message hangs like glue.
Walk with peace, unite in love, he's reaching out to you.

I've been hanging out with Jesus since I was just sixteen!

Little Necessities

Front porch sagged on the Southern corner; dry winds whipped up dust.
Pecan leaves curled in the late summer sun, old man's trying not to cuss.

Rust stains splotched on the old tin roof; windowpanes etched with time.
Sideboards grayed by a thousand rains; no children left here to whine.

Sand road winds up to this laughter-less home, rutted by their old model T.
Few folks come to visit them much anymore, most times just Mama and me

Old folks living on cornbread and molasses, milk cows long since dry.
Preacher comes by to pray sometimes on Sunday, other folks don't even try.

Uncle Ted was a hunter before age slowed him up, even legends answer the call.
Winter-night music of a coonhounds sweet baying, bird dogs point'n in the fall

Hunter's pride and respect he took in his dogs, substitute kids Daddy used to say.
Dead-eye and Cutter and other hair-raising names, now only ol' Bessie's alive today

These thoughts and memories cut through my mind, this summer of my fourteenth year.
Barefoot I walked through the dirty hot sand, my throat choked a tingling fear.

Uncle Ted needed help with something at home, a necessary job needed doing.
Mama said he'd never asked for help before, wondered what he had brewing.

Aunt Jodie brought me a dipper of cool clear water, drawn from a hundred foot well.
Uncle Ted slowly rocked in the shade of the porch; snuff spit dried on the rail.

He said, son ol' Bessie had a litter of puppies, up under the porch last week.
Now Bessie can't raise no ten hungry young'uns, necessity was making him speak.

Ol' Bessie stood up from her place by his chair, dried tits had nothing to give.
Sad watered eyes seemed to beg for my help, starvin puppies won't ever live.

Cracked lips trembled and he knew I understood, unbearable pain must rest.
Mind-numbing gloom was filling my head, somehow, I'd do my best.

Got an old cornsack from out by the barn, baling wire to tie it at the top.
Crawled under the porch just like I was asked, the sound of my heart wouldn't stop.

Took that sack full of puppies, just barely alive, down to the watering trough.
Just God and me, with ol' Bessie looking on, witnessed their very last cough.

Uncle Ted took a shovel, and we buried them then, in a shady grove out back.
In deadly hot summers I think of it still, ten puppies in an old cornsack.