

POLKISH REVUE

We watch from the bones of the old subterranean homes
That were lost in the flood of the century
And all this waiting for the heart to give
Is hardly an acceptably good way to live
The winds without warning changed and came in from the east
The podium till morning stood there chained unto the beast
I'll take this bag of gold and run away
The streets are painted with it anyway

I knew in my mind that it wouldn't be smart to undo it
The latch was attached in a peculiar fashion of gluing
I walked through the garden and saw that the colors were fading
The flowers were black in a way that fought back against aging

But it's a whole other thing to be
So caught up in the words that you can't even see
What's being done in the name of community
At the expense of clear thought and ability
And with the weight of a meteor, fell the gavel from the highest theater
Spun among the florid weeds and wetting tongue
A scene of storybooks in ink for everyone

And though smeared and forged from fear
Still the rhymes were rhythmic and were clear
The stones had grown too large to throw
And so were rolled into an olive grove
And lay for another day

I ran into Moses and feathered his nose
As he sneezed and he dropped the third stone on his toes
We've left the sink to fill for hours again
In hopes the river will turn in to gin
And fish would never swim in such a water without rain
To cover the atrocity of going with the grain
We'll drape ourselves in silk and woolen gown
To make the stage a scene for fools and clowns

The back of the boat was an old iron float and was sinking
We stood at the helm as it rocketed down into nothing
We were bound by the ground as it reached up and tugged at our ankles
The feeling is not unlike that which you'd get tarred and tangled
By grace we're permitted a quick witted life starred and spangled

And so the trees had lost the urge
To grow and thrive, and blamed it on the earth
Whose floors had flooded over
And couldn't retrieve what had been disposed of
All for the good of the great
And the skies collided and the clouds provided
Cold pillars of falling winter rain
And through it all a man stood and reached as tall as he could
Just to show he could do it on his own
And then shrugged as if to say...

Just leave me there by the orange velvet chair
I'd rather lose my head than be given one instead
I'll likely cease to eat due to pain in my teeth
That arose from chewing lemons coated and sweet
My knees have been furiously under siege
And my head though enabled is unable to bleed
I've watched my feet walk into the weeds
Stumbling fast in a solid and patterned ease
But I still have my horn to keep me going
Though my lips are rose colored and glowing
I still have my horn to keep me going
Though my lips are rose colored and glowing

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