Saloon Salute

On she goes, the lass has finished her chore
Right about now, in about three days time— you’ll see
You watch, that bet’ll be mine
She won’t come close to no western shore.
The mountains’ll trip her up
A woman can’t steer no truck up no mountains!
That one ain’t going Nowhere on her own.
Who will she care for outside of this town
Don’t she no ain’t no young men around

Anymore.

Daniel J 3:03

Pax Americana

Starry nights and springtime scents,
A romantic moon over a static city.
Emptiness, both ethereal and infinite.

Why has the beauty of the river gone away?
A fortnight in the making, ice has melted.
A rest in the desert sun and...
Still a hungry ghost—
Fasts in hope of the way!

No aesthetic approach I’m afraid.
Just an empty form full of clinging to all but
Void.
Another trick of the hand and before it’s done
A vision, unannounced... comes followed by the sun.

Get to class and learn your cash, the grades will pay
Wisdom?
The merry go-round is playing our tune,
While Decadence admires
An old Roman moon.

Daniel J 3:23