

TRYING TO GET TO HEAVEN

[shout out to J.P.]

The river is the most natural of paths. You follow it out of reflex. Trace it out of instinct.

And yet...

And yet...

And yet you find yourself waterlocked. Your soul yoked, necked in an oxbow. Everything gone brackish. It is difficult to pray while paddling in place. Your chest burns. Your arms fail. You draw one deep breath and hold it as you descend. Give me baptism or give me death or maybe both. The bottom is soft, the silt like liquid silk. A sweet place to kneel. To pray without the distraction of breath.

MOST OF THE TIME

Have you felt the feel of milkweed silk. A shiver soft as mothwing dust. Descending slanty through a sunbeam. The river is lazy but still it floats the barge. The littlest ladybug is livin' large. What you wouldn't give for a sawgrass slowdance. A dewdrop on your lips, a lover's hands on your hips. But you keep yourself happy. Most of the time.

ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER

The story is woven, my friends. The warp and the weft and a single song left. Thank you for the listening, thank you for the love. Thank you for lifting up the one beside you, reaching back for the one behind you, for your surrender to the beautiful foolishness of hope and poetry and words and music amidst the broken hearts and busted knuckles of it all. Go with our gratitude, go with our love, go and find what we all gotta find...we gotta find some way outta here...