

# Badlees, Luther's Windows

(alexander)

luther's windows are littered with nothing  
a crystal, a picture, a dead potted sage  
a dusty white curtain, the nose prints of a dog  
a shot glass collection from his truck driving days

luther's bedroom is as hot as an oven  
with air that's as stale as old forgotten bread  
in a cage on the dresser there's a parrot that talks  
but her name over and over is all that it says

turn your back to the sun  
you see only shadows  
look beneath the stars  
you see only night  
like a homesick sailor  
luther's standing in the window  
watching the world floating by him tonight

luther's hands once held a chain  
with keys to a home and a blue chevrolet  
now he lives with his mother, steals all her liquor  
and chain smokes and stares at the ceiling for days

turn your back to the sun  
you see only shadows  
look beneath the stars  
you see only night  
like a homesick sailor  
luther's standing in the window  
watching the world floating by him tonight

luther's sitting by himself on the sofa  
with his head bowed down but his eyes are open wide  
having a one man revival with an electronic bible  
listening to the parade going by  
and the bass drum is pounding, the trumpets are bleating  
and he's reading a verse from st. john  
a trickle of light seeps through the blind  
luther pulls down the shade until he makes up his mind

well, turn your back to the sun  
you see only shadows  
look beneath the stars  
you see only night  
like a homesick sailor  
luther's standing in the window  
watching the world floating by him tonight  
it's floating by him tonight