

# Why?, Sanddollars

Your illegal name in watercolor  
on a piss-stained Frisco truck  
hoping some camera'd catch your face  
when the rain comes down  
and the fat worms show up like seared shut  
half clotted blood vein sections,  
fast fossil drying up.

You've got no God hand  
in the when of a raindrop  
and the paint that you used was water based.

The sound of light rain and burning leaves is the same,  
The hound in night's brain learning dreams is untamed.

There'll be a time for drying up and  
dying on sidewalks,  
years for beards,  
and the bushes in someone's backyard  
damp dark in the shade  
like an empty old seed pod.

Did you stay up all night  
sprawled out over a xerox enlargement of my place card,  
weeping backstage with the pretty plus one's ignoring you?

These are selfish times  
These are selfish times  
These are selfish times  
I got shellfish dimes  
and sanddollars.

I'll no longer be the whit or Gaylord's heavy.  
The glasses, bear, and bigwig must go.  
I did not play bigger bank in the backseat  
of the cheese that seemed risky  
but my jeans were called husky's.  
I wrote this one on chipped dead elephant ivory  
and when they come I close the closet door.

I wanted to breathe on beat  
and go a fifth higher  
than my physical voice was coined for.  
I wanted to serve with hunger  
but my gut split  
and the hunger men poured into war.

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I got shellfish dimes  
and sanddollars.

Did you stay up all night  
sprawled out over a xerox enlargement of my place card,  
weeping backstage with the plus one babes?