

## A Goodbye Rye

Richard Buckner

Once upon a blue thing or two  
Eyes in sight, the moon confused  
We heard the sparks fly and we watched their lies  
Some died in retreat, some in jealousy  
You know boredom breeds, temptation in its wake  
But do look at what temptation's done  
The spirit is here in the hollow, a message at the bottom of the bottle  
Oh, the sky tonight is gray, all the quiver and the quake  
Reaching away goodbye rye  
Been bled on down the road  
But when the buzz was over, man  
It was getting cold  
The years are slow, so I lye low  
Do you want your name to burn away?  
Oh, but I decide, honey, will I ride?  
Along and through and over you  
Sleep shame, Reno's low behind in flames  
So with your misty mist and your low land frame  
Won't you sleep shame?