

Light Leaves

WHY?

Each of these old light leaves is dirt,
Barely held together by
Tiny bone hands that used to be alive
Holding hands
Loose gripped
At the deja vu dream scene end
Of a lifelong relationship
These light leaves
Is my hair on the bathroom floor,
My smaller selves down the sewer somewhere,
Under berkeley, Cincinnati, or on tour
Airplane rear
And hotel lobby ladies rooms: beware,
As these light leaves bagged up in plastic,
Never to decompose or fertilize
When my balls are finally big enough to do it
I don't want no casket, no saddle,
No seethrough plastic mask,
No casket, no saddle,
No seethrough plastic mask
And when I finally do it
I wanna do the dirt
Like the dead leaves do
And if you do leave the earth
When the earth leaves you
cold and hard as a marble table top
With nothing on top,
There's no hip-hip-hop-hooray
Keeping Heaven's golden-barbed gateway,
No bright confetti hearts, death march, ticker tape parade
There's no mound of clouds to lounge on,
No mound of clouds to lounge on