

Blackbird

Crow Tree

It is time you came back home Old Sam,
come on home to crow tree,
where the crows are thick,
like overripe melons on the vine.
And sink your feet in the quicksand
of honeysuckle and southern pine.
I thought I would make it in this world,
I thought I would do just fine,
but little birds can never fly
when their wings are wrapped with twine.
Alone I sit inside my house.
I rock both night and day.
I stare at the walls, and at the ceiling too.
There is no other way.
And I sit atop the highest branch
in that weather-beaten tree,
and caw at the moon,
when the sky grows dark
while Old Sam answers me.
So come back home to crow tree
to the hoodoos that are there.
They will bind your legs and your hands to it,
and no one ever cares.

(Port St. John, 2014)

The Lost

So pure they were of heart, the essence of all
that was true.

The innocent ones who dwell no more in the land
that was known as Middle Earth. Plucked out too soon like a child that was
taken at birth, like a child taken at birth.

The Balroy chased them all, all of them
into the western sea.

And now they are just a memory, only a memory.

Some say that they followed a star west to the
realm of Valinor.

But then others will tell you that their legs
fell off while traveling north in the sea.

Guided they claim a light from afar.

They seek out eternity, in search of eternity.

(Port Saint John, 2003)