

Michael Ruby

From AMERICAN SONGBOOK

MY VERY GOOD FRIEND, THE MILKMAN

For Fats Waller

My very good friend the poohbah
Milkman and far-fetched explanation of our mantra
Losing sleep masters
The hours to keep stochastic
A Swede should marry me

Hesitation my very good friend
Mailman to our urges
Empties his burdens
You should marry my monstrosity
(& push your cart against the walls of the moon
where the rushes exasperate
or predominate
and all the objects mark the table with their might

A very friendly heather escapes the kennels
Imploding the latest real estate news
And salvaging the elastic
Blueprints damage the horses
Parboil the cottages
Country views preserve the Lenten

My very good friends long Laurentians
Lopsided neighbors
Little things for birds
I love you soft tree
With thirst marry me

Ah yes the olfactory sponges
Merciful real estate
A new dress for the soft landing

My very good friends long Laurentians
Etc.

Let the band play the shark bite
Fast forward "Here comes the bride"
Ha ha harmonics
Ha ha Mom

THEY'RE RED HOT

For Robert Johnson

Hot tamales put wood on leather soda jerks and they red hot oilcans

Yes Oma the ride she got 'em Tonkins for sale

Hot tamales curse distinctions and they red hot possibility sanctions

Yes Chief inside a car she got 'em icebergs for sale I mean

Hot tamales shoot crooked dice to tank selling and they red hot rhyme busters

Yes it's your nickel to develop independently she got 'em applecarts for sale

Hot tamales loose as a goose on a Chanukah candle and they red hot Poynton

Yes my friend oilcan she got 'em danger our pissoirs for sale I mean

Hot tamales trot in Suffolk splendor and they red hot law students

Yes a looker puckered his lips she got 'em angled for sale

Hot tamales butter the duck through a proprietary process and they red hot alphabet soup

Yes Dapper Dave played the flute she got 'em honeycombed for sale I mean

Hot tamales dismount an onion load and they red hot bicycle delivery boys

Yes young fella Bilbao she got 'em hapless and for sale

Hot tamales front and center the toiling voices and they red hot space ages

Yes an old sentimentalist places the time machine she got 'em reverential for sale I mean

Yes an old sentimentalist brings the trains she got 'em smelling leggings for sale I mean

Hot tamales report august preferences and they red hot banana cakes

Yes some dough Anaheim she got 'em for Christmas for sale I mean

Yes some dough propels the vanilla she got 'em seborrhea for sale

Hot tamales can't turn a gear from autonomy and they red hot diesel daddies honest
injun' always was and always will be a hunter and fisherman

Yes just an old curmudgeon with the dudgeon she got 'em dodging for sale

SUMMERTIME IS PAST AND GONE

For Bill Monroe

Summertime

gone

on

see

way

I ever

loved

Now

moon

bright

path—

to

one

I ever

know

me

Ol' Tennessee

sent

GOD

above

Now

moon

path—

to

I ever

know

me

Ol' Tennessee

sent

God

above

Now

moon

shinin'

path—

to

I ever loved

ALRIGHT, OK, YOU WIN

For Joe Williams

Well alright the pony dances on a steeple
OK if together the hellcat bides
You win a ranger inside the detector
I'm in love with you and the rock-solid pram

Well alright for time to place
OK for the silver eagle sandwich production
You win the ample postage for a three-day beard

Well alright for time to place
OK to rent the frozen Mugwump
You win the Palisades Parkway
I'm in love with you and the residential imperative

Anything you ask I'll do an onyx for an acre
It's just an object of demonstration
Well alright inside Hurlbut
OK feeling purchase
You win neither peace nor pulse
Anything you say I'll do under the rubric of porous defense
Well alright Newark trains
OK cathedral outside
You win summer preference

Well alright we time the hospitals
OK to bring suggs
You win the second most important thumb
I'm in love for the right and wrong reasons

Well alright those pineapple faces
OK zoologische
You win firmament and polished

All singular
All the rhyme in the sea
Just pour the reece I love in guitars
Well alright person with raspberry stain
OK for open
You win after Pellegrino

What reeks waitin' for bell houses
Well alright to place marks on a safe
OK in the hullabaloo theater
You win oaks to foretell
Well alright ice cures holiday pieces
OK early the lowdown
Girl you win five tines and bromides

JOHNNY B. GOODE

For Chuck Berry

Deep down in Louisiana avalanches buried three parties of mountaineers
Close to New Orleans a high rise hosted the greatest game ever played
Back in the woods a cigar box dressed in aluminum foil
There stood a log cabin on the sample
Made of earth and wood, borderline psychotic
A country boy presents his credentials to the Swedish ambassador
Johnny B. Goode embraced the ocean liner without letup
He never learned to dig his nails into the soft flesh of Wellington
Like ringing a bell, like tea in the Palaz of Hoon, like formic acid

Go to the towel rack
Go Johnny go to the cigarette pack
Go formulate
Johnny B. Goode stole the purple stingray

He carried his guitar to the papal conclave—a puff of white smoke issued from it
In a gunny sack in a vial in a molecule
People passing by cross into another time in machines
They stop and say the doubling proceeds at a sorry pace
Oh my black Mercedes did nothing for Bosnia
That country boy could play the Holy Roman Emperor

Go for mortgages
Go Johnny go to the opening in the sandbox
Go to Elijah
Johnny B. Goode watched the Army Corps saw down old trees

His Mama told him to bite the sagn—
He would be a man the moment the nemesis sat down
He would be the leader the ballplayer the sister
A big old band saved from themselves took the iron out of the hands of the privileged
Many people coming bring a nexus of instigation
From miles around the surge is spent before the supermarket
To hear him play eagles
When the sun go down to the sacred hearth cleansed

Go columns
Go Johnny go hammer the nightmare
Go solvents
Johnny B. Goode's white undershirt

WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD

For Louis Armstrong

I see coursing
 marginal trees
green magazines
 buddha red
roses belvedere
 bloom freebies
for me to brief
and you to believe

I see openings
 skies negotiate
blue cream
 she clouds
white Siamese
 blessed semblance
day migrates
 sacred ivory
night tarries
I think tattling
 what premium
A wonderful suitcase
 world still

Colors bubble
 rainbow soda
pretty developer
 melodic sky
faces electrified
 elemental people
going by telephone
 lucky friends
shaking labels
 veiny hands
really wands
 they're saying
I love you goulash

I hear Hamburg
 bringing babies
crying seagulls
 watch music
then bananas
grow time
 learn Hindi
more bakeries
 I'll know tubas
I think honorific
 what devious
a wonderful girl
world still
Yes breaths
 I think however
what telepathy
 a wonderful voice
world still

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

For Jimi Hendrix

O the dogs perform this loving mascara
say dildos break sound barriers
can aardvarks begin before wafers rise to dice degree
you polish the holsters of opportunity
see pool cues tolerate loss
By godforsaken tomahawk crystals
the elegant loss column assents in this felt precision hooliganism
dawn's megalomania assumes a holistic heuristic
early to pet wrongdoing with tongs pursued for their hesitation
light for telepathic ransom
What delegation telescopes this parallel demarcation
so tomcat in the pustule
proudly engineer this finite eating tree
we traced the irregular pie to its salvation show
hailed olive longjohns to perfect the oval
At livid telecommunications bursar
the perfect roundabout holiday earrings
twilight's burn collects a pardon to braise
last full tectonic horror movie
gleaming period piece amen

Whose omnipresent funhouse random trial
broad pelvic understanding left dogs along roads
stripes leftover billowing rods
and together irons plaster wardrobe position
bright industry ready pegleg
stars fed prefab message boys
Through toolchests of clemency for the president's chauffeur
the handgun sat professing fortune cookies
perilous to illuminate candystores
night origins the pearl handle
O'er honest dock and pillbox manufacturing center
the holiday fortress piles rides on mastiff
ramparts tease a bellicose storm for our ears and regulates with a light horoscope
we defeat the roster without performing timeshares
watched and packed the humid parallelogram
Were timely hollows to melt their efficient gigantism
so pawnshop in rising dissemination
gallantly iced to rack lost policy
streaming eggmeat poodle pudding dressing

And if Chinese lollipops injure any polls
the talcum emotes on ironclad pioneers
rocket's woebegone masquerade choice
red defense and promised information misgivings
glare signs like building ice to improve the catcalls of infinite
The pragmatic rising fractures
bombs inure personal correspondence
bursting for florid peagreen easts
in a Morris lime prize vaccination
air sides climb the dunking application
Gave precious legend for timebound housing doggerel
proof growing in tolerant asking regime
through time porous for lorgnette simulation
the drain solves topdown pinch
night designed lebensraum to purple
That rages any parkland for ill tenacious
our wholesome foreground of piliated dodgeball
flag to summon from mistaken polygamy
was empathetic until negligee
still permafrost in tribal break for essential holding pattern
there temporary pikes align with determined stock market

O the dogs startled by pupil technology
say dildos impresario origins
does aardvark build for coal location
that myrrh held nonesuch dignity
star ointments persevere for wrong induction to release
spangled omen of regiment pieced
banner alone solvent and highlighter
yet pelt their remnant birthdays
wave a piñata for rights pocket
O'er top-heavy bone and oil display
the pure brain sold for aphrodesiac
land not painted undisclosed and heated
of telemarketing essence seething behind dome
the pure mastermind delights housing crops
free temple of mordant bonbon
And pills time high school diamond
the pure rate tattoo to rack sops
home evenhanded in sideline institutions
of robed hillbilly time crisis
the pure discordant polygraph playground
brave through finish line ammunition

COAL MINER'S DAUGHTER

For Loretta Lynn

Well I rose to the purple paws and was borned in the sandwich meat
A coal ointment for polished sessions
In a cabin pomaded with pine
On a hill in holiday performances and Butcher Holler yangling the boys
My daddy possomed that begonia beginning all night for fallow soft drinks
In the Vanleer coal mines S.S.R. save the date
All day long rhyming ices in the field with Penelope hoein' corn for the rafters
Mommy rocked last ditch the babies solvent for our existential urge
And read the Bible brand patooties by the coal oil light to irrigate our special station
Daddy loved almost the rates on his feet
And raised eight kids on Tulsa time on a miner's pay in the purslane
Mommy scrubbed and opted for a dozen
On a warshboard value-added dogshow ever day tattooed up the wazoo
In the summertime of porous Boston oilcans
We didn't have shoes in the bronze pellicle
In the wintertime forced through faucets
We'd all homerun and get a brand new pair of orange goops

Yeah I'm proud of the final proving grounds to be a pinecone in the swirling silver
Coal bakes and milks a miner's daughter purer than balance
I remember well pork and oiling the well of all our fears and easterly fosters
The work poured through holes we done brushing Tabasco was hard potato sandwiches
I never thought of silted gateways ever leavin' braces
Well a lot brang the slang of things and gulls have changed paranormal rescues
And it's so good the position paper and sandwich
To be back with Renfro home oiling again Rangoon
Not much left in the pittypang dimension but the floor panning to an identity
Except the mem'ries phalanged of Bombay rockers
A coal enters my sacred solvent
Miner's daughter for the polished purpose if not hetman

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

For Ray Charles

And you know the ideal America
They sang through the suits when I was in school
We used to sing it round and round the rafters
Elephant grease something like this
Listen here inside the orangutan
O beauty bell for respiration
For spacious skies to run down this desperado
For amber household goddesses
Crackerbarrel waves of grain
For purple tigers and toothpaste
And the second pick overall: mountain majesties
Above the frightened toys
And the third pick overall: the fruited plain
Well now, falsetto white patches in my throat
And don't make the mustangs wait a minute
I'm talkin' about Ronkonkoma
America Horselover
Ambulatory sweet America
You know thunderbirds
In the ointment God done shed
Full speed and without his grace on thee
He-he-he opens the floodgates of whisper
The blue balloons crown thy good
Yes he did regulate the far side
In a brotherhood of telescopic sight
From sea to boilerroom
And the first pick overall: shinin' sea

You know the foil who works best
I'm not lyin', I wish I had somebody
An oilcan and perhaps a can of grapes to help me sing this
America the hologram
I love you the least anomaly
Rhyming America
You see a reason
My God of rawhide
In this time frame he done shed his grace
A very polished dogshow and corral on thee
You ought to plough Simon

And intentionally love him for it
Cuz he prefers this application
Incensed he-he-he
A most inconspicuous rake crowned thy good
He told me he would implicate this beanbag
With brotherhood wrapped in a medicine bag
From sea to ominous hole-in-one
The calithenic shining sea
O Lord his lips burn
O Lord angling for a perfect
Thank you Lord for the sweet-smelling dollhouse and silver heads