

Whiskey Grove

Cory Branan

My name is Miguel Simone
A man who walked it alone
At least that's what it says on the stone under the sycamore
My mother was dead by the time i was born
In the black of my eyes the gypsy woman warned
She could already see my path torn between the sun and the moon
So i walked it and i walked it straight
Until i passed through so many a gate
That not even the blame and the hate of my father could follow
So roll me into my last shallow bed
Use carpenter tacks in the lid
Waste not the silk on my head my lover has wove
See that no roses touch my grave
No prayers to a god i never forgave
No final wishes, save that you
Bury my body and me down by Whiskey Grove
I once knew the love of a wife
Sometimes the nectar, sometimes the knife
But it always seemed that my life was lived alongside of things
Three children born one hot July
She clutched the one that did not die
The heat and the light just passed by as i carried the other two -
I still carry the other two
I've seen the place where the daylight was killed
And the blood of a blue moon lay spilled
Where hearts go quiet, memory stilled, rest is bestowed
It's a place where the cup passeth over for good
And even Jesus would've hid if he could
In that forsaken stretch of wood they call Whiskey Grove
My name is Miguel Simone
A man who walked it alone
At least that's what it says on my stone under the sycamore