

James Blues

Joshua Tillman

James had cured the wrath
Of a jealous woman
Not long after that
Spending all his weekends
Trying to relearn
How a young man yearns after a noose
Poor, poor James

Most nights he has dreams
All his teeth are missing
Wakes up in a sweat
Simpleton heart racing
He throws back the sheets
Begins to weep without much feeling
Poor, poor James

Desire is what makes
Upright mammals human
Put me out to graze
Give this beast a burden
Because the universe
Makes much more sense without a purpose
Poor, poor James