

Cardboard Box Of Batteries

Kelly Joe Phelps

make a dent in the shovel
run the mud through the sieve
paste your hopes on a wind mill blade
and plant it up on the hill.
a pencil sharpened with a putty knife
a pretty girl as a pretty nun
maybe you wake and think this is great
i just want somewhere to run.

the walls blend into ceilings, the faces disappear.
never enough time to think it out only time to forget i'm here.
the bill is on the table but i've got no coins for pay
a beer half circle around her name. what the hell did she say?

the wise are playing tetherball and the balls eyes look like mine
rolling around on the end of the cord i can't make up for down
a stream lined engine with a cog chipped out of the wheel
i remember a dirty joke or two but i can't remember the feel.

too much time alone i spent, a miser with a nickel worn
starving like a mother but i can't let go.
i'll spit the hours 'cross the room and kick 'em out of the door
hell, you can have them
just another thing i've got no use for.

and it's funny that this comes out dark. it's not that bad
there's still a sparkle of silver in my cavity that plays music
in the winter
i've got a cardboard box of batteries hidden in a tire swing
a miners hat with a light on top and a handful of wedding rings
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