

Gold Tooth

Kelly Joe Phelps

The air is turning cold outside
It's a rabbi in a brothel for the third time
The gold tooth of a broken man
A white glove in a purse down at the bottom of the sea

The day is turning dark outside
All aspiration face down in the street
A pro in the alley with a red-moon sky
The last drag of patience on a celibate cigar

The light is getting hot inside
It's a butcher in the slaughterhouse smiling
A mule with a razor and a swagger in his step
Ratboy in the corner taking a leak against the wall

My heart is turning black inside
Stealing from the army shaking bells at the door
A hand in a bucket of creosote
Rusty junkyard nails sticking straight up through the floor

The breath has gone away from this house
It's a dog in the car in the winter
A hotel window in a hurricane
A furnace exploding down in the cellar, by the jars

My dream will come back to this house
It's a kid who refuses to shut up
A sheep dog playing with 84 bones
A fast, red Ferrari in a sixteen-car garage

Let me keep my gold tooth
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