

## Knock Louder

Kelly Joe Phelps

this makes as much sense as a frog on a chain  
a leper knocking trees down with his fist  
twisting my ear like i'm a school yard churl  
you know i want to sit beside that long-legged girl  
wearing overalls and daddy's boots and mom's old coat  
let's sing one together grace, and savor every note.

burned a hole right through me where we stood last Sunday night  
one little tossed off glance i don't know if you were there  
but i felt the rod impale me, my body growing wide  
as you climbed up on the ladder and made your home inside  
i'm the same and then i'm not, you know, from when we tried before  
please, gracie, please won't you come knock on my door.

you've surely done more pounding than i give you credit for  
i'm a fool most times, unusually so, and an inveterate sage  
with the wisdom of half a rock washed up on the sand  
so many simple things i just can't understand  
yet i know that i'm so tired of wondering where you've been  
a friend like you i've never had, i don't want to lose you again.

we'll reinvent the toaster, ride a crooked wheel  
give three cares for common sense then throw it in a can  
i'll be myself beside you and you can do the same  
no responsibility save the magic in your name  
i'm done, i'm beat, i'm old, i've looked in every tree  
let's be you and me now, let's be you and me.