

Rusting Gate

Kelly Joe Phelps

tried my hand at company, wine poured out for two
blue charade that i have made while lying next to you
take the next thing home, my dear, leave me to my ways
the only clothes that seem to fit are the ones that walk away.

the first part of the traveling when enticement carries the weight
is always worth the settling earth around the rusting gate
the chain falls off the hinges squeak
the corners that call are not for the meek
so go away. go away.

the cut that bleeds incessantly will never be stopped by aid
eyes that peel like church bells feel like the body print you made
in the bed of hope my dear i'll give that i will try
to hold myself in honor until you have to say goodbye.

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a laughing world in all its strife smiles from tongue to ear
a nickel for another wife a hundred for a year
take the first thing going south don't wait around to crack
a frozen vase in a parking space will never bring me back.

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