

Model Son

Latin Quarter

I grew up with a scorpion behind me
Sting in my rib-cage, the moment I drew air
Within his means there was nothing he denied me
But nothing was all we'd ever share

I couldn't be a model son
Models have no self-motivation
They ride little trains on endless tracks
I had my own route, my own destination

In kidd or blood he claimed a distant cousin
Shipping lumber, tramp steam, out of Jacksonville
And he showed me reefs and hitches by the dozen
But the knots that he tied in me, they're tighter still

I couldn't be a model son
Models learn no self-preservation
They live by grace on feet of clay
Needed my own rock, to tangle with temptation

But tempted, stung to action
Leaving home and stung some more
So we have danced it down the decades
Mother, father, son and squaw

I grew up with a scorpion behind me
Sting in my rib-cage, the moment I drew air
And tipped in ink indelibly he signed me
The blue-print of another son somewhere