

My Hill

Murder by Death

When I was a young boy,
I went up to a hill
And looked on to a spot that
A parking lot would fill.

I knew I would have no say
In whether it was done.
I looked on that spot and
I wish I had a gun.

When I was older
I took her to my hill.
The shopping mart security
Couldn't find us there.
It gave us a big thrill.

Long ago, the family farm
Would've hidden us from the stars,
But yellow weeds & garbage heaps,
Hid us from the cars.

Now I sit on my hill,
In a basement floor machine.
Rich folks laugh,
While the furnace burns,
And this condo sits on me.

Can't see any blackbirds,
Can't see any clouds,
The weeds are gone...
And so is she.

Rich folks choke on billowing smoke.
And I found a new hill.