

Like a red state's Baptist fervor.  
Like a small town's unsolved murder.  
Some secrets are just best resting in the tombs of buried thought-slums.  
As for Texas: donuts only - you cannot find bagels here.  
And I'll reserve my highest Hosannas  
For the communion song that served with light beer,  
And a chorus that inspires the score played in my myth-steeped years.

"There's a hole you shan't fall into,"  
Sang the church choir's young male leads,  
In our home team's jersey robes sewn by our sisters, moms and nieces.  
This you gave us, although worthless, fed five decades' dormant hustle.  
In result, his life was rubbish.  
Celebrated? Yes, but rubbish.