

## Jawbone and the Air-Rifle

The Fall

The rabbit killer left his home for the clough  
And said goodbye to his infertile spouse  
Carried air rifle and firm stock of wood  
Carried night-site telescope light

A cemetery overlooked clough valley of mud  
And the grave-keeper was out on his rounds  
Yellow-white shirt buried in duffle coat hood  
Keeping edges out with mosaic color stones

Jawbone and the air rifle  
Who would think they would bring harm?  
Jawbone and the air rifle  
One is cursed and one is borne

The air rifle lets out a mis-placed shot  
It smashed a chip off a valued tomb  
Grave-keeper tending wreath-roots said  
"Explain, move into the light of the moon"

"I thought you were rabbit prey, or a loose sex criminal"

Rifleman he say "Y'see I get no kicks anymore  
From wife or children four  
There's been no war for forty years  
And getting drunk fills me with guilt  
So after eight, I prowl the hills  
Eleven o'clock, I'm tired to fuck  
Y'see I've been laid off work"

The grave-keeper said  
"You're out of luck  
And here is a jawbone caked in muck  
Carries the germ of a curse  
Of the Broken Brothers Pentacle Church  
Formed on a Scotch island  
To make you a bit of a man"

Jawbone and the air rifle  
Who would think they would bring harm?  
Jawbone and the air rifle  
One is cursed and one is warm

The rabbit killer did not eat for a week  
And no way he can look at meat  
No bottle has he anymore  
It could be his mangled teeth  
He sees jawbones on the street  
Advertisements become carnivores  
And roadworkers turn into jawbones  
And he has visions of islands, heavily covered in slime  
The villagers dance round pre-fabs  
And laugh through twisted mouths  
Don't eat  
It's disallowed  
Suck on marrowbones and energy from the mainland

Jawbone and the air rifle  
Who would think they would bring harm?  
Jawbone and the air rifle  
One is cursed and one is gone