

Plaid Coat

The Gourds

Started out late
In my dirty plaid coat
Watched my heel
Lift the dead satin dress
From the ground
One day I touched it with my hands
And it scattered like scared birds
By 3a.m. they were pidgeons
With drinking problems and bad luck
On god's front porch
Where the wind
Is dense with insects
Where the wind
Is dense with bugs
Made of coffee and guitars