

The Hot Garden Stomp

The Mountain Goats

The moon was unbearably high.
flowering plant that hung from the radiator pipe.
it was dripping sweat from its rapidly fading petals.
and to the humming world in which I was living,

a crescendoing stepping sound came in.
heard you stepping over three weeks' worth of newspapers
piled up outside the door.

I hear you knocking.
come in.
turn on the radio.
turn up the volume.

you sat down in the same place where you used to sit.
it brought back a memory or two.
I may not know much any more, but I remember you.

you were quiet for a while, and that was nice.
then you came along with your questions,
always questions.
I don't have any answers to those particular questions.

I hear you talking.
shut up!
turn on the radio.
turn up the volume.