

# This Ole King

WHY?

Untethered layers  
So thin as paper  
Let them all, like vapor  
Dissipate, integrate  
When they hit air

(One thing)

We laid in the parking lot  
Watched the stars  
And the shooting stars  
We know who we are  
From beyond to the veiled  
Intention between our cells

One thing, there is no other  
Only this, there is no other  
This one thing  
There is no other

All my desire  
To what I aspire  
When I expire  
Down dirtward all my hunger  
In fire burn my anger  
And collapse my stature

Always now  
No before after  
Only this, there is no other  
Up skyward goes my water  
Hang my want cloud  
In the atmosphere

One thing, there is no other  
Only this, there is no other  
This one thing  
There is no other

Just layers of this one thing

Living in slo-mo  
Daily follow natural law

Cordon off sorrow  
Tourniquet until it falls off

Beyond fences  
Facing westward  
Into diminishing light—  
But at the start of spring  
Like the robins sing  
"This ole king will be rising  
A new love blooms on the  
Long notes of old horns."