

*the flexor of the hip**8. coronary sulcus (the auriculoventricular groove)*

it's been 9 years
since talkeetna
when i sang at the fairview inn
wrote a bar napkin song
for a faraway girl
that i ... would not ... see again ...
until too much story'd been written
too much time for the mad world to spin
and nothing
can hold
the life in.

chronicles, ventricles, barnacles, icicles
time trickles
through the cracks from day to day

so the next 9
lit to pop now
and where might i find myself then
same bar where we are
or some faraway world
where nobody knows where i've been
where there's too much story, or no story at all,
waiting for a new chapter to begin
because nothing
can hold
the life in

chronicles, ventricles, barnacles, icicles
it all tickles
like the feathers of birds of prey