

3. *cycles of chicanery*

fawm 2021

a title and some fun half-baked fawmery

the seeds are sleeping all along the parade grounds
so many footsteps come, so many footsteps gone
someday flowers trampled down
into the worm-infested ground
darkness ... at the edge of town

the wheels turn with cycles of chicanery –
behind-the-scenes dick chenery
wool eyes and champagnery –

promise-keeping is a fad fit to fade now
words will come and wordy winds will blow
a high lonesome whistling sound
disproven truths can be refound
silence... at the edge of town

the world turns with cycles of chicanery –
below-the-belt no-brainery
black hole money pit campaignery

*chicanery – dick chenery – champagnery – no-brainery –
mundanery – stainer – feignery – complainery –
deignery – urbanery – halothanery – weight-gainery –
maybe in '23 we'll be covid-free –
non-banery – john-waynery – sweet-janery – fawmsplainery
worker-bee – canary – vaccinary – on mp3 ... on mp3 ... on mp3 ... on mp3 ...*

the nymphs are weeping wet emoji on the facegram
tectonics shift and rebuild with other names
entropic and inertia-bound
you ain't nothing but a hound
dog dancing... at the edge of town

the heavens move with cycles of chicanery –
hyoscine in the grainary
narrow AI elsebound trainery

riding on the cycle of chicanery
downtown station monday morning rail
so many cars, so many restless riders
some'll hit the big time, some are going to jail
good morning, chicanery how are ya?
don't you know me, i'm fireball.
are we singing songs with any meaning?
are we learning anything at all?

Riding on the City of New Orleans
Illinois Central Monday morning rail
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders

Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail

All along the southbound odyssey

The train pulls out at Kankakee

Rolls along past houses, farms and fields

Passin' trains that have no name

Freight yards full of old black men

And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles

Good morning America how are you?

Say, don't you know me? I'm your native son

I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans

I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

Dealin' card games with the old men in the club car

Penny a point ain't no one keepin' score

Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle

Feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor

And the sons of pullman porters

And the sons of engineers

Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel

Mothers with their babes asleep

Are rockin' to the gentle beat

And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel

Good morning America how are you?

Say, don't you know me? I'm your native son

I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans

I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

Nighttime on the City of New Orleans

Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee

Half way home, we'll be there by morning

Through the Mississippi darkness

Rolling down to the sea

But all the towns and people seem

To fade into a bad dream

And the steel rail still ain't heard the news

The conductor sings his songs again

The passengers will please refrain

This train got the disappearing railroad blues

Good night, America, how are you?

Say, don't you know me? I'm your native son

I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans

I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done