

MONDAY NIGHT PIANO SMALL TOWN BAR

summer's gone → left no lasting memories
autumn's calling ~~ afternoons nothing but rain
back from Praha last night in the wee hours
standing room only on the train
and the trains, they just keep on keeping onward
no real call for destination so far
juju's mixed up in all the juices and the jism
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zappa and jimi and winehouse on the wall
none of them are from anywhere near here
thermodynamic probability molecular commonality
sharing the same atmosphere
pour your heart out on a regular basis
pour me another CHOMOUT in the jar
and pour one for the poor musicians
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there are no new sounds here south of heaven
and the sameness wails in the wind
and we breathe into lungs that are withering
making peace with things that will not come again
making bets about when we'll see the homestead
making wishes on the light from a burned-out star
making love with my sweet imagination
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