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Save CBGB's

how punk rock is it

to ask for donations

to save a business

that was vital

three decades ago

?

morning, yes

Listening to Woody Guthrie

while lacing my boots

the chair underneath me

creaks and groans,

whispering like an old man

telling me something I should

already know.

considering manhood,

how I want to go about it

thinking about

how my father felt

while he was

dying of the disease that

Woody gave his name to

and I always laugh to myself, saying

we're probably related somehow,

our poor entangled genetics,

but, listening to a song he wrote
never able to record
my boots tied now and standing
pulling a shirt over my face
sunshine seeping through black cotton
hearing his ghost through my speakers
grinning that there is wisdom
in knowing
that
we have little control, yet
like the song says,

He is right

for himself

and

for me,

There ain't *nobody* who can sing like me.

scarecrow made of birdseed

sitting in a chair

next to a table

under an umbrella

on the sundeck

in the backyard

of a very large

expensive house

I do not own

as

the sun comes and then

does not come

the wind comes and then

does not come

the rain comes and then

does not come

listening to tiny songbirds and

black crows

as they argue amongst themselves

somewhere farther up the hill and

somewhere farther inside

me

are you going to the funeral?

I didn't like him

much, then

and I don't like him

more, now

just because he's dead