

LES WICKS

Good Ol' Ways

Rock. I try at times
to arrive at simple pleasures.
Unwound Friday nights then
lawndrawn Saturdays.
Later, fingers through my hair.
Appetite as life
the kids are doing fine.
Philosopher kings like John Fogerty -
a laugh, unwieldy flight without pinions
I'd thought
that we queue to be free.

But this is still dance,
a magic in its way.
We cannot stop &
don't want to.
Cerise remembers the last time she did -
that was the blues.

Strange men & women,
we are moanin'
light on our footloose
then footless. These boxes fit any entropy -
bad moons & balloons
Daddy never said & neither will I.