

Publicerad 2020-06-15 11:25 av the apache kid

Från arkivet

I drank the juice of seven oranges

The quilt of not so many colors
the fates do say
wrinkles up and fades away
I drank the juice of seven oranges
and sat on verandas and southern porches
marching to the drums
I came upon a dream
secrets of savage grapes
roll into bonfires of the morning and
escape
castaway hobos trim and shape their beards
and receive warnings not so seldom heard
where will they go next
to place their bed roll packs
on ground that's soft and keeps away the cold
a dancing campfire in the jolly evening
lined by groves of redwoods
that make a ring around their
souls and keep away the crimson dead
where will the next meal come from
more stories need to be told
in a myriad of vibrant earth tones

the apache kid

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren the apache kid med Poeter.se id #22755 innehar upphovsrätten