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*Renewal 2022*

### **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

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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