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vintage

Timo

Timo, the bootlegger
barrels down the road
his cargo
packed deftly deep inside

within his truck
stacked on flatbed pallets
lie 18 cases of Irish "Shamrock"
branded luck

and 12 crates of apple cider
labeled
"Sherwood's Friar Tuck"

His rig is tatooed
with Bugs Bunny
and a stretched out
Daffy Duck

he's surfing the citizen's band radio
with his handle
"A jigger and a twist"

better watch out because
rambling round that last curve
was nearly a
fatal miss

on his arm he bears
a silver and leather
bracelet
about his thick wrist

eighteen treads of muscle and steel
setting a course by the North Star
with the Flying Finn
behind the wheel

and on Tuesday
with the whiskey in port
Timo's cutting
a sweet deal

straight out of Copenhagen
and rolling thunder up the coast
Thor's hammer around his neck
to keep away the ghosts

Peps Persson on the radio
riffing up the Blues
"Oh Boy" there's a
trombone solo

on which to set a Muse

he's keeping an eye out
for the stray moose
who can't read the roadsigns
and crosses the highway
on the loose

parked by a roadside café
for pots of black coffee
and tumblers of orange juice

the zaftig waitress smiles
and pours a second cup
and discreetly? he catches
sight of her cleavage

and gets a vitamin b12 injection
boost

eighteen treads of muscle
and steel
setting a course
by the North Star

with the Flying Finn

behind the wheel

and on Tuesday
he's bringing
the whiskey in port

and cutting a sweet deal

His rig's tatooed with Bugs Bunny
and a stretched out Daffy Duck
on flatbed pallets
lie 18 cases
of Irish "Shamrock" branded luck

the apache kid

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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