proclamations and dust

some day now
i’ll
write that great
monumental song
for you
you know the kind
angelic trumpet pronouncements
that stop desert armies
in their tracks
encompass love
and passion
down through the ages
heralded
right through toltec
arches and dreams
adorned with quetzal
armory and jaguar rings
and i’ll throw in
ed’s old sorcerer
the wizard statue
for a bit of that magical touch
prism lites
and amethyst nites
floating around
in some kind of a medicine dreamer’s
cosmic hallucination
maybe drag
in those eclectic harpsichords
for grandeur and pomp
i’ll call in every marker
i ever had from all the
songwriters I ever knew

to put this one together

you'll probably

think it's the end

of the world

and I'll make

sure raven's

there waving

those old songs

and myths

around like

some kind of a nationalist's flag

flapping crazily in a dusty wind

storm banging

around the clouds

and heavens

and I'll make

sure it happens

at the mountain's breast

all in beauty

raw

power's

proclamation

of what I see

what I see

in your

willow eyes

your willow

eyes and soul

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wayne keon