

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

wayne keon