

OLD SMOKE
(Abler – Dellger)

As I stood near the fire wall
One time in Vietnam,
I dreamed I saw a pigeon fly
Among the falling bombs.
But now it seems so long ago
And I was just a son
Surrounded by insanity
And handcuffed to a gun.

The city moves in violence
So restless in the night
A thousand songs and a million prayers
The words don't turn out right.
But killing's such a useless chore
When people should believe
That hate will bruise a tender heart
With no one there to grieve.

Please listen, young gentlemen,
Don't spill the wine
Your chosen suggestions
Are never quite on time.
I'll seal your confessional,
Wire and wax,
From all of the privacy
Stuffed in its cracks.

I pass the crumbling factories
And I hear a furnace scream
To free a gray-black cloud of smoke
Into a sun ray beam.
And from this vision in my mind,
I see it's time to run
Before I die of emptiness,
A worthless skeleton.