

GREAT START 9/23/08

Down Girl

Sit yourself Down Girl
for a little while
for a poem that begs your caress.
A little rest, a little rebirth
astride that pony gallop
engine rev...

The wind on your face
the road layed out before you
like a ribbon of darkness;
dancing out there
in the off and beyond,
a tickle, a tease,
the enticement
around that next bend;
a series of curves
too good to be true.

Knee-hugging, seat-shifting turns
that race your heart
to a righteous place
of awe and beauty
of beating applause
to match the eyes of twinkle
that defy
issues of the outside world.

GREAT END

Soundtrack: We all wish we had one!

by Liesl Garner

I need a Harmonica background,
a banjo or a steel guitar,
maybe a washboard making
a heap of noise behind me
as I croon about

my sorry tales,
or sweet hopes,
my pitiful poor excuses
and my big ideas.

Syncopation would help,
don't you think?
Would make me sway
just a little, and be sassy
just a little, maybe talk
in a Southern drawl
and forget for a moment
that I was really hurtin' – cause
with a backdrop of sound
like that, it all becomes music,
and sorrow can beat out
a pulse to a blues song
like nobody's business.

Before long I'm just
dancin' again, eyes closed
head bent back, shoulders
rollin' – feet a tappin' – a big ole
sloppy smile across
my sad face. And in the heat
of the moment, I might even
forget I'm mad, might wanta
rub up against you, breathe
deep the smell of you, say
somethin' saucy and ridiculous:
a murmur, a mumble, a sweet
little nothin' that turns into
somethin' and all of a sudden
I'm in love with you again!

Because of a Harmonica
and a poet's sense of justice,
that turns everything to good
again with a little bit o' rhythm.