

## Night in Nacogdoches

Hark now! Hear the words of one  
Who once lived low, from ghostly faces,  
Not chased, but sadly forced to be,  
Always always on the run.  
Of one whose life had but one light  
Yet only as through a glass, darkly,  
Did it ever appear to me  
Such small affair 'gainst tow'ring might.  
A ring of rules and eyes that kill  
Us down, kept us confined by age  
We limped around such prisons, caged  
While 'twixt us stood a giant will.  
It gathered strength and changed its form  
As we, sinking through hopeless waters  
Watched the clouds and waiting wild  
There is no calm before this storm.  
So here we sit, two in a chair  
Yet feeling pulled apart by horses  
Seconds tick, the wristwatch cuff  
Binds tight, us to our day's despair.  
A stamped-off paper, signed decree!  
Here it comes the flood of truth  
That sets, with nothing more than naught  
The day-care-center lovers free.  
What once betrayed a shapeless life,  
A hard and wet and separate love,  
Unbalanced, false, top-heavy, thwarted  
Now with slapping rhythm rife.  
And those once pressing pressures built,  
Until, unbear'ble pitch they reached  
In that same blink as their unbearing,  
The valve is spun, the water spilled.  
And with that worry gone, another  
Beckons forth across the land  
Born wild in that warm corridor  
The last part should be done by hand.  
The rule's in love just as in commerce  
When signing 'neath the dotted line,  
All's fair, moves made are made to move,  
But the last part, yes, it's done by hand.