

Drumstick Bag

(Spoken Word)

Someday I will drum myself out. A loaded drumstick bag hangs from my bedframe. It waits for that day. Someday. The Zildjian sack harbors only sticks of other brands, and I am never shy about telling it that fact because competition breeds excellence. I'm no economist, but this I know: imports and exports have shrunk the world. My hometown's main imports are drummers-in; our main exports are drummers-out. Someday amid the crisp chills of next winter, I will take my sticks and provisions, load them into a mechanical beast of burden, and drum myself out.

As I write this piece, I am sitting in God's country, but God is no one's citizen. Instead, He is everyone's Landlord. Run to either border—I dare you—and try to tell me that the grass is only green on *our* side of *our* fence in all of *God's* green Earth. Someday I will take my green leave. A sixteen-seasons' leaf will follow me. May the Landlord's will be done. His Son spoke in parables; I echo Him in pen paradiddles. Someday I will drum myself out.

I grew up on a distant street. I drummed in to a different beat. I walk these halls and hills with foreign feet, and someday. . . . Mark my words: that *someday* will be bittersweet! Someday, I . . . will drum . . . myself . . . out.