**Tracks**

*Rabbit Creek- March 10, 2008*

Want to see my bank book

My jewelry, drive my car

Read what the papers say of me

They all say I’m a star

Want to jump in bed tonight

Another nameless fuck

What does it mean? S.T.D.?

Want to try your luck

Got my own big jet plane

Big house on the beach

Everything I want or need

It’s all within my reach

Money by the bushel

Drugs are all old hat

Glass is always brimming full

What do you think of that

What say you, not impressed you say

Who speaks of love or mind

Who cares a whit for yesterday

For those we leave behind

Ah. It’s true

I am so great.

The whole world

Says it’s so.

Yet mirror of

Your eyes paint

The hollow shell

And laugh

I see what

Baseless gold

May yield

And fate

May cast

Aside

Mere tracks

That shift

With sands

And tides

Of fickle

Dance of time