**On Seven**

*March 10, 2013*

Coming out on seven.

Snake eyes on the felt.

If you want to get to heaven.

You have to play the hand you're dealt.

Maybe hit eleven.

Playing for the rush.

Hard nine. Boxcars.

Fever.

Beware the busted Flush.

Cinch it up nice and tight.

Open up the Gate.

Chicken or Feathers on the plate tonight.

If you hit the dust or go for eight.

Wishes wants and maybes walk.

Can and do and done will ride.

Big hat. No cattle. Lot of talk.

You're done if you have lied.

Sold your soul for a pretty smile.

Sang a losers song and danced while.

You gave away your pride.

Each rise of Sol a life begins.

High noon so soon the Dusk.

Quiet slumber neath the Moon and then.

Cock crows and calls one back again.

Another dawn and cusp.