**Walking**

*January 26, 2015*

Trying To Make A Dirt Poor Living.

Plowing Planting Hoeing Harvesting.

Solo. By Myself. By Hand.

Working Shares On Someone Else's Share Rented Land.

Plowing Forty Acres With A One Eyed Mule.

Four Years Of Reading Writing Cyphering.

Learning. In A One Room School.

Now Life’s Twisted Paths.

Seasons Of Being. Are Turning.

From Grey To Dark To Dead Ink Black.

Cause Today. You Said You Were Done.

No Use In Talking.

Said You Were Walking. Going Away.

End Of Our Day.

Turned Your Back.

Got Real Silent. Quite.

Walked Out Into Over.

Cruel Gelid Night.

Quit Me Cold.

Said You Were Going For Good.

Like I Always Feared You Would.

Said. You Were Not Coming Back.

Weren't Cutting Me No Slack.

Left Me Alone With A Three Year Boy.

Two Year Girl.

Baby Nine Month Old.

In Broken Down Shot Gun Share Croppers Shack.

Left Me Like You Said You Would.

Said I Never Really Understood.

Said Try And Stop Me If You Can.

Believe Me I Would Have If I Could.

But You Rode Off In A Big Long Cadillac.

With A Fancy Nashville Man.

Straight Razor In His Pocket.

Forty One. Smith And Weston.

Eight Inch Six Gun In His Hand.

Said You Just Had To Go.

Said I Would Never Ever Win. Place.

Or Even Show. You Were Clear Of Me.

I Would Always Be.

Just No Account. Also Ran.

So Looks Like It Is True.

Looks Like It Is So.

My World Will E'er Be Gloom. Doom. Misty Blue.

I Am Forfeit. Lost Of You.

Fate Dealt Me Lost Love Blows.

Cruel. Tragic. Deadly.

Most Unkind.

You Walked Out.

Left Me Behind.

My Heart. Soul.

Are Crying. Dying.

No Use Trying. To Change Your Mind.

You N'er Come Back Ever.

You Are Some One Else's.

No Longer Mine.

Gone For Good.

Forever.

For All. Of Space And Time.