**LAST CHANCE OF COOKING METH.**

My Kin Had Always Brewed The Whisky.

Yet Now We Grow The Dope.

It Really Ain't No Mystery.

Why It Is Our Only Remaining Hope.

For King Peabody Has Dug Slashed Raped Our Land.

Our Streams Are Dead Acid Sludge Killed Choked.

Can't Grow No Crops.

Can't Get A Stand.

Almost Ran Out Of Rope.

Seven Hungry Young Mouths To Feed.

Old Elder Folks.

With One Foot In The Grave.

Bank Cut Me Off.

Won't Stake Me

For Fertilizer. Fuel. Seed.

Another Dark Doom Abiding Day.

Say Now The Weed Market Busted Done.

Gave Way.

To Legal. Hydro.

Grow. Light. Crops.

Simi Loads Of Mex.

Fate Has Got Me On The Run.

Looks Like My Only Last Chance

For Survival Left.

My Solo Desperate Chance Of Next.

Is To Go To Cooking Meth.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 8/17/17.*

*Rabbit Creek At Dawn.*

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