Karaoke Night at Salty Dawgs

He was Rod, who, to my mind at the time

Had rendered ‘I Did It My Way’ better that Frank Sinatra himself ever did.

Regrets too few to mention. He sold it, but is it true?

He needs to perform. He’s good at it. Shouldn’t he have fronted a garage band,

Played an instrument at high school football games?

Rod never did. Had any of the others?

That loinesome whiperwill in the

Rod was never a performer by trade, never had a garage band.

But clearly had a need to perform.

Just like all of them. The Patsy Clines,

Hadn’t he wanted to front a band?

Adopting a Dog at the Shelter

A Migraine at Firestone

This Rain of Shit

Stars and Bars Over an Ancestor’s Grave

They built over his grave

An A-frame structure,

Crude, but up to the task

Of keeping the rain off his bones.

Rain, mud, cold,

These were of the war.

But no more. Not in death.

The shelter he requested.

The flag displayed on the door had been someone else’s idea.

Added decades later, as with so many monuments,

At a time when the old wounds were coming open again.

I know him though his garndsons. Tall men, smiling and soft-spoken,

Most of them died while I was too young to understand what it was I had in them.

And I laughed at their stories, and I wondered at the the people and placed they named,

And I grieved as the old men died.

I don’t believe Jeffrey Hooper was a man who would have appreciated a fuss,

Or exalt in being misunderstood.

He chose the wrong side. Most of his neighbors chose differently.

Men of the mountain south had no need to own another,

It was sweat from their own labor and the faithfulness of their sons.

He wanted to be dry.

He wanted to leave the war behind him.

He’d want no less for his decsendents..

God Creates the Magnetic Field

And God rethought the firmament

And decided a simple crust would do

For the creatures of the earth to sink roots

And move around, and build houses.

And it pleased God that the pieces should break apart and drift around a bit,

So he softened the rocks beneath the crust and lubricated them with lava.

And God watched the lava ooze and saw that this was good.

And God watched the contentent drift about and bump into each other and saw

That this, too, was for some reason, good. And the just fine, as long as it didn’t happen too quickly by the reckoning Of the creatures of the earth So he gave them short lifetimes so that most would died

From some cause other than the shifting of the pieces of crust. And seeing that all was just fine, God made the stars to give off a wind and considered fashioning for himself a craft on which he could sail through the heavens but decides the earth needed just one more thing so he create a giant iron ball an placed it in the middle of the earth and he encircled this with a lava lamp such that molten iron resting at the edge of the ball would heat up and float upward, then cool and settl to the iron ball again.

And whether that globs of iron are really great globs of iron, or iron of some sort of partical nature is a mystery known only to the All Mighty. And geologists and people who looked it up. Ask ye not of such things lest ye be judged. And asketh ye not why, if God wanted a lava lamp, he didn’t put one higher up where all the lava is, for God put one there, too, for He would suffer not the cheekiness of man.

And God looked upon creation and thought maybe this second lava lamp may have been that one brush stroke too many and the whole thing was now ruined. He decided he might scrap the whole thing and create himself a craft to harness the wind given off by the starts and sail himself around heaven. He reached His Holy Hand toward the earth but instead of destroying it, set it in spin with a delicate slap.

And the wind stopped, and lo, the compasses all worked.

And the creatures of the earth would mostly be just fine

As long as it didn’t happen too quickly.

So God gave the creatures of the earth short lifespans.

And with that settled, God softened the rock beneath

the crust and lubricated it with lava so the crust and its pieces

would have something to drift around on,

and since he was under the hood, and it pleased him to do so

he placed an iron ball at the center of all that,

encircled it with a lava lamp where iron and nickle at the

iron ball would heat up, get so high, then cool off and sink again.

And it occurred to God that people would wonder why he didn’t put his lava lamp up higher where all the lava was so he put one there, too, so you wouldn’t ask.