**Move the Needle**

1.

Bitter pill

Time to kill

Climb your way back up the hill.

Over the moat

Try not to get smote

Stick around become the Goat.

Gimme, Gotcha, Watch your eyes,

White Columbines, Sartre-style

Steak and knives and lies with lives

Cold conniving spies with wives.

2.

Better beat back the tree sap

Streets run red with redrum

Bleeding gums and wagging tongues

Whipping out at ash-heap bums

Officials on their asses wearing soiled sashes

Mesmerized by closeups of Kardashian eyelashes.

3.

Grammy logic, cold and clammy

Granny called and canceled Christmas.

Left her kin all lost and listless,

Despite our differences I beat we’ll miss this.

All those misspelled small potatoes

Quaint, grand old stiffness,

Wisdom traditions,

sense of mission,

before Papa got shot up/through with suspicion.

4.

Stick the landing,

Mind your branding,

Pour me just a bit more brandy

Mend your fences

Try not to get defensive

Take a pinch of this salt

Try to regain your senses.

Never been a land this grand,

If you can believe the lore,

Pick yourself up off the ground.

Put your faith in days of yore.

5.

Call collect and catch a current,

Move ahead beyond the burning.

Animal instinct in the suburbs

As I slink past the fire depot.

Then my bare feet are suddenly frozen in a puddle,

Mind bent out of shape up, all in a muddle

Heading out of town, headed for trouble,

Pissed and rich

Scavenging through the rubble.

6.

Angry, angsty, sentimental

Won’t approach the couch,

Cause you think that’s mental

But of course you know it’s just not that simple.

Strike a course, try to apply a principle.

Shaking in my tatters

I feel my withers quivering

Withering in convalescent shivers,

Have never here-to-fore witnessed such a thing.

7.

Is it good?

Is it evil?

Better question--

Will it move the needle?

Sell it fully

Lawyers bully

Come on everybody

Let’s get things rolling.

Senile sighs of a culture overloading

Uncomfortable signs of a dream imploding

We live in freedom and die by our own means

Scraping, scrapping meaning from our beat and broken blue jeans.

8.

Use me, amuse me,

Run me up your justice tree.

I’m down on my knees to appease somebody

Fighting back a disease some say was unleased by the Kennedys.

Put your faith in strength and fictions

Mix up your religion with race and systems

Nothing comes straight out of the blue

Review your picture pages, your historical stews

9.

Hysterical errors uncorrected

Pundits heckling, so expected

Hectic metrics, KPIs,

Exhausted workers jazzercise

Baby’s about to come undone.

I’ve read the writing on the wall,

I see it all reflected about her eyes.

She’s thinking about the fall.

10.

Don’t want to come off sentimental

Lord I know it ain’t that simple.

All the words that were spoken

I know you said that you were just joking

But your sense of humor comes off as polecat spray

You cloister your wisdom

Is a high desert cistern a world away.

And the burn of your bad breath

Just won’t go away

11.

So I’m left to breath your wheezy offerings

And consume your salted thoughts

And try not to take personally all your various assaults,

Cause I know it’s not your fault,

the ego is a disease

And I don’t make that claim breezily

But you’re more than welcome to yours

for all eternity.

If that’s the way its got to be.

12.

As for me I’m breaking out.

I’m taking myself out of doors.

I’m headed to country.

Baby, you know, I am yours.

I’m all in, chasing your sweet lines.

The fleeting dreams you once described --

all those straight and beaming lights.

all those momentary suns.

Come on and let us go.

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Typed draft.

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Corrected paper draft.

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