

For a launching
soak, absorb

It will flow and adjust
humdrum

Look --
should the face
inherit
peace like a gong

Limited
and powerless

Oh limited
like unto a peasant man.

What I Never Expected

The sons-of-bitches
are in the saddle

Whoever expected anything
different

The little sons-of-bitches
in the little saddles
the big sons-of-bitches
in big saddles

Whoever expected it
would be any other way

But now the little
sons-of-bitches
are in big saddles

And the big sons-of-bitches
are in bigger saddles still

Which I had never expected

Oh these big little sons-of-bitches
when will we saddle them up
in their own saddles