White's Ferry

Clutch

Only the dirt I do believe.
As memory vanishes among the leaves.
Wizard of tickets is always glad to charge a pilgrim?s fare.
Jubilee?s generally early. Let?s take the country air.
Mistreating granite, limestone, and clay. It?s a shameful soil.
But all grows well on the floodplain tract if you can afford the toil.
Cradled in ivy, we will allow
the moss to prosper upon our brows.
Boxer rebellion, the Holy Child. They all pay their rent.

But none together can testify to rhythm of a road well bent.
Saddles and zip codes, passports and gates, the Jones? keep.
In August the water is trickling, in April it?s furious deep.
Wizard of tickets is always glad to charge a pilgrim?s fare.
Jubilee?s generally early. Let?s take the country air.
Mistreating granite, limestone, and clay. It?s a shameful soil.
But all grows well on the floodplain tract if you can afford the toil.
Only the dirt I do believe.
Divinity vanishes among the leaves.

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