Sharing a Gibson with Martin Luther King Jr.

Lambchop

All the leaves have turned to leather
I have lost faith in the spring
Withered like a dark balloon
I hear no robin sing
Ushered with no shower still
Oh the rain falls off the eaves
And a rim of shady light
That forms these patterns on my hands

I can see your ring
Is it camouflaged or etch
Tell your king
From me this errand sent
To call such a hole
In the kingdom of the Lord
That we are afraid
Where there is no fear

Oh he fell into a slumber
And did not wake until the dawn
To see a band of orange clouds
Cross the middle of the sky
He got into a fluster
He felt a tightening in his leg
With such finesse he waived a hornet
From a wine glass

And tiny fluffs of the feathered life
And you wander forth
With your insolence and wine
The fruitless mourn
To whom that cannot hear
What the fuck am I doing here

In the ghettos of Chicago
Amid the poverty and despair
Inside the game hens
Were the giblets in a plastic bag
A cocktail which consisted of
His gin and her vermouth

Garnished together with pearl onions
And dying eyes gleamed forth their ashy light
Tiny fluffs of the feathered life
And you wander forth
With your insolence and wine
A fruitless mourn
To whom that cannot hear

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