The Valley

the sawtelles

We watch the sun in the sky, off and on, where our friend stands bleeding on the late summer lawn, a slicked back bloody black gunshot to the head. He has fallen in the valley of the rock and roll dead.
I hear a breeze that wheezes through the tips of the pines, where there's laughter and screaming to the rafters in the night. The moon rolls dreaming through the late spring sky, where our friend lies bleeding through his jacket and tie. A slit throat makes a note like a raw winter wind. We were piled in the river with the rock and roll skinned.

Like the water loves lapping at the skin of the shore, hear our friend come tapping at the latches on the door. Like a foot slips, slapping on the ladder's last rung, we were thrashing in the clatter of the rock and roll hung. It's just a loud crowd crush. It's just a thrush, seen flying through the late autumn dusk for the very last time. It's just a busted-up body in the dust of the last road out of the city, when the city explodes. Light grows, and the light grows bright, and red-tinged. We were fallen on the border with the rock and roll signed. Times ten. Times ten. Times ten. Times ten. Times ten. Times ten. Times ten. Times ten. Times ten. Times ten.

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