

# Aloysius, Bluegrass Drummer

## Silver Jews

Aloysius was a bluegrass drummer  
He was just a normal kid  
Blooming, tripping flowing under  
Just as I once did At a 24 hour restaurant  
Open to the end of time  
He was washing dishes there  
When he met brick butterfly She was a no age singer for a country act  
Working at a region ten  
She was all strung out on hard street fat  
But he didn't know it then First a look then a spark  
Sound of Velcro in the dark  
His heart is spinning like a bicycle wheel  
She and he laid the stems down flat  
In the middle of a field Brick butterfly had a history  
of sleeping with the kitchen staff  
She was a hardcore gobbler  
and longtime guzzler of hydrogenated crap Suet, tallow, liquid squeals  
great mounds of plastic lard  
That's what she got the lad to steal  
on the night that he got fired Aloysius woke at five am  
the hungry girl was gone  
There was blood in the bedding  
forks in the ceiling  
And bones all over the lawn Like any strong young poet would  
He packed his bags for region ten  
I guess now I know him less than I ever knew him then  
Yes I guess I know him even less than I ever knew him then

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