# 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 handsI 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 fearOh 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 glassAnd 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

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