

# AWOL

## Sweethead

Stormy eyed on the edge of dawn  
Nose pressed against the triple glaze  
    Floor to ceiling, wall to wall  
    Silent traffic streams both ways  
    Along the fussy freeway drivers  
        Dream of Sunday barbecues  
    Of a sudden, seems I can barely  
        Face my self, no face to lose  
    Call the bosses, call supervisors  
    Won't be in today to work for you  
    E-mail that girl who's working nights  
    She can dress down for this wind and rain  
        Leave her new Korean compact  
        Let some cabbie take the strain  
        Take a shower, take big espresso  
        Take to the hills, and take a view  
        Little black dress stretching over  
        Hard crystal peaks soft valleys too  
    Call the bosses, call for nurses  
        Unfit today to work for you  
    No wet excuses, absent without leave  
    I'll be her day shift driver, exotic engineer  
        Stormy eyed on the edge of night  
        December, eastern time late afternoon  
            Atlantic city tight behind  
            Trump casino calls pontoon  
            Gristle burger, frazzled fries  
            End this romantic interlude  
    Tomorrow morning's sweet awakening  
        Could hardly prove to be as rude  
        Make the journey, make amends  
        Work some hasty overtime in lieu  
    No wet excuses, absent without leave  
    I was her day shift driver, exotic engineer