Patiently Awaiting

Brown Bird

Patiently awaiting her insatiably strange
Daily disposition to embellish the range
Of superficial flattery for anything nice,
He rolls his eyes accordingly
and swallows his favorite vice.He wanders out to howl at the moon,
Understandably regretting
He had entered the room.
But suddenly he turns to stone,
His mind between the nothing
and the everything he's ever known.The sky is splitting open,
The stars are spinning round
His spirit's in the heavens
and his head's on the ground
Time was disappearing through the crack in the sky
When he rose to his feet and shouted
Every single king to his eyesIncredulously stepping outdoors,
She wonders if she's ever seen him sober before.
At times the definition of an eloquent man,
Tonight he daftly rambles like a fever only can.

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