Cradle to the Angel

Richard Buckner

From the thumper to the drinker,
The cradle to the angel
I'll be looking over you
Pass me up or lay me down
Once I wanted an explanation
But now I'd settle for just a soundWhat's the name they call ones like us:
A bouquet of shadows in the evening sun
I sat up late and watched you sleep
And you said you'd waited thirty years for meAnother painter-over hardwood floor
And off the hallway, dear, another trail of tears
Out past the couple, and onto the street
I emptied my flask out at your feetAustin are you calling
Atlanta are you there
Eupora are you dreaming
That you saw my darling dear

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