Swelling Valley

John Greaves

Every valley swells up and turns
Black with desire
To be the last frontier
Desire isAbalone and Silver Bow
Cowboy towns
Swell like bell-metal
For the sheer hell of itThis is not all pleasure
Either:
Make my crooked straight
My rough places plainNo frontier
No matter how rough
Includes itself as data
Which brings us to the desert
We swelter in
No plain was ever rougher
Nothing plainer
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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