Badlands

Randy Dilday
have you ever slept in the badlands
where hearts are pigeonholes
eyes are plucked
by clucking hens
trees whimper to little ones
old grandfather trees
notches, hearts carved
rusted shaver blades
buried treasures
letters and bottle caps
buried, a day behind
cigarette butts burn wristwatches
flames lick boiling fat
old men try to make it
with young girls

in the badlands
sleep never comes easy
ashes cover clouds
blues submit to smoking guns

orange trees once grew,
days hung low hung heavy
ripe days,
as if sunrise
was a berry

they tell stories
in the badlands
how waters use to flow
'bout gentlemen and ladies
silver lining and prostitutes
't was a mans world'
an author exclaims, laughing
'Gave up the one I love
wrote a poem 'bout it:'
forgot her name she left me moonlight forgot to wave (goodbye)

beautiful, were the badlands generals made dolls from Indian eyelids and toothpick trees, it all happened. god laughs, stands to their side go to sleep god whispers pats his new dollies head brushes their hair go to sleep in the badlands.