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Badlands

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Badlands

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:

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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.

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