

The Dog-Ear Years

Jethro Tull

Rusted and ropy.
Dog-eared old copy.
Vintage and classic,
or just plain jurassic...
all words to describe me.

Relaxed in the knowledge
that happily present
are all things to sustain me,
nurture and claim me;
roll back the mileage.

You have settled beside me.
To the far and the wide of me.
A matter of choosing,
of finding and losing
on the rough ride with me.

Take whisky with water,
kick stones down the gutter.
Think back to long days with
stale breath recycled in my face.
Rattling through airways -
plastic on cold trays.
Watching through windows,
deep landscapes below
another time and space.

There must come some time
to walk through the night line.
Hands tight... heads high.
These are the dog-ear years.
Don't turn back. Don't linger.
For God's sake keep moving.
Primitive shadows sidle beside.