

Whatever Wakes McCool

Primitive Radio Gods

Quite a surprise.... What an ingenious device.
Boredom encompasses my time. I don't know what I should do.
Indulging a moment of your time. Seldom the breeder of lies.
But you won't believe that it's true.

They take to the sky.
Southbound Pachyderm.

Pinholes through cardboard at the sun.
Passing the bucks by one by one, leaving nothing in return.
Watching the majesty blow past. Speculating which will be the last.
Savoring my piece of pie.

And there is no reprise.
They take to the sky.
Southbound Pachyderm.