

Lucky Buzz

Richard Buckner

This wicked ole line? @ 32:
holding out blindly & barely true.
I see my kind (slow me down).
Can I keep this buzz around?

She waved me in.
You see, confessions'd been found.
So, I came a lil closer as the night roars down.

I sent off a letter w/ the stinger still inside
(I shoulda skipped that bluff. I knew I'd had too
much.)

"Curl on up
& flip out the light
Perfect stronholds
lie awake @ night."

I took a turned & a scattered look:
no nests & a long flight
to stare the stars away.
She said,
"Storms like these
(ones like us)
never live alone
(never get enough).

So many like us just burn & run.
But we're the lucky ones!
Yeah, but we're the lucky ones!"

A busy line's a long night-saved;
a loaded lil call, dark & late.
As Congress Ave. falls,
w Ego's down;
can I keep this buzz around?
Yeah, can I keep?