

Ghost Town

James Shayfer

Some day we will fall like soldiers
One day we will cry like men
Wilted words on oaken shoulders
Whisper from a violin

Here we wander around
Slowly
Killing moments in minutes, in hours
We dismantle the ground
Here in our
Dear little town

Now we speak in tongues and tangos
Cultivate a careless con
Finding form in antique angles
Unadorn the doubtful tongue

Here we wander around
Slowly
Killing moments in minutes, in hours
We dismantle the ground
Here in our
Dear little town