

High Dive

WHY?

Driving forward with the heart
Of a dark hoard of tyrants
With past deeds behind them
Blood black as iron
On fast steeds a-riding
With flaming broadswords
And on all fours beside them
With shrill screams like sirens
From hell, speedy ranks of
Fiends, flanked, a-wiling

Then looking down, crying, "Lord, God!"
Louder than a smokey whore's cough
In the crowded powder room of a sports bar at dusk
Her gut cramped up as her teeth did chatter
With the shame of poor dad to blame for core matter
Like four glass homes in a driving storm shattered
She turned around and climbed back down
The diving board ladder