

The Hoofs

WHY?

Listening for the hoofs of the rescue party
Waiting for some ghost pony to glide into Berkley

With an old fishbowl. Full of tear trap strapped to it's ghost
saddle

It moves slow like an exercise bike on an airport walkway

Yeah, something that wouldn't smell like ground ants or glossy
magazine cologne

But a wet street after light late summer rain a wooden match ju
st lit

Or something new in the green. Subject of a landscape painting
Or something new in the foreground. In a poster of some Asian m
ountains

That says patience in funky italics