

Old King and Pocahontas

© Stephen Fisk/SOCAN 2009

standing in the stage wings / where pacific greets the dusk
lonesome whistles piercing / the sleeplessness of rust
anonymous in the evening / a grunge poet wanders
through streets and fields, and histories / as freight cars rattle onward
past Old King and Pocahontas / Old King and Pocahontas ...

from wagon circled strings / Hank's old guitar rang true
to the tenor of the prairie bard / whose gentle voice we knew
bathed in the fleeting heat / of summer slowly fading
beach grass carried party weight / for the lovers and the children
of Old King and Pocahontas / Old King and Pocahontas ...

standing in the stage wings / where pacific meets the shore
a meteor scorched the sunset / like astral sparks that bore
*Old King and Pocahontas / Old King and Pocahontas
Old King and Pocahontas ...*