

TO THE EVANGELIST AT MY DOOR

shiver the night off your shoulders
~~then~~ ~~and~~ turn your back on dawn

you subvert the very basis
you build your theory on

the sand beneath your house
used to be hard rock

the only difference is
what's measured by the clock

never forget you do not know
the secret you tell all others

they can listen; they can scorn;
but they're not you, they're brothers

I heard you sing a gleesome song
but ~~that~~ song was wrong

it sounded fine and wonderful
but carried lies along

you cannot stand alone out here
you cannot be yourself alone

even though your sand is rock
you are still/flesh and bone

11-30-81

just