

4:09 and American Music

by Brian Michael Barbeito

If you knew everything, you would not be able to sit on tropical balconies at 4:09 A.M., discovering a book and then the world for the first time

If you were part of the spiritual set, and could astral travel far and wide, but neglected to open the door for a little old lady, well that would be worse

If you were rich and entitled, you might forget your Adidas and yourself, choosing to wear a silk scarf made for men while on the bottom leather shoes remained unblemished

If you understood the vagaries of things, you'd find yourself with the haughty and prideful, and walk right on past the Burger King and your people, searching for happiness in something less pedestrian but never finding it

If you had a driver, the flora and fauna would embark upon new journeys w/out you, and though they and a thousand things call out, your ears will have fallen deaf and your soul dumb

But if you knew the soft blonde that wrapped herself in army surplus jacket, American music, and sometimes a determined and pensive sort of sadness,

well that would be okay and even better

