

Going Commando

by Jerry Ratch

I have the fear of comedy
I have the laughter of war
I have the need of a commando
To come sack and ransack us
Over and over again, O

I am a pillow, a rock, an ant
A soft Southern deer in the headlights
I have the mask of Anonymity
Lying down in the field of blue lights
After our circumstances have been reduced

So, what are we doing hiding out
In a bunch of nickel high-rises?
Like it's the Summer of Gazing Back
We aren't here just for the wine
So, pass the ketchup, pass the Urban Kelp

For God's sake, it was chamber music
That came out of her room
And I pictured him lying there helplessly
Like a turtle on its back
Waiting for the Hymns of Ages

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