

Carpe Diem Blues

by Matt Shaw

Sing your barrel-chest blues,
Hard young man.

Squeeze blue-veined fists,
Kiss cold lips,
Kiss distant lips
Cold.

Shout Hey! to
Proud shadows,
Fall them down with
Hatchet hands
That make the young ones swoon.

Step to sweetness,
Sweat an' pulse an' throb,
Sing an' laugh,
An' when the had's been had,
You know you got to get
Up on that train
An' ride.

Ain't no train gon' run forever.
No man, neither.

