

Barbara Guest Imitation

Jeff sitting on the bar with a shotgun  
Staring down the Mormons  
Could not happen,  
East of the river  
Where the learned people  
Call hills mountains  
And do not comprehend space.

I could be walking for miles alone  
Evading my taxes  
Where theatre lights don't dim stars.  
I could die and never be found  
Become a ghost story to tell around a fire  
Waiting for the water to boil.

A place where you take off your watch  
Like a hat in a courtroom  
Talking to yourself about the weather  
Feeling sunburned,  
And the roughness of snowflakes.

But to tell you this is to ruin it slightly  
Too many feet make a meadow a road  
Bringing light and safety  
That illuminates every spider in the corner  
And puts a hand rail on the steep trails.