

RUNNING WATER, DROWNING MAN

Memphis shone its light,
Through your smoke and your window.
Your urges carried you, fully clothed,
in to the running water. Gone.

A white horse on a white screen.
Found you levitating and,
Suddenly you were conscious,
Mounting the horse, you serenaded,
And pranced off.

Memphis gave you silence
It gave you death and spirit.
It trampled a million hearts
By taking only one.

I was one of those million hearts
who felt deceived, angry, and loved.
We all carry a crown, crowns of shit
Crowns of gold, crowns of muscle,
Crowns of weakness.

A drug habit, trembling flesh.
A confidence meter that read: 0.
You, although perished, brought life to me.
And persuaded me to live it.

So now I smoke, I drink, I eat, I cry
I am one of a million crown wearing,
Angry young men.
Memphis will never take the most eminent piece;
Your guiding suffrage.

Dennis Ellsworth