

About a Song by Townes Van Zandt

Poetry

by wolfshohl

because I could not say it
 in any words of man
 I played on my guitar the sadness.
 leaf tips softly trembled
 against a hard blue sky.
 the edges of the steps
 wood worn to crust
 slept through the long day
 and lonesome insects breathed
 the dusty shade.
 at the end the whole
 surface of the sun shimmered
 with a silent explosion.

Sparrow in the Rain

the water runs along
 the curb in wild slow motion
 glidings
 and the sparrow
 ruffed like a benchworn hobo
 in tattered grey feathered suit
 walks drunkenly in the gutter's
 backwash
 raindrops dapple the surface
 as the clouds slowly float away.



Song of the Ceremonial Pipe Vision

In the rainbow of my vision
 smoke curls to old father sky
 mingles with the southbound geese
 turns to snow in desert lands
 I see the last long crane departing
 and I gather wings and fly.

In the rainbow of my vision
 smoke spreads out on mother earth
 kisses softly her frozen season
 wakes the willows from the dead
 I see the first goose fly northward
 and I plant myself as corn.

(Chorus) Take the pipe, take the pipe
 You and I must surely learn
 All the sights in the nights
 Depend upon how much you burn
 All the sights in the nights
 Depend upon how long you yearn.

Clarence Wolfshohl

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