Sage

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College of DuPage

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Sage

by Thomas Struska

turn listen look around
catch the flipped sunshine arc
rubies on the reverb
country hardass hipster
transcendental daddy

wind blows from the east
carries the scent
of dead bodhisattvas
inhabiting the old quarter
on the other side of town

life flies by
one day looking back
from a mirror
alive for no eyes
but your own
once again flip
the sunshine arc
it still works
its a miracle of modern science

that is to say
it saves you
from a lifetime subscription
to the middle of the road

remember
old habits die hard deaths
behind closed doors
an old man in dank
one room living on canned soup
and state remembrance
flip the sunshine arc
young man words burned
and beautiful like dylan on mesc
let yourself breathe
before the cold sets in

flip the sunshine arc
until it don’t flip no more
ride a honky tonk road sometime
stir the dead bodhisattvas
see what they got to say

time dies an old man’s death
its all there
ride down that hillbilly highway.