

MICHAEL LAVERS

Country Song

A cold wind strums barbed wire, but off-key.
Distant thunder spooks a dozing cow.
The fields are empty and are going to be.

My old dog run off with some bitch coyote,
my pony sold for glue or puppy chow.
A cold wind strums barbed wire, but off-key.

Slipknots tighten over memory.
Seasons carve their tally in the brow.
The fields are empty and are going to be.

I crashed into the prairie's only tree,
but sculpted this guitar out of its bough.
A cold wind strums barbed wire, but off-key.

Now, not even buzzards follow me,
and turkeys roost inside my rusty plough.
The fields are empty and are going to be.

The sky is blue. The earth is wide. And she
is gone. No mare comes to foal here now.
A cold wind strums barbed wire, but off-key.
The fields are empty and are going to be.