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## Boots on a Whore

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Boots on a Whore

You've heard the weather  
You've heard the weather  
Is fickle  
Civilized Have exiled its definitive  
To anthropology texts  
Sophisticated Have caged its decisive  
Outdoors  
Eclectic gulp it  
Recreationally  
    Culture has the wind  
You've heard the weather  
Is fickle  
    Lost the nose of the air  
    And the eye of the sky  
    Acquired the ear of the maxim  
    Wear warm hands of unmystery

/David Raber/

Thanks Carly

Skeleton frames  
Sway to songs,  
Golden guitar strings strike tones  
Shattering the sky.  
It falls and is caught  
In frozen finger tips.

/Rebecca Rosso/