

ANOTHER GIG FROM HELL

I was giving all I had to give
Trying to hold together
All That which seemed to me
To Be unglued, unraveling
Falling apart at the seams
Wanting so much to gel

To blend into perfect harmony
The operative word being perfect
Trying not to focus on
That which was out of sync
Out of balance
Out of time

Attempting to continue to rhyme
And simply to make it happen
So that we would all be
On one accord
Or at least the same chords

Each occupying a different
Yet the same space in time
In a tune
That would soon swoon them all
As I crooned for my supper once again

I wanted it to be right
And to be tight
And not a fight
Amongst my men and I

So I tried to keep my cool
Remembering my fathers rule
On the day that I honored him

"He who acts a fool with a fool,
Is a bigger damn fool

Than the fool he's acting a fool with"

Perhaps I should share
Dads message
In a song