

## Buck 65

### "Riverbed 1"

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I take my orders from the street lights, wind at my  
shoulder  
The afternoon is grey and the air is getting colder  
I'm old fashioned and on foot, passionate and  
fascinated  
Wide eyed awake and ready for anything  
Navigating side walks, dry docks and back alleys  
Always in and out of elevators and hallways  
I'm out for a walk and following the human currents  
I'm in no hurry, I need no reassurance  
Curfews and perfumes, excuses and costumes  
Customs, corrections, fuss or directions  
Even the leaves have taken on lives  
Deprived of their privacy, purpose and property  
Probably runaways, they play catch  
With stray cats that stay at the girl's school  
The city's a whirlpool  
There's too much going on, there's too much garbage  
Too much to choose from, too much carnage  
There's not enough quiet to think straight, it's not a  
stunt  
Maybe I will make my way back to the waterfront  
This is where the people are slightly unsavoury  
With no time, possessions, labor or slavery  
Neighbors without names neglected and hip-checked  
Stripped down to nothing, fallen and ship wrecked  
Completely uncalled for, way out of line  
Stranded, branded, weathered and abandoned  
These are counter clock wise  
The despised with swollen noses and tears in their  
eyes  
And tears in their clothes and time on their hands, they  
sleep walk  
Full of that cheap wine and cheap talk  
Everything gets washed away at the pier  
The best you can do is play it by ear  
Wishes sink to the bottom and doubts float  
I'm afraid of the water and I live in this houseboat

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