

Jana Mashonee

"Name I Had"

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Countless days in times of woe
Heady haze and bits of splendor
Conscious maybe yet half asleep
Wondering when the nice times leave
They were always at my side
Bearing time and place as well
And inability like a plague
Covers my constant grave
Useless is the name I had
How do I write that epitaph?
Standing over granite stones
Laid in a row in the grass near the pond
Flowers floating in the breeze
You told me "Hey come along now"
But I was a boy yet hardly growing
So times have changed and so have I
I'm all of him and plenty more
I could tell you where your lips should be
And when your fingertips lightly on me
And would I know on a purple rug
Such dreams of moving you away
And your happiness and you were content
But this money tree
Needs to roots to hoe
And I've got so many baskets to make
And so much metal to fore
And these decisions to snatch and throw
Can I snare you along the way?
Can we ride in the black car
To the granite house with an iron fence

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