

## **Karate "Pines"**

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Down the street I'll park the car  
You go ahead Meet me  
inside There's no reason for us to both go through with  
it On the way I'll call about this guitar Don't want to sell,  
but I'm in the red Plus I just don't know what to do with it  
Had I been more awake this morning I would have seen  
the coming warnings: The calendar, the pens, Sunday  
on the phone again Today we'd stand alone with pines  
Instaed of with produce, in endless lines How does  
preparation for the week require the entire weekend?  
Shop for gloves among evergreens Long woolen skins  
in unsubtle themes And entire season on a credit card  
Observing loves, rare freindships seen manifest their  
greatest deeds With facing feet from numbered  
dressing stalls The next time you say to me "This  
week's just a day too long" Well your days are getting  
shorter, and as a gentle reminder Under boots tan  
needles break Every Sunday I pray you'll see That  
you're doing this thing all wrong Because down on the  
corner, among the pines Hopelessly small and still,  
they defy the rake

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