

Leo Kottke "Turning Into Randolph Scott"

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Turning into Randolph Scott
Some things never change
Dried-up and solitary
Alkali on the range

Once she was a humid child
Nodding toward a place
Sleeping in her vegetables
Legumes for a face
Once she was a humid child, now, she ain't

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Dried-up and solitary
Alkali on the range

Carrots where her eyes were bright
Orange where she'd blush
Brussel sprout-conditioned fists
Dropped string beans in her socks
Once she was a humid child, now, she is not

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