

## Why "The Hoofs"

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Listening for the hoofs of the rescue party  
Waiting for some ghost pony  
To glide into Berkeley  
With an old fish bowl for a tear trap  
Strapped to its ghost saddle  
It moves slow like an exercise bike  
On an airport walkway  
Yeah  
Something that wouldn't smell like ground ants  
Or glossy magazine cologne

But a wet street after light late summer rain  
A wooden match just lit  
Or something new in the green  
Subject of a landscape painting  
Or something new in the foreground  
In a poster of some Asian mountains  
That says "patience" in a funky Italics

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