

## Ryan Malcolm

### "Lights Of The Commodore Barry"

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I saw the lights of the Commodore Barry  
From the deck of the ghost of the flower street ferry  
And I felt the shock of an atom bomb  
When the tired old city of Chester  
Was draped and dying in my arms  
For a while I was lost under the weight of remembering  
Of how the sun would warm the projects some mornings  
When the birds were falling like winter's frozen rain  
And I was all fingers numb holding a brown paper lunch  
Twelve years old and already ashamed  
Now soon I was floating over Highland Avenue  
By my side was the Red Cross, the Pope and the  
President too  
Yeah I had returned like I swore I would  
To right some wrongs and sing my song  
And share the luck that every man should  
But when the fever broke and I awoke from the dream  
I was passed out beside a jukebox siphoning gasoline  
When my brother yanked me hard from the corner bar  
And carried my drunk bones all the way home  
Draped and heavy in his arms

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