

Mountain Goats, The "Original Air-blue Gown"

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rain all burned away
the horseflies are an iridescent green
plums boiled down to pulp
drying on a screen

bright red air inside the house here
i can barely draw breath
dark blue shapes popped behind my eyelids
i am not afraid of death

and on the television
black and white footage of the young casius clay
my god, my god, my god
he was something

fists flashing as he comes toward the screen
sailing headlong into nothing
and disappearing
reappearing
out there in the clearing
floating down the slight breeze
that plays along the edge of the leaves
it's you.
it's you.
it's you.

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