

POETRY

Written by Jack Sparacino

Tuesday, 13 November 2018 14:34 - Last Updated Wednesday, 14 November 2018 06:56

A Knight On The Town

Put some polish on your suspenders, Pops

You know I love it when you shine

Your curled white hair a frosted mound,

Your red bow tie a tongue of mirth.

Make no mistake,

You're a handsome old fella

From your blisters to your pistols

Silver reflections in skies yet purple.

Don't ever leave me, mister

Even when your tie gets crooked

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And your gait begins to wobble.

I'm a sucker for your stories

In the morning, in the shadows.

Let me listen to you ramble

About how things used to be

And it isn't all that different

From the way it seems today.

The bluefish still fight like bandits,

That's the way they're built for life

The flowers still smell so luscious

And the chili on the stove (with beans).

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It's all senses, sometimes senseless

To go out and test the tides

For as long as children whistle

I will smile when you shiver

And throw more coals onto

Fires deep and friendly.

You're a man who can't stay still,

In the house or round the town

So you know I can't go far away

Not then,

Not now,

Not so very soon.

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– *Jack Sparacino*