

Bootleg

"The Ballad of Bootleg Bennie," sometimes
Called "Bootleg Bennie's Packard," is
Sung still at Grange square dances and
Can be heard on some of the more
Esoteric albums of arcane folk Americana.
As an ex-con, Bootleg couldn't have a
Liquor license so he did without one,
And ran, without license, without Packard,
A tavern called "The Buck Fever" in his
Ramshackle farmhouse, hours daily 2:00 AM
To dawn, including Christmas and Good Friday
But excluding the anniversary of Repeal.
Because he was lacadaisical about the
Legal age, and because he used no lights
And was thus handy for extramarital, or
Intramarital, assignations, Bootleg
Developed a steady clientele. He was
Busted once a year, no more, no less,
And was always fined, never jailed.
His liver gave out finally, as livers
Will, as livers must, and in the hospital
He shared a room with a ten year-old boy
Burned badly over 90% of his body.
Bootleg, whose feats of derring-do with
The Packard made him a living legend
In his own time, used his last trick
To entertain the boy. Bootleg could
Fart out the tune "Dixie," and did,
To the boy's delight and nurses' dismay.
Bootleg's gone, but unforgot, and
He who began by running rum to the
Thirsty and ended farting "Dixie"
To the sick, who made it his way
To comfort the afflicted even
If it afflicted the comfortable,
Will not be unsung while songs
Are songs and singers remain
To sing them.

Beer Doc

Beer Doc was like Peter-Peter-Pumpkin-Eater,
He had this succulent wife and couldn't keep her.
It was considered unethical for a Doc to drink
In public so he sat at his club and drank
In semi-private. He was one damn fine beer
Drinker, people said, and nobody ever saw
Him really drunk, but his practice wasn't
What it might have been and he was a
Rotten poker player who was always but
Always bluffing. "I'd shoot her,"

Men would say, but when she went
Shopping in her short shorts
They shook their heads and
Took deep breaths and thanked God
It wasn't their problem while
They wished for a week or so
It would be. Then one night he did
Shoot her, right behind the church.
"Served her right," some said.
"He shoulda stuck to his beer," said others.
It was a crying shame, all agreed.

Thunder Annie

Thunder Annie weighed three hundred pounds,
And was the skinny sister; Diamond Lil
Weighed four fifty and was one of the wonders
Of the northeastern part of the western world.
Thunder Annie was what might be called
Accessible if available, and she was or had been
Available enough to spoil the suspension
Of many a family car. Thunder Annie was
Happy and happy-go-lucky and good-natured,
And she was not bitter like her sister.
Her complexion was good.

-- Ken Lawless

New York, New York

Home is an Unlisted Number in the Universe

-- for the Apache girl

BACK IN THE CITY OF
THE GRATEFUL DEAD
WHERE MY WHO WAS BORN

back

in the city

of me looking at
you looking at
us looking at
thunder in wonderland

BACK IN THE CITY OF
GASPING HILLS HIGH &
LOOKSOVER SESSHU MTN TIPS

back

in the city

of your blackcat hair &
my long hair &
not enough magic
between us