

Creosote Cowboy

Austin Krehbiel

Under fluorescent lights and amber moon,
I breathe you in, my little flower.
Vermillion lips beneath periwinkle sky.
Our vanilla and sandalwood aura
Cajoles me to sweet, desert mischief.
Be my timber and twine,
I'll be your creosote cowboy.
Let's ride ferrous thunderclouds with
Electric funk and reverb power!
Gonzo wind invites us to entropy,
But what's scary about a little diffusion?
A puff of smoke, sulfurous and flirty.
The whole of the universe,
Grand and domineering heavens,
And the nebulous theater of Hell.
We prescribe our souls to Creation
For it to know true beauty.