Old Greyhounds

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Old Greyhounds

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Abstract

The old Greyhounds come alive with soul, humming rhythms on miles and miles of groovy tune, carryin’ the week-end gypsies,
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tend with. It just gets louder and louder. It’s going to drive me crazy. God. It just thuds on my brain. Think of something else. It will go away. Toadstools. Oh, lord. I wish that I could play your games, and I would tell you all of the things that I am afraid of, and what three things that I want to purchase, and I bet that for your next visit you would bring me a little something that I had asked for, and pat me on the head, and we would be friends forever, but sometimes I would bite your hand, and then you would forgive me, and bring me more crayolas, and a novel by Dostoevsky or something like that but for this damn ringing. I just can’t think with this ri

Old Greyhounds

by Roger Katz

The old Greyhounds
come alive with soul,
humming rhythms on miles and miles
of groovy tune,
carryin’ the week-end gypsies,

They’ll be there soon,
the kids,
filling empty halls
with their soul rhythm
of calicos sounds.