

ROAD SAILOR

road sailor
battered old van
ghosts of pioneer wagons
 chase me along
asphalt fore and aft
feeling the rythm
 of all the little bumps and dips
 in the road
 cage free
farm fresh
 attitude
 always seeking
 searching
 up around the bend
 over the ridge
 thru the canyons
eating spaghettios at the chama superette
pouring in a gas can on the upslope of a mountain
live music in a coffeeshop
camping on the side of the road
always moving
 collecting
 listening
a pirate of the mind
being chased by ghosts
 in a battered old van
 a road sailor

27 september 2003