

WHAT WE MADE

for Robert Hogg

Swaying cocopalms in the morning breeze.
The sun's asserting its presence in the cloudy sky.
The day develops, and my form of exercise
is the morning walk.

They're all selling their copyrights
to the corporations, they're all cashing out.

I wrote songs in the hopes of being somebody.
Later on I taught the courses that weren't
required. I found meaning beyond money.
And now I walk along the beach esplanade,
watching the waves bring an end to themselves.

The red-crested cardinals take to the sky,
and beach volleyball can't hold a candle
to the things we made.