A LITTLE BIT OF TIMELY ADVICE

Time you
put on blue
shoes, high-
heeled, sequined, took
yourself out
dancing.

You been
spending too
much time crying
salty dead-fish lakes
into soup
spoons,

holding
look-alike
contests with doom. Baby,
you need to be moving. Ruin
ruins itself, no
use unplanting

what’s left
of your garden. Crank up
the old radio into lion-
looking-for-food
music; or harmonica

all indigo, breathing up
sunrise. Down and
out’s just another
opinion on
up and over.

You say
you got no
makings for
a song? Sing anyway. Best
music’s the stuff comes
rising out of nothing.

MEKEEL MCBRIDE

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