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Gas Station

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Reasons Why

P.J. McGuire

From A to e-minor my hands no longer care
They only react as I stammer and stare
Past the crowd and into the chorus
cigarette in the neck burning so glorious

These lights and cameras and empty bottles
Decorate the night like Christmas cocktails
camouflage to this pain I wear
unspoken like mother's love affair

Remembering cotton that grew past my waist
The smell of gun powder from dove hunting days
The stones we skipped across the mighty buffalo
And how two kids felt bound to never let go

Daddy opened the mercury hood
Momma cried and my sister just stood
As the ambulance left the scene of the day
We held hands and prayed it would all be ok.

Now another night and another crowd
I get to the bridge and sing it loud
For a second feeling like a child again
An Arkansas farmer at a fresh fruit stand

But I can't be satisfied
I know it's selfish, there's no reason to lie
If I only knew the reasons why
The White-throated sparrow always cries



Gas Station • Anna Boling