

## Flipped

On an old dirt road thoughts hitting my mind  
I can leave all my cares all my worries behind  
Nervous pleasant hen on her favorite curve  
I think she just flipped me the bird  
Going too fast where her chicks will run  
They pay no attention when they're having fun  
Dust devils twirling making the wind  
Snatches a grasshopper for a hell of a spin  
Drops him off a quarter mile away  
Wobbling in circles on a patch of wet clay  
Thinks like the drunk who's had too much beer  
How in the hell did I ever get here  
Old one room schoolhouse with memories there  
Faded and sagging and needing repair  
Someone's keeping it up just ahead of its time  
Hope it's for love makes a good rhyme  
Swallows around a mud puddle making a run  
I'll get myself naked and join in the fun  
Acting like a swallow my new found friends  
Who cares about who I might offend  
I'd sing in the woods if I knew the right song  
Singing my heart out in tune with the throng  
If I spotted the hawk and gave the right call  
Would they ask me along when they left in the fall  
Get scolded by one if I sing out of key  
Give her that look that says not me  
All hunkered down with a sandwich to spare  
Just singing away with nary a care

Terrence michael wall