

COYOTE BOY

By Ali Young

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Are you lost in the flood plain willows?
I hear you whisper from 2000 miles away.
Where are you wandering?

Are the floorboards cracked?
Does the sun shine bright?
On your first cup today?
Are you watching still giants from a factory?
On a river by the city?

Moon is low
Coyote boy
There's a cross-bone gravestone at your door
And you're howling...
Out.
At the stars.
You wanna wake up where they are...

Now the grass is growing
Through the cracks
And your feet find a rhythm
You're getting out – you're crossing tracks
'Til you find your way home.

Moon is low
Coyote boy
There's a cross-bone gravestone at your door
And you're howling...

Wooo hoooo
Wooo hoooo

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I hear you whisper from 2000 miles away.