

Thomas C. Miller

TRANSCENDENTAL DESCARTES

Damn, it's been a long time—
can't even think how I got here.
Been a long time though—
restin' here—sunnin' myself.

Got moved once!

Snake slid by, bit himself a rabbit
and knocked me free.

Sun was good that day—
warmed my groundside
once I stopped rollin'
while my topside turned down
and commenced to coolin'.

Easy livin' here in the Southwest.
"Rock-a-bye, Baby," I sing to snakes.