

## O.D.

*by Graham Best*

The sun is shining on the lake  
You have a mild stomach ache  
Those pills you swallowed didn't take  
But now your head is easy.

A schooner sails into a cloud  
the music here is always loud  
Don't squander beer nuts as you eat  
A shell will not forgive you.

You know the moon by name.  
Its closing, yellow eye is tame.  
The tide responds by genuflecting.  
Everything is sacrificial.

Where's your lost objective now?  
You gave it once to Chairman Mao  
in exchange for no possessions.  
You kept your many years.

Stand up be counted cry  
No tears come when you try  
No good comes when you try  
No family to sustain you.

You started alone and end  
Your God your only friend  
demanding make amends  
by deathbed confession shame

Ascension into light  
a glance back at the blight  
still higher than a kite  
a glow in greater brightness

Discarded wrapper drops  
recycled into harvest crops  
your essence in the corn  
green husks to protect it