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Hank Williams Sings Songs of Lonely Love

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Leafy autumn evenings, I can smell red,
my bleeding lip. The bloodshot Texas moon
broods in the putty sky; mother soon
to blame me for falling outside while she read.
The neighbor, Joy, scoops me up into her
adolescent arms, damp from the ball game
in our driveway. The urge to cry, to blame
my sister, the hound, all fall away, blur
into one impetuous phrase: "I'm so lonely."
"But why?" she whispers, "Everyone's here."
Even then, my fate to love the only
literalist in town. But in the near
distance somewhere, I hear Hank sing.
The lone prairie. Me, a cowboy, jingling.