

Take Them Tales to the Grave
(to Sarah Sue, Tippy, too)

Watch my mouth? Why sho', Sistah,
I'll watch it right here; don't fear,
be brave, yo' secrets' going to the grave.
So, don't you worry, dear,
them tales goin' to the grave.

No, I'll never tell of shuttin' down a saloon,
so that when the sun came up, shining,
we were still standin', singing
to a long-gone moon.

No, I'll never tell of skinny-dipping,
or swearin' conformists are for the birds,
or you claiming extra Scrabble points
for raunchy four-letter words.

Though I will tell of friendship true,
of dancing on tippy-toes with you,
of working through a lover, or two...
I'll tell of porch rockin', jus' us talking away the blues.
Yeah, jus' us porch-rockin' an' talkin' away the blues.

So, don't worry, dear, them tales goin' to the grave.
For I'll never tell of shuttin' down the saloon,
so that when the sun came up, shining,
we were still standin', singing
to a long-gone moon.

(1/29/06)

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