

Yesterday's Tongue

JOHN MCKERNAN

Its syllables

Dripping to the brown earth

Its unlocked music

Crashing back

To the keys of the piano

Oh Janis Joplin

Come back

I will braid your hair

And read you *The Wall Street Journal*

It is OK to be confused

Keep your front door bolted

Some people want to slap your face hard

Rip up your music

And set all your bourbons on fire