

The Fifty Foot Circle

by James Vincent Kulis

written 1985



*We pick the tubing up and make connections one by one,
But what we seek to bind on Earth, in Heaven, is undone.
The Lord cares not for mortal plans,
He drops the blocks right on the hands,
And then to teach 'em 'bout their sin,
He sets the well to blowin' in.
They crawl their way through muck and mire,
And prop themselves up by the tires.
The air with gas and oil wet,
They light another cigarette.*

*And then, of course, to hell they're blowed,
Ass over cup, intention's road,
Is paved with nonsense and mistakes,
They land upon the devil's lake.*

*Now the devil's got a magma well,
That brings up lava, heats up hell.
He checks the bleeder, sputter, cough.
The pump is broke, hell's coolin' off!*

*Full knowing that it's better not to,
But thinkin that they really got to,
They tell old Satan stand back chump,
We're riggin' up to fix the pump.*

*But with their cussin' and their coke,
Their dirty ways and filthy jokes,
And messing everywhere they could
And p***in' in the devil's woods,*

*He told them rig that sucker down
And take it up above the ground,
The devil don't want you around*

You're makin' him look like a clown!

*So then they went to heaven,
Rigged up on a rainbow well,
But the puffy clouds were movin'
And the goddamn derrick fell.
With colors running everywhere
Like jelly on the drapes,
God told them rig that iron down.
Go back to Earth you apes!*

*And draw a jagged circle,
Round the well head on the plain.
And toil there forefover,
There forever to remain.*

So:

*To petition heaven they raise the crown,
To poke the devil they drill it down.
As neither answers there they dwell
Tossed out of heaven and shunned by hell.*

THE END