Thank God for Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

W. Andrew Gibbens, M. Div.*

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Let me fix me a drink before i drive,
a sip of bourbon to straighten me
up on my windin’ way. Pardon my French
monarch, she the only one who tells me
what I want to hear: Nothin’.

She tell it to me so lovely.
Lick my ear with a moisture
only one of them French could lick.
Melts my heart and mind and ain’t no

body gonna stop her.
This body here goin’ to the grave.
Heart done stopped, years go.
My self, see, been split.
I can’t put me back together,
I’m three or four, rather.
Y’all cut me in halves
like limes. I want to kill ya.

Made me live in yer crescent moon shithole.
My body, mind, spirit, soul
I’m done split,
gone to pissin’ the night.

She gettin’ my life right.
She melt me back together,
she lick my flesh tongue
and mind the same time.

Y’all only cut me,
altogether ignore me,
so you the ignorant
and you the one bent.

My snakin’ road got straight
like my drink.
She don’t need no pardon,
but y’all need to look yourself,

see your mind and eye and arm work.
They the same.
They really is.

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