

Lost Songs and Letters of the Dervish Cowboy

I. Muscadine Wine - Caddo Parish, LA

i've been to church, Honey, fulfilled my duties
i baked that Bread well before dawn
Fish and Cross were laid on them pastries
while reading Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John

Martha my lady, she tended the Vineyard
made enough Drink to last wintertime
on sundays our goods were laid together
the Blood of our Lamb was Muscadine Wine

Oh..! i hear her singing
with a dress as white as Snow
dear Martha save that flask of Oil, for i'll be coming Home

days of Nothing were filled with Something
i fed her Belly, she opened my Heart
laid my Hand on her Hip in the Kitchen
didn't need no wine to get Drunk on her Love

she'd wash my Feet and gain a Mountain
i'd rest each moment in her Skirt's folds entwined
my prayers were a Kiss, her Eyes the sermon
the pulpit our Bed under the aegis of the True Vine

Oh..! i hear her sighing
while deepening Shadow falls
dear Martha save that flask of Oil, we'll replay the Sport of our love

i'll tell you, Jesus was jealous, as were the angels
they bore her away to her eternal Throne
but they have the Garden, His Mercy and Beauty
could have left a little Light under the celestial Dome

this side of Jordan the drink's gone Sweet to Sour
she was the Water and i am the meek
the vines are sunburnt and produce no Flower
and I belly that blood six days a week

Oh..! i hear her singing
"There's a Fountain flowing for the Soul..."
dear Martha save that flask of Oil, i long to drink You once more

it shall pass, our Wedding Night is upon us
we'll take our vows below the Ground
and ascend up to Heaven with your Light a-shining
our Honeymoon will be in eternal Sound

we'll add to that Vibration a chorus of Elation
we'll delude the eyes of a few angel spies
we'll show Moses and Pharaoh a more perfect Union
we'll dance Hand in Hand under cerulean Sky

Oh..! to her i send my Singing
while deepening Shadow falls
dear Martha save that flask of Oil, towards You i'm moving on

II. The Banks of Webster Stream - Piscataquis County, ME

Meet me in the sunshine on the banks of Webster Stream
Where the heron warms his back and the jaybird sings his theme
I'll be sitting on a rough stone, washed up like debris
From the flood of springtime dreams

Show me where the mayflies hatch and peepers hum
I'm tired of standing tall for when the next work call comes
How dreary to be somebody displayed on the marquee
Of the flood of springtime dreams

I hear the men of action, their cowboy philosophy
They say this world is to be lived, that God created it for thee
I'd love to be a good ole boy, but all I seem to see
Is a flood of springtime dreams

They howl, "money in your pockets, girls around your sleeves,
Faster running horses, as many guitars as you please"
Some folks can ride that wave, but I'm just drowning on my knees
In the flood of springtime dreams

I'm waiting on the eyes of the one that I adore
She doesn't have a name though I've caught her scent before
The highest rank that we may claim is a fiction, you'll see
In her flood of springtime dreams

Feed me to your servants, but save my heart for thee
My eyes will be more savory for you're the last they'll see
I hurl myself into the fire that burns away this worldly scene and am recast
In the flood of springtime dreams

Meet me in the sunshine on the banks of Webster Stream
Where the heron warms his back and the jaybird sings his theme
I'll be sitting on a rough stone, washed up like debris
From the flood of springtime dreams

III. Shores of Mercy - Trampas, NM

Beneath a moonless sky the night gives way to day
Among the highway signs and truck stop cafes
This morn they guide my ride away from a friend
And lead it onward, bend after bend

to the edge of space and time, where the rubber meets the mind...

Dusty eyes and a dehydrated smile
Greet the toll maids, mile after mile
Our howdy-hellos grace the pavement underneath
We all walk this road with more than our feet

to the edge of space and time, where the rubber meets the mind...

Love knows no boundaries
Love always trusts
Love guides the way
From clay to dust

We'll be sitting on the Shores of Mercy
Staring at the evening sun
Where the two worlds meet
And our souls are one

A neon stop to appease an appetite
Scrambled brain waves meet a waitress out of sight
A coffee for the road, a memory of my friend
Whom in this life I will only see again

at the edge of space and time, where the rubber meets the mind...

Love knows no boundaries
Love always trusts
Love guides the way
From clay to dust

We'll be sitting on the Shores of Mercy
Staring at the evening sun
Where the two worlds meet
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IV. Heyokah - Lookout Mountain, CO

Too many wolves among the cattle,
too many waves inside head.
I was swallowed whole by the barrel
and I'm bound to wind up dead.

What is best left undiscussed?
What crumbles when given form?
All worthwhile kernels get crushed to dust,
as their shells survive untornd.

For in this gulf of uncertain light,
there's lies an ocean never begun.
The music of pearls, no one can write.
Yes there are things that are born undone.
They expand and they excite.
Just don't destroy the world, my son.

A story has its words
and the guitar has its notes.
They have traversed the land of the living for you,
though your questions are only for ghosts.
So ride their blue wind high and free,¹
make sure they're not alone.
Seek out the treasure of Galilee
hidden in their tones.

The picture captures old Sitting Bull
and plays a fool with Buffalo Bill.
But where can we find the Great Slayer?
Where is he revealed?

William Cody knows herds miles wide.
That is nothing a dime can confide.
Lookout Mountain, we are coming for you.
Show us where heart and hide collide.

A fasting boy dreams of thunder.
Heyokah the name to which he became.
The Chief Musician casts in wonder
a different coin where laugh mirrors cry.

A tree has its heat
and a bucket, it holds.
They have traversed the land of the living for you.
Though the answers can never be told.
So lariat their horses wild and free,
be dragged away until the morn.
Seek out the treasure of Galilee

¹ Townes Van Zandt, *Rex's Blues*

buried in their forms.
Each moonlike witness has waylaid a path,
each is the king of kings.
each more beautiful than the last...²

She who binds to herself a joy,
does the winged life destroy.
But she who kisses the joy as it flies
lives in eternity's sunrise.³

There's a ball and chain around these words
and they're leaning towards that which they serve.
For without shackles they wouldn't know wings.
Without the ribs' prison, the heart could never sing.

A mountain has its spring
and a river, it flows.
They have traversed the land of the living for you,
though it is yours to testify and the names to know.
So ride their silence high and free,
until you beat their names endlessly.
Then you are unknown to me
as a descendent of Galilee.
And I will seek for the thee
buried in these tones.

² Rumi, translated William Chittick *Sufi Path of Love*

³ William Blake

V. Light of My Eyes - Brooklyn, NY

Light of my eyes,

Since I saw you last Saturday, Nizami's *Layla and Majnun* rose of its own accord to the top of a tall stack of books. For days I flipped through it, not really knowing why until I sat down to write you this morning. For the last week I have not been able to imagine any reality but you. I do not believe that this love is divorced from its source or fixated on a figment of imagination. I believe it is fully focused on you.

What a journey. So many things are welling up inside me. I feel it does not matter if they are stated or not; is it true that nothing is secret between us? Time passes differently in the sphere of my love for you. A decade is a single gust of wind, no more. What to do with this love now? It is burning inside me like never before. I am in awe that such a heat does not consume my body. Perhaps this is a sign that there remain unignited depths, though from within these flames I see nothing but light.

I wish I could find that letter you sent me years ago. I saved it, but it has hidden itself among less important things. I wish I could relive your readiness and write this response as if years did not mark the time between. The searching and growing I've done in the meantime has all been inspired by this love. Perhaps there are lifetimes yet for us in this state, God willing they will pass like the last... Why do you stir my spirit to such heights? How did you become so beautiful? Is a love that cannot be acted upon such a catalyst as to throw one's self spiraling out into the cosmos among the constellations of beauty and longing? Perhaps its destination among the stars is where it does its acting.

If this love is to be stillborn on this side of Jordan, it is forever soaring in the heavens. Indeed, in the end this love burns up both worlds. Its substance has no end, it is nonexistent.

I can't help but ask, are you my Shams? How preposterous, insane, egotistical! On the other hand, to deny the possibility of a love so divine is to close the path back to our primordial human nature, to deny God's guidance and message, to be Jonah before the whale. When will I become as desperate as Jonah in the belly and fully submit to the message that is heard by the ears and felt by the heart?

Love,
D.C.

VI. Rattlebox - Paw Paw, WV

Well this worn out jacket
hasn't given up the ghost just yet.
Go on and don that cowboy slicker
Find what dreams does it beget.

And that beat up old guitar
has still got a tune or two.
Don't be shy, let fly on that rattlebox, baby
and see what blows on through.

What blows on through, what blows on through...
Don't be shy, let fly on that rattlebox, baby
and see what it does to you.

Slide between bronze strings serene,
find headstone and the broom.
This clan began in the hexagram
where the cauldron meets the pew.

A bolted door on the second floor,
two tables in the light of the moon.
And on your flesh a second guess
as you feel what blows on through.

What blows on through, what blows on through...
And on your flesh a second guess
it's you that turns the screw.

The eye that haunts the confidant
peers through your cheap perfume.
The crone has come and your precious one's
black hair is in her loom.

Flee between the shoulder blades,
the shattered glass a clue.
Take the cloak, the names invoke
to become what blows on through.

What blows on through, what blows on through...
Take the cloak, the names invoke
and know the crone is you.

Sip a tulip chalice made
to show the future's hue.
Sacrifice a paradise,
breakthrough the night's taboo.

Dream is told, no ends unfold.
The mirror's dance ensues.
Step beneath the stars unsheathed

and kiss what blows on through.

What blows on through, what blows on through...
Step beneath the stars unsheathed
and kiss what blows on through.