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Out Of The Wilderness Thoreau Lovell

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Thoreau Lovell

(for John High, exiled in Russia)

OUT OF THE WILDERNESS

I want to tell you the story of 20 naked Pentecostals crammed into a Pontiac crossing the border into Louisiana and crashing into a tree. Out of the wilderness their vacant lot their quick tents and tambourine screams. The Lord said, "Strip off the shirt of mockery, the pants of ridicule, go forth with your shining brow wiped clean of earthly names!" The Lord said, "Flee Texas. Run back into the forest of strange beings." Thinking about your hoodlum ghosts. How they bicker and moan through uneasy sleep. How another story is being told. Through the blur of boredom and fatality. An underground river of drum rolls, minor-key guitar strangulations. Children done in by the speed of the air swirling around them. You know the chorus rises from the mud, moody as a tenor saxophone in the suburbs, chanting murder, murder. Which makes the razor sharp solo, the hammer-claw banjo, the wailing steel guitar, sweeter than a full-moon drunk. Dancing in a field of just-watered grass like a stunned bear.