

Going Home to Die (In Louisiana)

I heard a jazz march
I felt like cotton
I saw a Bengal tiger in the street
There was a pelican in a pecan tree
Spanish moss was hanging from its beak

A politician waved from a pirogue
In the bayou that forked underneath
I saw my mama, I saw my papa
I saw my preacher
I was lying at his feet.

A pretty girl said
“Do you know you’re dead?”
She clutched a few magnolias in her teeth
There was a Coonass sucking crawfish
He fashioned me a sugar cane wreath

A fist fight broke out in the nightclub
The band was great, they’d never get nowhere
There was this big guy drinking hot sauce
He looked real mean and did not want to share

He sprayed insecticide
Thank God it did not hide
The sweet smell of sulphur in the air
I woke up screaming, “Louisiana!”
And jumped up on a plane to take me there.