

# Country Musics 20/20



Garin Cycholl

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*Dedicated to the memory of Harry Mathews*

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Locofoco Chaps is dedicated to publishing politically-oriented poetry.

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*after Lydia Loveless*

Well, if I said I'm sorry, you should vest those numbers in skulls and  
jaws and thighs  
'Cause I don't need to apologize for legs and feet and hands. A few ribs  
and I know I should probably leave neck and spine, without their  
processes,  
but I cannot let you go, honey. You serve as a base to the vertebral  
pieces on being.  
So you can turn my heart to paper. There were some teeth, which were  
adult.  
So you can write me a love letter in a skull, which on a slight view  
I'll read with an open mind, and a fragment of the under-jaw.  
But everything you do turns me on, furnishing the most decisive proof of  
a bad way to go! What a bad me attentive to it.  
For you to love me but never let messes, by which it was articulated  
And your lover is pretty tasty, but shebone itself firm to where it'd been.  
And the way she talks to you, go judge the place of the eye.  
But now you seem like such a pussy to the sockets of your teeth  
'cause I know how to take you home, placing it hinder and under.  
What a bad way to go, how honestly bad, but let go solidarity.  
For you to love me and never let me. There should be no fear. We'll be  
protected by the  
bad way to go, what a bad wand of law. And most,  
oh, honey, for you to love me but to ride that nation, only loving as long  
as it's  
a bad way to go. What bad magicians who are all talk and no action;  
for you to love me but never let me know anything about the time for  
empty.  
What a bad way to go. Do not allow anyone to tell you that.

For you to love me but never let me know the heart and fight and spirit  
of America.

For you to love me but never let me know the mysteries of space, to free  
the earth

Honey, if you love me, remember that old wisdom of our soldiers.

What a bad way to go, back or brown or white, we all bleed the same  
glorious freedoms

whether a child is born in urban Nebraska, the same dreams infused.

*after Robbie Fulks*

But Nashville don't need that noise, minds openly, debates our  
disagreements.

Nashville'll do just fine when America is united. America is tops  
as long as there's a moron market, great men and women importantly  
and a fool in a hat to sign. Even bigger, in America, we understand  
Fuck this town! Fuck this town! We will no longer accept. Talk is over.  
Fuck. This. Town. Now arrives the hour.

In it, he tried to show that the town, constantly complaining but never  
the reasons commonly asserted. No challenge can mate,  
not among these well-known ones. We will not fail. Our country will  
thrive

reports, but also claim to have a new millennium ready to unlock  
and thus have found that the miseries of disease  
of the weakness of its foundation. Technologies of tomorrow. A new  
nation

far superior to that one long ago and heal our divisions. It's time to  
mason by profession and infallible. Never forget  
the great wall alone would do the same for the red blood of patriots. We  
all

secure foundations for a new Tower, salute the American flag.

In those days the book was in every Nashville,  
not understanding exactly 'cause my friend Jim said Nashville  
never once took the form of a circle. So I thought I'd go pick some and I  
provided the foundations for a tower, but then why the wall now four  
years later

the efforts and lives of hundreds who shook a lot of hands, ate a lotta  
lunch

in the book—admittedly hazy, so fuck this town. Fuck. This. Town.

*after Dwight Yoakam*

Night wolves moan in the Tower of Babel

Winter hills are black or at least the most important cause was  
I'm all alone. He not only based his proofs on texts and  
sitting in the back, but carried out personal inspections of the location  
of a long white Cadillac. And it's true that in this respect our age was  
a long whistle crying. Almost every educated person in our age was  
lost on its own track when it came to the business of laying.

I close my eyes; the scholar's aim proves this. He claimed that  
sitting in the back was the first time in the age of human beings created  
a long white Cadillac of Babel. So first the wall, then the tower.  
Sometimes I blame it on a woman's hands, but I confess that even today  
the one that made my poor heart began this tower. How could the wall,  
which

I sometimes blame on the money, be only a sort of quarter or half circle.  
Sometimes I blame it all on me, but it could be meant only in a spiritual  
headlight shining, something real, a product of the  
highway fading to black—sketching the tower, as well as detailing  
my last ride of the people, a great deal of mental confusion at the time—  
our government controlled by sitting in the back,  
remembered as the day the people became a long white Cadillac.  
Forgotten men and women of our country will sometimes blame it on a  
woman

(listening to you now). You came by the tens of the one that made my  
poor heart  
move, the likes of which the world has sometimes blamed it on the  
money.

Great schools for great children! These are train whistles crying  
a righteous public but for lost on its own track. Reality exists.

Mothers and children trapped—I close my eyes.  
Factories scattered like tombstones ain't never coming back;  
education system flush with cash in a long white Cadillac.  
Deprived of all knowledge and the long white Cadillac;  
stolen too many lives and robbed in a long white Cadillac.  
This American Carnage stops tight in a long white Cadillac  
nation and their pain is our pain; they're in a long white Cadillac.  
Our success we share

(psychedelic



*after Johnny Cash and Lydia Loveless*

We will start winning again, like love is a burning thing.  
We will bring back our borders to make a fiery ring.  
Back our dreams! We'll build new, wild desire—  
airports and tunnels and railways all across a ring of fire.  
People off the welfare and back to a burning ring of fire.  
Hands and American labor, we'll follow down, down, down.  
We'll seek friendship and the flames went higher,  
But we do so with the understanding that it burns, burns, burns  
own interests first. We do not seek that ring of fire.  
Rather let it shine as an example. We will the ring of fire.  
Reinforce old alliances and new taste of love.  
At the bedrock of our politics I fell for you like a child  
State of America, and through our loyalty, the fire went wild  
When you opened your burning ring of fire.  
The Bible tells us how good I went down, down, down—  
together in unity, simply because so many people knew I'm really not  
together for a single purpose. Human nature giving all I've got  
by nature like the whirling dust endures. I shake the restraints madly and  
know you make me weak all over the place. It's possible even that  
you should seal it with a kiss. When they decided on piecemeal,  
your piss speaking on behalf of so many—  
actually first, honey, I cannot lie—  
without the leadership for the way to go.  
In the office of the known, what a bad way to go.  
There, no one I asked knows or knew, pricking back my ears,  
going in the opposite direction. And, babe, revolving in a circle,  
the divine worlds fell into the hands of me.

*after Waylon Jennings*

They steal our companies and they cover the earth, and so  
great prosperity and strength. I will neighborhood. I wished to satisfy  
myself  
and I will never, ever let you down. Pinions were just for this purpose.  
I never before brought back our thoroughly. It was stipulated on the low  
bringback of our wealth, and we will buy miles above its principal fork,  
opposite  
roads and highways and bridges and an Indian town. It was of a  
spheroidal form,  
our wonderful nation. We will get our twelve feet of altitude,  
rebuilding our country with American seven and a half, having been  
under  
two simple rules—buy American and covered with trees of twelve  
good wills. The nations of the world were an excavation of five feet  
deep and  
it is the right of all nations to be taken out of the hillock formed. I  
impose our way of life on anyone but it, and came to collections of  
human  
shine for everyone to follow. We will add inches to three feet below the  
surface. These  
unite the civilized world against some vertical, some oblique, some  
horizontal,  
eradicating completely the face of the compass, entangled and held  
together in  
the will to be a total allegiance to the united, most distant parts found  
together. As  
to our country, we will rediscover our foot in the hollow of a skull, many  
skulls,

heart to patriotism. There is no room for fog on the face, on the side, on  
the back, top  
and pleasant when God's people live the idea of bones emptied  
promiscuously.

The second reclined against him. We've been so busy keepin' upon,  
there being one of these in my four car garage and we're still  
determined to open and examine it. Maybe it's time we got back to the  
grounds of the Rivianna. Let's go to Luckenback Texas with  
some hills, on which had been this successful life we're livin'—  
about forty feet diameter at the base. Like the Hatfields and McCoys,  
though now reduced by the plough between Hank Williams pain songs'  
width, from whence the earth had gone to Luckenback Texas,  
first dug superficially in several parts of this successful life we're  
livin'. We got

bone at different depths, from six, like the Hatfields and McCoys  
and directed to every point between Hank Williams pain songs,  
clustered by the earth. Bones and blue eyes cryin' in the rain;  
for instance, the small bones ain't nobody feelin no pain  
and would sometimes be in contact, lyin'.

*after Loretta Lynn, Jack White, and Robbie Fulks*

Joined in a great national effort to rebuild gin fizz  
for all of our people! Together we will what is!  
The world for many, many years to come and no time to  
front hardships. But we will get the job done in Oregon.  
Steps to carry out the orderly and peaceful lights down low,  
merely transferring power from one slow  
party to another. But we are transferring him lookin' at me.  
Back to you, the people free in Oregon; capital  
has reaped the rewards of the cost. Washington flourished, but  
drunk

politicians prospered and the jobs left. And one of us  
protected itself, but not the citizens, sobered up  
in your victories. Their triumphs have not in Oregon  
celebrated in our nation's capital. There were  
trees across our land. That all changes last  
because this moment is your moment and not by the glass.  
This is your celebration and this proposal about how the energies of  
the country. What truly matters is not powerfully new work. There  
was money growin' right on the trees. His book is only one example that  
don't mean musically, which is fundamentally careless and restraint.  
If it restricts itself, it will write a whole lotta dumbass songs,  
which argued and were not ignored by the leadership.  
If I tried my whole life long, we—and here I really  
can't get a cut—so that I imagine that all human aims and  
fulfillments circle through the window, reflection  
back on the days of Ronnie Milsap's leadership (as they drew up the  
plan).

*after Sturgill Simpson*

When you think it over, winning a race against the present. I know of no  
such thing

hailed as the best rider in the country would not honor with that name.  
Applause strikes up and half-shapen images. Of labor on the  
envy of your opponents, cunning and respectable as a common ditch.  
In the narrow enclosure you now travel the Barrows, of which many  
lay empty before you, save for some of different sizes, some of them  
charging the horizon. These stones were repositories of  
many of your friends. Rushing to sight, they covered the bones of  
you over their shoulders from distant interment. Some ascribed them  
your horse, since they feared the means of collecting at certain periods  
the lost. And now your horse has come, posited at the time of death,  
for towns conjectured to have been or your rivals behind you, firmly  
supported by the quality of the lands befalling them and the injustice of  
the earth.

A brave new face on things, as if by a tradition said to be  
watching all across America. This is your earth, so as to cover.  
The United States of America is a narrow passage dug to the first  
people. January 2017 will be, but don't seem to meet  
the rulers of this nation again. The form anytime I take a notion  
to be forgotten no longer. Everyone is so bittersweet.  
Millions become part of a historic never seen before.

At the center, if you ain't living the dream,  
a nation exists to serve its citizens. Amen and coffee when you ain't got  
no cream.

Safe neighborhoods for their families and reasonable demands of the  
righty, I sing,  
to many of our citizens, a different reigning except sit around and wait to

die

in poverty in our inner cities, rusted out across the landscape to come and  
take my order.

Leaves, our young and beautiful students say.

Crime and the gangs and the drugs couldn't be much border.

Our country of so much unrealized pot; don't call back telling me to start  
today.

Here stops right now. We are one crooked smile.

*after Johnny Cash and Sturgill Simpson*

The oath of office I take today is the ring of fire, the ring of fire.  
For many decades we've enriched the ring of fire, the ring of fire.  
Subsidized, the armies of others burn, burn, burn.  
We defended the ring of fire, the ring of fire  
and spent trillions on the ring of fire.  
Rich, while the wealth, strength, and horrifying way of life seemed to  
    speak  
over the horizon. One by one, they laughed and shook their heads  
with not even a thought about the millions ready among us to obliterate  
those left behind. The wealth of our middle existing as an Indian  
    monument. For I  
then redistributed all across the stone hatchets and stone pipes and  
we are looking only to the future. Large scale. I think there is no  
new decree to be heard in every city for the draining of lands: unless  
    indeed  
of power. From this day forward, a new foundry all over this country.  
It's going to be only America constructed of earth, and some loot  
on trade, on taxes, on immigration, on the dead, obvious to all. But  
American workers and American families were a matter of doubt.  
Protection will lead to custom, said to prevail among the Indians,  
for you with every breath in my body.  
Silent religious disputes are to take no notice of the bones of all the dead  
as yet secured against them by the spirit near these grounds.  
Imprisonment for not comprehending the most fertile meadow-grounds,  
a permanent kind of protection we receive in return for the first person  
    who died and was placed erectly.  
The spirit of the times may alter, will alter. A single zealot may  
    commence.

Our staring down at the chaos can never be too often repeated  
on a legal basis while our rulers said, “Son if you ain’t having fun...”  
The conclusion of this war we shall be going; mamma’s gonna wash it  
all away.  
The shackles will remain on us long and she thinks mercy’s overrated.



*after Waylon Jennings and Glen Campbell*

There are only two things in life that we, the citizens of America, are  
now:

that's guitars that tune good and our country. Restore its promise for  
I don't need my name in the course of America and

I got my song and I got you with challenges. We will confess  
that maybe it's time we got back to every four years.

Let's go to Luckenbach Texas with meaning. Because today, we are not  
successful. The life we're livin' gone to administration or from  
the Hatfield and McCoys, power from Washington, D.C. and  
between Hank Williams' pain for too long. A small group  
and blue eyes cryin' in the rain, government while the people  
been feeling no pain. The people did not share in its wealth.

So baby let's sell your diamond country. Their victories have not  
bought some boots and faded jeans. Your triumphs. And while they  
can,

this coat and tie is choking me; all little to celebrate for struggling  
families

in your high society that cry all day. It belongs to you  
thousands. That if there be but one right and scandalous figure swelling  
with

the 999 wandering sects gathered into the never-ending handshaking,  
saluting—

we cannot effect this by force. Reason kept their mouths shut and  
casually pats

the instruments. To make way for these, free rain actually begins to fall.  
We wish to indulge it while I am a lineman for the county,  
says an inquisitor. He has established some main road,  
the same. Is this proof of the searchin' in the sun for another?

States of Pennsylvania and New York, I can hear you singin' in the wire.  
Any establishment at all, the experiment I can hear through the  
whine.

It has answered beyond the Wichita lineman. Still,  
religion is well supported, of various kinds,  
to preserve peace and order, or if a sect I know needs a small vacation,  
good sense has fair play and reasons, but it don't look like rain.  
Offering the state to be troubled with and if it snows, that stretch  
does. They are not more disturbed and I need you more than  
their harmony, unparalleled and can it be that I want you for all time?  
Tolerance, because there is no other Wichita lineman. Still  
every nation on earth has made and I need you more than want.

*after Strugill Simpson*

So to all Americans in every city near protection! Against the people of  
the  
mountain, from ocean to ocean, no northern people can threaten us here  
again. Your voice, your hopes, your ancients, the atrocities which their  
courage and goodness heaved a sigh on our peaceful porches. In  
“we’ll make us strong,” we see the faces of this damnation  
again. We will make America proud again, teeth stuck in their jaws,  
there  
together. We will make America great, hunting for someone to seize;  
their jaws  
at bottom, so as, on the whole, to give to naughty children. We hold up  
these pictures  
from a bag or basket, take cover, burst into tears, and run into our arms.  
Order. The bones of the great northern lands have never seen them.  
Bones, teeth, and the bones of the arms will never see them, even if they  
charge  
some vertebrae of the needed horses. The land is so huge, it would not  
remain. One instance only of the bones would lose themselves in empty  
air. So, if  
the skulls were so tender to our homes, the river and bridges, our  
touch. The other bones were strong. Our children in need of education  
go to be judged, to be smaller than those. Our thoughts on the wall to the  
north, even  
appeared to be that of an infant, but they know u, as they mull over their  
satisfactory examinations, understand our small worries, see  
a person about half grown. Another rib, time and time again, Lord, I  
who had not yet cut its teeth. This means to an end but the ends,  
burial of children here, I was particularly walking around the living. The

dream:

right-half of the under-jaw, 'til the truth comes bubbling up.  
Temporal bones were entire and there ain't no point of getting outta bed.  
Broken off, nearly as I could, it's like making a big old pot of  
tooth. Its upper edge wherein I don't need to change my string,  
perfectly smooth. Measuring it, cause the dirt don't hurt.

*after Loretta Lynn and Jack White*

One home and one glorious nothing to sigh for. The fame of being an  
oath of allegiance to all Americans. For it's too intoxicating a pleasure  
when the  
industry's at the expense of Americans the morning after.  
Countries, while allowing for the very and fairly influential men, must  
trouble you  
other nation's borders, while refusing verse. After the flat racecourse,  
soon  
trillions of dollars overseas while aiming laggards of the previous round.  
Small figures  
and decay. We've made other countries' confidence of our country.  
Factories shuttered and left our shores rather their winnings and only cry,  
"Hurrah!" to  
millions of American workers that pay boxes. Your best friends laid no  
bet on  
class. Ripped from their homes, they would have been angry with you if  
your  
world, but that is past and now were in first and they have won nothing.  
We assembled here today and are issuing book along the stands.  
Every foreign capital and every hall are trying to ignore the bad luck.  
That  
vision will govern our land. From this, they have somehow suffered;  
they are putting  
America first. Every decision cements race; we're due to start and this  
time  
foreign affairs will be made to benefit. We must protect our borders  
from, well, Portland, Oregon and sloe  
similarity. With us, people are, as a rule, if that ain't love. Then tell me

why

still, very far provinces rebel well. I lost my heart. It didn't take  
causes any more. Besides, they are for rebellion every new day.  
On occasion, a rebel pamphlet was bought in a booth in the corner. With  
travel through that province, happily I was movin' in fast. She was  
full of guests. The priest sat in their well. I looked at him and, caught,  
everyone started laughing. The sheet I knew right. Then we were

playing

and the beggar was chased out of the next day. We knew last night and

got

richly rewarded. Everyone scattered, but we loved enough for them

both.

Why? The dialect of the neighboring morning when the night  
and these differences manifest themselves. It was much too late for  
language, which for us read two pages like that and people. Hell,  
sloe gin fizz works mighty fast and long since got over  
when you drink it by the pitcher.

*after Lydia Loveless and Glen Campbell*

Sprawl of Detroit or the windswept play? Against whom was the great  
wall?

Night sky, they fill their heart with the north. I come from SE China,  
breath of life by the same almighty crew read about in the books of  
far, small and large. From mountains, nature prompts them to commit  
these words—you will never be ignored faithfully. Accurate pictures of  
dreams will define our America—their mouths flung open, the sharp  
love will guide us along the wide, straining eyes, which seem to be  
again. We will make America wealthy, will crush and rip to pieces.  
For many ladies, the victor cuts ridicule, but we know nothing else about  
importance. Yet we cannot cope, and if we remain in our village,  
bowing and waving, while the defeat comes straight at us and hunts us  
on the wild

necks of their whinnying horses, permit them to reach us. And  
finally from the now overcast sky, things are like this. Why do we leave,  
little affected by political revolutions? I cannot remember the overload.  
“In that province, reasons are an excited people,” said a beggar  
who happened to be on holiday. Our living room was on the line.

Suddenly, to go,  
torn to pieces in the general confusion, never let me know. What a bad  
way to go,  
although he had already run out. The south won’t ever stand the strain.  
That province is essentially different from ours. You  
rated character. Well, the priest was scarcely on the line  
and had already decided. Old matters heard long—as I recall from my  
memory—a you,  
irrefutably through the beggar. People  
unwilling to hear anymore. That’s how on the line.

## **Locofo Chaps**

**2017**

Eileen Tabios – *To Be An Empire Is To Burn*

Charles Perrone – *A CAPacious Act*

Francesco Levato – *A Continuum of Force*

Joel Chace – *America's Tin*

John Goodman – *Twenty Moments that Changed the World*

Donna Kuhn – *Don't Say His Name*

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