

*Get Busy*

I gave a word  
of advice to  
a friend this  
evening

I'm not sure  
if I was in any place  
to give advice  
but that never  
stopped me  
before

I told him  
“Whenever you  
get down about a woman,  
just look out your window  
at one of them mountains”

(I'd never actually use  
'one of them')

“...One day, because of  
wind erosion, that mountain  
won't be there. That means  
neither will your lady  
and neither will you  
so get busy livin'  
or get busy dyin'”

it was some of the best  
damned advice  
I'd ever given

so good in fact  
that I thought  
I might listen  
to it myself

I looked at the mountain,  
I imagined it gone

I saw an empty lot  
that could have held  
10 million  
gravestones  
of broken-hearted lovers

how silly it all was,  
I thought

how long can  
a man pine  
over a woman?

how long  
can his heart  
scream for her?

how long  
can the pain last?

how long  
can that mountain exist?

just how long?