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## Ole Blue

I've spent the year in the hole  
of a tree that no longer has any leaves,  
and birds that sing  
only at the strum of six strings.

Once flowed a river, which I crossed a thousand  
times, and never saw the signs she held, until  
she carved a message that ached in my palm.  
Deeper the well must be dug,  
to feed the fruit of one's true song.

Yet the cost of fame can be torturing, when the  
world becomes a stage, for everyone  
to see your life, through the window pains  
crafted into a glass cage.

If I could become a single string, I'd  
wrap myself in nickled twine, my life would be  
the song that it sings, and I would be free from  
wishing that his hands were mine.

I shall exchange the crown, this head has never worn  
and remain unnamed to a world, that  
that is more entertained when a star falls down  
giving hope to own the glitter of the crown.