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SRF

State Blues

It is not a mood
nor a genre
Some think it's an illness
or a disease
Not a color
but a condition
Not a solid but a stripe
sitting in a pocket.

It is a cheap fabric shirt
matched with even worse pants
A thin mint coat for winter
Orange stripes running abound
seems tied to their black oxford shoes
so tight they pinch an ill-fitting ache
lost somewhere so long ago
Now dressed for unsuccess
out on the gray prison yard.