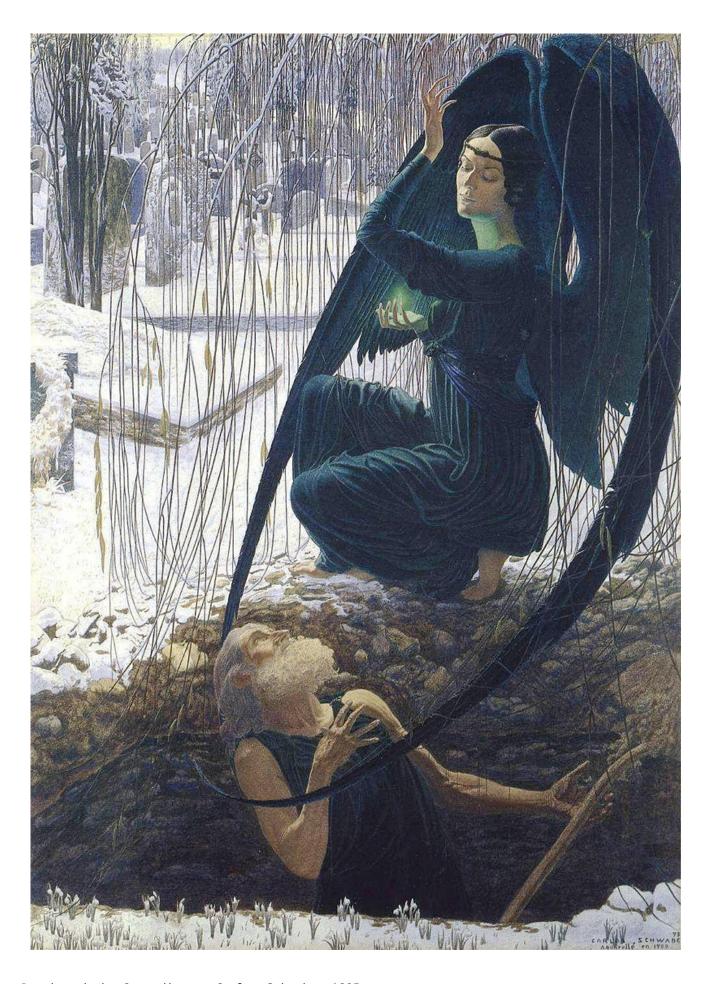
Digging Holes (In the Alabama Rain)

by Kenneth Francis (November 2020)



Death and the Gravedigger, Carlos Schwabe, 1895

Got a job in a graveyard near Jackson Hurts my bones but doesn't hurt my brain Chucked my phone into the Chattahoochee River After digging holes in the Alabama rain

No more a slave for the psychos of silicone No more bondage or a shallow corporate whore No more masks, no more lies, or sleazy living No longer owe my soul to the company store

Now birds singing greet me every fine morning And I can smell the wet clay off the plains I start work early and finish at sundown After digging holes in the Alabama rain

Alabama is best of neighbor red states
West Virginia is too poor through and through
Carolina, she's too much like Indiana
But Alabama, I'll be staying home with you

It's sometimes spooky in this windy old churchyard From dawn to dusk, I keep digging coffin holes At the weekend, I spread the Word to lost barflies As the devil, he comes looking for their souls

Many of his traitors haunt the dark side of Dixie
As they try to bury Modesty, Morality, and God
Tomorrow's list includes Truth and First Amendment
As they aim to place them, beneath the wet Dixie sod

My bones belong here in God's little acre And when I'm dying, I'll be hoping and praying That my soul will make its way into Heaven As I'm lowered down, in the Alabama rain

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Kenneth Francis is a Contributing Editor at New English Review. For the past 20 years, he has worked as an editor in various publications, as well as a university lecturer in journalism. He also holds an MA in Theology and is the author of The Little Book of God, Mind, Cosmos and Truth (St Pauls Publishing) and, most recently, The Terror of Existence: From Ecclesiastes to Theatre of the Absurd (with Theodore Dalrymple).

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