

RAINY DAY

Didn't you ask for another rainy day
Didn't you ask for more napkin rings
Didn't you ask for more dark clouds in your lifetime
Weren't you rubbing the wine off of the silver at the time
I saw you slip the keyring back on your finger
Didn't you ask for the lavender on a rainy day
That runs off of the rest of a dark cloud

FORSYTHIA VINE

I can't think of any less work than gathering around the
forsythia vine
I can't think of any less work than swollen knees
I can't think of any less work than swollen trumpets
I can't think of any less work than marching again around
the forsythia vine
I can't think of any less work than shrieks and shrieks
I can't think of any less work than fastening the
forsythia vine again
Down onto the ground

LEFTY

I do know of lifting the tarpaulin around like this
I do know of lifting anything as light as a chicken that
flew away
I do know of shaking the dust out of a chicken all
afternoon long
I do know of a good soupbone resting on top of the
counter like this
I do know of a dish of chicken noodle soup that goes
like this

RECLUSE

Oh, tho, I know now whyever the moon is a recluse
Oh, tho, I know now the best things there are to be had
are secluded
Oh, tho, I know now of the nymphs there are
Oh, tho, I know now of the angels there are
And tonight the nymphs are dreaming of the angels
And tonight the angels are dreaming of the nymphs