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Drafts of For All the Sad Rain

Patricia Goedicke

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FOR ALL THE SAD RAIN

0 my friends why are we so weak
In winter sunlight why do our knees knock,
Why do we walk with small steps, ugly
And spindly as baby birds.

Whose world do we think this is?
0 my friends take it,
0 my friends don't look at each other
Or anyone else before you speak.

I have had enough of scared field mice
With trembling pink ears,
I have had enough of damp
Diffident handshakes.

Do you think I haven't been stepped on by giants?
Do you think my teachers didn't stand me in a corner
For breathing, do you think my own father didn't burn me
With the wrath of a blast furnace for wanting to sit on his knee?

Indeed I have been pressed between steamrollers,
I have had my feet cut off, and the pancreas.
And the liver and the lungs of the one I love,
Have been sucked out of my life and the air around me

Has turned to cereal, how will I stand up?
What opinions can I offer but I will not be silent.
There are dogs who keep their skinny tails
Permanently between their legs.

But also there are sleek horses, as easily as there are ours
There are squash blossoms that flower around fountains
Like white butterflies, there is courage everywhere,
For every reluctant nail biter

There are a hundred raised fists, for every broken broomstick
There are millions of bent grasses snapping
Back and forth at the sky, beating the blue carpet
As hard as they can, with the frail tassels of their hair

For every pair of eyes squeezed tight
Under colorless lids there are thousands of others
Wide open, on the proud columns of their necks turning,
Observing everything like King Raddar.

0 my friends for all the sad rain in heaven
Filling our dinnerplates you have ten fingers of honey
Which are your own, stretch them, stick them up
And then wave to me, put your arms around each other's shoulders.

When we meet in a field with no fences
The horizon is yours, and the books and all the opinions
And the water which is wine and the best bed
You can possibly think of to lie in.
FOR ALL THE SAD RAIN

O my friends why are we so weak
In winter sunlight why do our knees knock,
Why do we walk with small steps, ugly
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Whose world do we think this is?
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Have been sucked out of my life and the air around me

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Permanently between their legs

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And then wave to me, put your arms around each other's shoulders

When we meet in a field with no fences
The horizon is yours, and the books and all the opinions
And the water which is wine and the best world
You can possibly think of to live in.

(and the water which is wine and the best bed
you can possibly think of to lie in.)
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And the water which is wine and the best bed
We can possibly think of to lie in.
THE BEST BED

O my friends why are you so weak
In winter sunlight why do your knees knock,
Why do you walk with small steps, ugly
And spindly as baby birds

O my friends whose world do you think this is
O my friends take it,
O my friends don't look at each other
Or anyone else before you speak

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With trembling pink ears,
I have had enough of damp
Diffident handshakes

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Do you think my teachers didn't stand me in a corner
For breathing, do you think my own father didn't burn me
With the wrath of a blast furnace for wanting to sit on his knee?

O my friends I have been pressed between steamrollers,
O my friends I have had my feet cut off
And the pancreas and the liver and the lungs of the one I love
Have been sucked out of my life and the air around me

Has turned to sourdough, how will I stand up
What opinions can I offer but I will not be silent,
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Under colorless lids there are thousands of others
Wide open, on the proud columns of their necks turning,
Observing everything like King Radar,

O my friends for all the sad rain in heaven
Filling our dinnerplates you have ten fingers of honey
Which are your own, stretch them, stick them up,
O my friends wave to me, put your arms around each other's shoulders

When we meet in a field with no fences
The horizon is yours, and the books and all the opinions
And the water which is wine and the best bed
You can possibly think of to lie in.
FOR ALL THE SAD RAIN

O my friends why are you so weak
In winter sunlight why do your knees knock,
Why do you walk with small steps, ugly
And spindly as baby birds

Whose world do you think this is?
O my friends take it,
Don't look at each other
Or anyone else before you speak.

I have had enough of scared field mice
With trembling pink ears,
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Diffident handshakes.

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Do you think my teachers didn't stand me in a corner
For breathing, do you think my own father didn't burn me
With the wrath of a blast furnace for wanting to sit on his knee?

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I have had my feet cut off, and the pancreas.
And the liver and the lungs of the one I love
Have been sucked out of my life, the air all around me

Has turned to sourdough, how will I stand up,
What opinions can I offer? But I will be silent.
There are dogs who keep their skinny tails
Permanently between their legs

But also there are sleek horses, as easily as there are curs
There are squash blossoms that flower around fountains
Like white butterflies, there is courage everywhere,
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Wide open, on the proud columns of their necks turning,
Observing everything like King Radar,

O my friends for all the sad rain in heaven
Filling our dinnerplates you have ten fingers of honey
Which are your own, stretch them, stick them up
And then wave to me, put your arms around each other's shoulders

When we meet in a field with no fences
The horizon is yours, and the books and all the opinions
And the water which is wine and the best bed
You can possibly think of to lie in.

(And the water which is wine and the best world
You can possibly think of to live in.)
For every pair of eyes squeezed tight under colorless lids

O my friends for all the sad rain in heaven
Filling our dinnerplates you have ten fingers of honey
Which are your own, stretch them, stick them up
And then wave to me, put your arms around each other's shoulders

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The horizon is yours, and the books and all the opinions
And the water which is wine and the best world
You can possibly think of to live in.

O my friends why are you so weak
In winter sunlight why do your knees knock,
Why do you walk with small steps, ugly
And spindly as baby birds

Whose world do you think this is?
O my friends take it,
Don't look at each other
Or anyone else before you speak

Indeed I have been pressed between steamrollers,
I have had my feet cut off, and the pancreas
And the liver and the lungs of the one I love
Have been sucked out of my life,

How will I stand up, what opinions can I offer?
But I will not be silent,
There are dogs who keep their skinny tails
Permanently between their legs

But also there are sleek horses, as

Indeed I have been pressed between steamrollers,
I have had both my feet cut off, and the pancreas
And the liver and the lungs of the one I love
Have been sucked out of my life, even the air around me

Has turned sour, how will I stand up

I have had both my feet cut off, and the pancreas
And the liver and the lungs of the one I love
Have been sucked out of my life, the air all around me

Has
FOR ALL THE SAD RAIN

O my friends why are you so weak
In winter sunlight why do your knees knock,
Why do you walk with small steps, spindly
As baby birds, whose world do you think this is?

O my friends take it,
Don't look at each other
Or anyone else before you speak.

I have had enough of scared field mice
With trembling pink ears,
I have had enough of damp
Diffident handshakes.

Do you think I haven't been stepped on by giants?
Do you think my teachers didn't stand me in a corner
For breathing, do you think my own father didn't burn me
With the wrath of a blast furnace for waiting to sit on his knee?

Indeed I have been pressed between steamrollers,
I have had my feet cut off, and the pancreas
And the liver and the lungs of the one I love
Have been sucked out of my life, how will I stand up

What opinions can I offer? But I will not be silent,
There are dogs who keep their skinny tails
Permanently between their legs

But also there are sleek horses, as easily as there are curs
There are squash blossoms that flower around fountains
Like white butterflies, there is courage everywhere,
For every reluctant nail biter

There are a hundred raised fists, for every broken broomstick
There are millions of bent grasses snapping
Back and forth at the sky, beating the blue carpet
As hard as they can, with the frail tassels of their hair

For every pair of eyes squeezed tight
Under colorless lids there are thousands of others
Wide open, on the proud columns of their necks turning,
Observing everything like King Radar,

O my friends for all the sad rain in heaven
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O my friends wave to me, put your arms around each other's shoulders

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And the water which is wine and the best world
You can possibly think of to live in.
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Have been sucked out of my life,

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Back and forth at the sky, beating the blue carpet
As hard as they can,
With the frail tasseled of their hair
FOR ALL THE SAD RAIN

O my friends why are you so weak
In winter sunlight why do your knees knock,
Why do you walk with small steps, spindly
As baby birds, whose world do you think this is?

O my friends take it, don't look at each other
Or anyone else before you speak.
I have had enough of scared field mice
With trembling pink ears,
I have had enough of damp
Diffident handshakes.

Do you think I haven't been stepped on by giants?
Do you think my teachers didn't stand me in a corner
For breathing, do you think my own father didn't burn me
With the wrath of a blast furnace for wanting to sit on his knee?

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I have had my feet cut off,
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Have been sucked out of my life, the air around me

Has turned to sourdough, how will I stand up
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What opinions can I offer but I will not be
O my friends why are you so weak
In winter sunlight why do your knees knock,
Why do you walk with small steps, ugly
And spingly as baby birds

O my friends whose world do you think this is
O my friends take it,
O my friends don't look at each other
Or anyone else before you speak

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Back and forth at the sky, beating the blue carpet
As hard as they can, with the frail tassels of their hair

For every pair of eyes squeezed tight
Under colorless lids there are thousands of others
Wide open, on the proud columns of their necks turning,
Observing everything like King Radar,

O my friends for all the sad rain in heaven
Filling our dinnerplates you have ten fingers of honey
Which are your own, stretch them, stick them up,
O my friends wave to me, put your arms around each other's shoulders

When we meet in a field with no fences
The horizon is yours, and the books and all the opinions
And the water which is wine and the best bed
You can possibly think of to lie in.
The Best Bed

O my friends why are you so weak
In winter sunlight why do your knees knock,
Why do you walk with small steps, ugly,
And spindly as baby birds

O my friends whose world do you think this is
O my friends take it,
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In winter sunlight why do your knees knock,
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And spindly as baby birds

O my friends whose world do you think this is
O my friends take it,
O my friends don't look at each other
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I have had enough of scared field mice
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For breathing, do you think my own father didn't burn me
With the wrath of a blast furnace for wanting to sit on his knee?

O my friends I have been pressed between steamrollers,
O my friends I have had my feet cut off
And the pancreas and the liver and the lungs of the one I love
Have been sucked out of my life and the air around me

Has turned to cream, how will I stand up
What opinions can I offer but I will not be silent,
O my friends there are dogs who keep their skinny tails
Permanently between their legs,

But also there are sleek horses, as easily as there are curs,
There are squash blossoms that flower around fountains
Like white butterflies, there is courage everywhere,
For every reluctant nail biter

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When we meet in a field with no fences
The horizon is yours, and the books and all the opinions
And the water which is wine and the best bed
You can possibly think of to lie in.
THE BEST BED

O my friends why are you so weak
In winter sunlight why do your knees knock,
Why do you walk with small steps, ugly
And spindly as baby birds

O my friends whose world do you think this is
O my friends take it,
O my friends don't look at each other
Or anyone else before you speak

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O my friends I have had my feet cut off
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Has turned to cereal, how will I stand up
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Permanently between their legs,

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As hard as they can, with the frail tassels of their hair

For every pair of eyes squeezed tight
Under colorless lids there are thousands of others
Wide open, on the proud columns of their necks turning,
Observing everything like King Radar,

O my friends for all the sad rain in heaven
Filling our dinnerplates you have ten fingers of honey
Which are your own, stretch them, stick them up,
O my friends wave to me, put your arms around each other's shoulders

When we meet in a field with no fences
The horizon is yours, and the books and all the opinions
And the water which is wine and the best bed
You can possibly think of to lie in.
0 my friends why are you so weak
In winter sunlight why do your knees knock,
Why do you walk with small steps, ugly
And spindly as baby birds

0 my friends whose world do you think this is
0 my friends take it,
0 my friends don't look at each other
Or anyone else before you speak

I have had enough of scared field mice
With trembling pink ears.
I have had enough of damp
diffident handshakes

Do you think I haven't been stepped on by giants?
Do you think my teachers didn't stand me in a corner
For breathing, do you think my own father didn't burn me
With the wrath of a blast furnace for wanting to sit on his knee?

0 my friends I have been pressed between steamrollers.
0 my friends I have had my feet cut off
And the pancreas and the liver and the lungs of the one I love
Have been sucked out of my life and the air around me

Has turned to oatmeal, how will I stand up
What opinions can I offer but I will not be silent.
0 my friends there are dogs who keep their skinny tails
Permanently between their legs.

0 my friends there is pablum to eat
But also there is roast beef, there are squash blossoms
That flower around fountains, there are sleek horses
As easily as there are ours, for every reluctant nail biter

There are a hundred loud mouths, for every broken broomstick
There are a million bent grasses snapping
Back and forth at the sky, beating the blue carpet
As hard as they can, with the frail tassels of their hair

For every pair of eyes squeezed tight
Under colorless lids there are thousands of others
Wide open, on the proud columns of their necks turning,
Observing everything like King Radar.

0 my friends for all the sad rain in heaven
Filling our dinnerplates you have ten fingers of honey
Which are your own, stretch them, stick them up.
0 my friends wave to me

When we meet in a field with no fences
The horizon is yours, and the books and all the opinions
And the water which is wine and the best bed
You can possibly think of to lie in.
THE BEST BED

O my friends why are you so weak
In winter sunlight why do your knees knock,
Why do you walk with small steps, ugly
And spindly as baby birds

O my friends whose world do you think this is
O my friends take it,
O my friends don't look at each other
Or anyone else before you speak

I have had enough of scared field mice
With trembling pink ears,
I have had enough of damp
Diffident handshakes

Do you think I haven't been stepped on by giants?
Do you think my teachers didn't stand me in a corner
For breathing, do you think my own father didn't burn me
With the wrath of a blast furnace for wanting to sit on his knee?

O my friends I have been pressed between steamrollers,
O my friends I have had my feet cut off
And the pancreas and the liver and the lungs of the one I love
Have been sucked out of my life and the air around me

Has turned to oatmeal, how will I stand up
What opinions can I offer but I will not be silent,
O my friends there are dogs who keep their skinny tails
Permanently between their legs.

O my friends there is garbage to eat
But also there are hamburgers to eat
But also there is roast beef, there are squash blossoms
That flower around fountains, there are sleek horses
As easily as there are curs, for every reluctant nail biter

There are a hundred loud mouths, for every broken broomstick
There are a million bent grasses snapping
Back and forth at the sky, beating the blue carpet
As hard as they can, with the frail tassels of their hair

For every pair of eyes squeezed tight
Under colorless lids there are thousands of others
Wide open, on the proud columns of their necks turning,
Observing everything like King Radar,

O my friends for all the sad rain in heaven
Filling our dinnerplates you have ten fingers of honey
Which are your own, stretch them, stick them up,
O my friends wave to me

When we meet in a field with no fences
The horizon is yours, and the books and all the opinions
And the water which is wine and the best bed
You can possibly think of to lie in.
THE BEST BED

O my friends why are you so weak
In winter sunlight why do your knees knock,
Why do you walk with small steps, ugly
And spindly as baby birds

O my friends whose world do you think this is
O my friends take it;
O my friends don't look at each other
Or anyone else before you speak

I have had enough of scared rabbits
With trembling pink ears,
I have had enough of damp
Diffident handshakes

Do you think I haven't been stepped on by giants?
Do you think my teachers didn't stand me in a corner
For breathing, do you think my own father didn't burn me
With the wrath of a blast furnace for wanting to sit on his knee?

O my friends I have been pressed between steamrollers,
O my friends I have had my feet cut off
And the pancreas and the lungs and the liver of the one I love
Have been sucked out of my life and the air around me

Has turned to oatmeal, how will I stand up
What opinions can I offer but I will not be silent,
O my friends there are dogs who keep their skinny tails
Permanently between their legs,

O my friends there is garbage to eat
And also Chateaubriand, there are squash blossoms
That flower around fountains, there are sleek horses
As easily as there are ours, for every reluctant nail biter

There are a hundred loud mouths, for every broken broomstick
There are a million bent grasses snapping
Back and forth at the sky, beating the blue carpet
As hard as they can, with the frail tassels of their hair

For every pair of eyes squeezed tight
Under colorless lids there are thousands of others
Wide open, on the proud columns of their necks turning,
Observing everything like King Radar,

O my friends for all the sad rain in heaven
Filling our dinnerplates you have ten fingers of honey
Which are your own, stretch them, stick them up,
O my friends wave to me

When we meet in a field with no fences
The horizon is yours, and the books and all the opinions
And the water which is wine and a new road
That will take you anywhere you want and the best bed
You can possibly think of to lie in.
O my friends why are you so weak
In winter sunlight why do your knees knock,
Why do you walk with small steps, ugly
And spindly as baby birds

O my friends whose world do you think this is
O my friends take it
O my friends don't look at each other
Or anyone else before you speak

I have had enough of scared rabbits
With trembling pink ears,
I have had enough of damp
Diffident handshakes

Do you think I haven't been stepped on by giants?
Do you think my teachers didn't stand me in a corner
For breathing, do you think my own father didn't burn me
With the wrath of a blast furnace for wanting to sit on his knee?

O my friends I have been pressed between steamrollers,
O my friends I have had my feet cut off
And the pancreas and the liver and the lungs of the one I love
Have been sucked out of my life and the air around me

Has turned to oatmeal, how will I stand up
What opinions can I offer but I will not be silent,
O my friends there are dogs who keep their skinny tails
Permanently between their legs,

O my friends there is garbage to eat
And also Chateaubriand, there are squash blossoms
That flower around fountains, there are sleek horses
As easily as there are cures, for every reluctant nail biter

There are a hundred loud mouths, for every broken broomstick
There are a million bent grasses snapping
Back and forth at the sky, beating the blue carpet
As hard as they can, with the frail tassels of their hair

For every pair of eyes squeezed tight
Under colorless lids there are thousands of others
Wide open, on the proud columns of their necks turning,
Observing everything like King Radar.

O my friends for all the sad rain in heaven
Filling our dinnerplates you have ten fingers of honey
Which are your own, stretch them, stick them up,
O my friends wave to me

When we meet in a field with no fences
The horizon is yours, and all the opinions
And the water which is wine and a new road
That will take you anywhere you want and the best bed
You can possibly think of to lie in.
THE BEST BED

0 my friends why are you so weak
In winter sunlight why do your knees knock,
Why do you walk with small steps, ugly
And spindly as baby birds

0 my friends whose world do you think this is
0 my friends take it
0 my friends don't look at each other
Or anyone else before you speak

I have had enough of scared rabbits
With trembling pink ears,
I have had enough of damp
Diffident handshakes

Do you think I haven't been stepped on by giants?
Do you think my teachers didn't stand me in a corner
For breathing, do you think my own father didn't burn me
With the wrath of a blast furnace for wanting to sit on his knee?

0 my friends I have been pressed between steam rollers,
0 my friends I have had my feet cut off
And the pancreas and the liver and the lungs of the one I love
Have been sucked out of my life and the air around me

Has turned to oatmeal, how will I stand up
What opinions can I offer but I will not be silent.
0 my friends there are dogs who keep their skinny tails
Permanently between their legs,

0 my friends there is garbage to eat
And also Chateaubriand, there are squash blossoms
That flower around fountains, there are sleek horses
As easily as there are curs, for every reluctant nail biter

There are a hundred loud mouths, for every broken broomstick
There are a million bent grasses snapping
Back and forth at the sky, beating the blue carpet
As hard as they can, with the frail tassels of their hair

For every pair of eyes squeezed tight
Under colorless lids there are thousands of others
Wide open, on the proud columns of their necks turning,
Observing everything like King Radar,

0 my friends for all the sad rain in heaven
Filling our dinnerplates you have ten fingers of honey
Which are your own, stretch them, stick them up,
0 my friends wave to me

When we meet in a field with no fences
The horizon is yours, and the books and all the opinions
And the water which is wine and a new road
That will take you anywhere you want and the best bed
You can possibly think of to lie in.
THE BEST BED

O my friends why are you so weak
In winter sunlight why do your knees knock,
Why do you walk with small steps, ugly
And spindly as baby birds

O my friends whose world do you think this is
O my friends take it
O my friends don't look at each other please don't look at each other
Or anyone else before you speak

O my friends I have had enough of scared rabbits
With trembling ears,
I have had enough of damp
Diffident handshakes

O my friends do you think I haven't been stepped on by giants?
Do you think my teachers didn't stand me in a corner
For breathing, do you think my own father didn't burn me
With the wrath of a blast furnace for wanting to sit on his knee?

O my friends I have been pressed between steamrollers,
O my friends I have had my feet cut off
And the pancreas and the liver and the lungs of the one I love
Have been sucked out of my life and the air around me

Has turned to oatmeal, how will I stand up
What opinions can I offer but I will not be silent,
O my friends there are dogs who keep their skinny tails
Permanently between their legs,

O my friends there is garbage to eat
And also Chateaubriand, there are squash blossoms
That flower around fountains, there are sleek horses
As easily as there are curs, for every reluctant nail biter

There are a hundred loud mouths, for every broken broomstick
There are a million bent grasses snapping
Back and forth at the sky, beating the blue carpet
As hard as they can, with the frail tassels of their hair

For every pair of eyes squeezed tight
Under colorless lids there are thousands of others
Wide open, on the proud columns of their necks turning,
Observing everything like King Radar,

O my friends for all the sad rain in heaven
Filling our dinnerplates you have ten fingers of honor
Which are your own: stretch them, stick them up,
O my friends wave to me

When we meet in a field with no fences
The horizon is yours, and the books and all the opinions
And the water which is wine and a new road
That will take you anywhere you want and the best bed
You can possibly think of to lie in.
O my friends why are you so weak
In winter sunlight why do your knees knock,
Why do you walk with canes, ugly
And spindly as baby birds

O my friends whose world do you think this is
O my friends take it
O my friends don't look at each other
Or anyone else before you speak

O my friends I have had enough of scared rabbits
With trembling ears,
I had have enough of damp
Diffident handshakes

O my friends do you think I haven't been stepped on by giants?
Do you think my teachers didn't stand me in a corner
For breathing, do you think my own father didn't burn me
With the wrath of a blast furnace for wanting to sit on his knee?

O my friends I have been pressed between steamrollers,
O my friends I have had my feet cut off
And the pancreas and the liver and the lungs of the one I love
Have been sucked out of my life and the air around me

Has turned to oatmeal, how will I stand up
What opinion can I offer but I will not be silent,
O my friends there are dogs who keep their skinny tails
Permanently between their legs,

O my friends there is garbage to eat
And also Chateaubriand, there are squash blossoms
That flower around fountains, there are sleek horses
As easily as there are curs, for every reluctant nail biter

There are a hundred loud mouths, for every broken broomstick
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Back and forth at the sky, beating the blue carpet
As hard as they can, with the frail tassels of their hair

For every pair of eyes squeezed tight
Under colorless lids there are thousands of others
Wide open, on the proud columns of their necks turning,
Observing everything like King Radar,

O my friends for all the sad rain in heaven
Filling our dinnerplates you have ten fingers of honey
Which are your own: stretch them, stick them up,
O my friends wave to me

When we meet in a field with no fences
The horizon is yours, and the books and all the opinions
And the water which is wine and a new road
That will take you anywhere you want and the best bed
You can possibly think of to lie in.
WHOSE WORLD

O my friends why are you so weak,
O my friends why do your knees knock,
Why do you walk with canes, ugly
And spindly as baby birds

O my friends whose world do you think this is
O my friends take it
O my friends don't look at each other
Or anyone else before you speak

I have had enough of scared rabbits
With trembling ears.
I have had enough of damp
Diffident handshakes

Do you think I haven't been stepped on by giants?
Do you think my teachers didn't stand me in a corner
For breathing, do you think my own father didn't burn me
With the wrath of a blast furnace for wanting to sit on his knee?

O my friends I have been pressed between steamrollers,
O my friends I have had my feet cut off
And the pancreas, and the liver and the lungs of the one I love
Have been sucked out of my life and the air around me

Has turned to oatmeal, how will I stand up
What opinion can I offer but I will not be silent,
O my friends there are dogs who keep their skinny tails
Permanently between their legs.

O my friends there is garbage to eat
And also Chateaubrian, there are squash blossoms
That flower around fountains, there are sleek horses
As easily as there are curs, for every reluctant nail biter

There are a hundred loud mouths, for every broken broomstick
There are a million bent grasses snapping
Back and forth at the sky, beating the blue carpet
As hard as they can, with the frail tassels of their hair

For every pair of eyes squeezed tight
Under colorless lids there are thousands of others
Wide open, on the proud columns of their necks turning,
Observing everything like King Radar,

O my friends for all the sad rain in heaven
Filling our dinnerplates you have ten fingers of honey
Which are your own; stretch them, stick them up.
O my friends wave at me

When we meet in a field with no fences
The horizon is yours, and the books and all the opinions
And the water which is wine and a new road
That will take you anywhere you want and the best bed
You can possibly think of to lie in.
WHOSE WORLD

O my friends why are you so weak,
O my friends why do your knees knock,
Why do you walk with canes, ugly
And spindly as baby birds

O my friends whose world do you think this is
O my friends take it
O my friends don't look at each other
Or anyone else before you speak

I have had enough of scared rabbits
With trembling ears,
I have had enough of damp
Diffident handshakes

Do you think I haven't been stepped on by giants?
Do you think my teachers didn't stand me in a corner
For breathing, do you think my own father didn't burn me
With the wrath of a blast furnace for wanting to sit on his knee?

O my friends I have been pressed between steamrollers,
O my friends I have had my feet cut off
And the pancreas, and the liver and the lungs of the one I love
Have been sucked out of my life and the air around me

Has turned to oatmeal, how will I stand up
What opinion can I offer but I will not be silent,
O my friends there are dogs who keep their skinny tails
Permanently between their legs.

O my friends there is garbage to eat
And also Chateaubrian, there are squash blossoms
That flower around fountains, there are sleek horses
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There are a million bent grasses snapping
Back and forth at the sky, beating the blue carpet
As hard as they can, with the frail tassels of their hair

For every pair of eyes squeezed tight
Under colorless lids there are thousands of others
Wide open, on the proud columns of their necks turning,
Observing everything like King Radar,

O my friends for all the sad rain in heaven
Filling our dinnerplates you have ten fingers of honey
Which are your own: stretch them, stick them up,
O my friends wave at me

When we meet in a field with no fences
The horizon is yours, and the books and all the opinions
And the water which is wine and a new road
That will take you anywhere you want and the best bed
You can possibly think of to lie in.