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Drafts of For All the Sad Rain

Patricia Goedicke

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PATRICIA GOEDICKE
310 McLeod
Missoula, Montana 59801

9/83

PATRICIA GOEDICKE
Slackwater

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
And spindly as baby birds

Whose world do we 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?

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 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
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

Revised 7/18/83
New Book version

O 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?
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?

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 and the air around me

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What opinions can I offer but I will not be silent,
There are dogs who keep their skinny tails
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 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
 And spindly as baby birds

Whose world do we 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?

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 and the air around me

Has turned to ~~we~~ 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 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 millins 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
 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
 And spindly as baby birds

Whose world do we 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?

Drunk Indeed I have been pressed between steamrollers,
~~My feet have been 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 wet ^{cereal} ~~sourdough~~, 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
 Filling our dinnerplates ~~you~~ have ten fingers of honey
 Which are ~~your~~ ^{your} own, stretch them, stick them up,
 And then wave, ^{don't} 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.

This is better

FOR ALL THE SAD RAIN

Leonard's
note

2 new

7

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,
I have had enough of damp
Diffident handshakes.

(of hairs one)

and I like you have been stepped on by giants

and you think they think so - it's who is she
(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 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 turned to sourdough, how will I stand up,
What opinions can I offer but I will not be silent, *(louder)?*
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
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 world
You can possibly think of to live in.

which?

2nd → (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 ~~your~~ knees knock,
 Why do we walk with small steps, ugly
 And spindly as baby birds

Whose world do we 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?

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, and the air all around me

Has turned into wet sourdough, 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 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,
 Obscuring everything like King Radar,

O my friends for all the sad rain in heaven we
 Filling our dinnerplates ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ fingers of honey
 Which are our 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 ours, and the books and all the opinions
 And the water which is wine and the best bed
 We can possibly think of to lie in.

PATRICIA GOEDICKE
310 McLeod
Missoula, Montana 59801

old

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 sourdough, 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

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
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,
 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, 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,
 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
 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~~x~~ 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 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 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, 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
 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 world
 You can possibly think of to live 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, 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?

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, the air around me

Has turned to sourdough, how will I stand up
What opinions can I offer but I will not be

Have been sucked out of my life,

How will I stand up?
What opin

And the pancreas and the liver and the lungs

Indeed I have been pressed between steamrollers, ~~xxxxxx~~
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 ~~xxxxxx~~, be silent,

PATRICIA GOEDICKE
310 McLeod
Missoula, Montana 59801

THE BEST BED

7/14/83

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

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 sourdough, 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

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
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.

ATRICIA GOEDICKE
Apdo. 462
San Miguel de Allende
Guanajuato 37700, MEXICO

THE BEST BED

4/82

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 sourdough, 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,

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There are squash blossoms that flower around fountains
Like white butterflies, there is courage everywhere,
For every reluctant nail biter

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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

4/81

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 ~~cease~~, 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

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
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,
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 cereal, 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,
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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.

RICIA GOEDICKE
Box 462
San Miguel de Allende
Guanaajuato, Mexico

THE BEST BED

2/13/78

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 pabulum 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 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 each~~
~~xxxxxxx~~ But also there is ^{is} ~~garbage~~ ^{publum}

O my friends 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 ^{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 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,

*But there
also there
to resist*
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 honey
Which are your own, stretch them, stick them up,
O my friends wave to me

We will
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.

10/13/78

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 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 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
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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 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.

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
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 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.

THE BEST BED

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 lbreathing, 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/
 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 prodd columns of their necks turning,
 Observing everything like King Radar,

O my friends for all the sad rain in hea~~van~~
 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

In wonder
 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

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

O my
 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,
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 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
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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 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

In wonder
 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

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

O my
 Do you think I haven't been stepped on by giants?
 Do you think my teachers didn't stand me in a corner
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 And the pancreas and the liver and the lungs of the one I love
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