Beatbeat Whisper, Little Window Open Up

yesterday was emptied
between speeding cars and the cover of a willow
weeping gracefully
into the echo of a sound that was spinning out loud
(the message slid down the street and whispered through the apple trees)
some old broken joker said there's no more luck,
but to all deaf hopeless homesteaders, let a little window open up...

Moonlight bouncing
off eager open eyes that haven't seen a shadow,
but glaring gazing to the sky,
instead of looking down to dancing feet under the ground
(the hopeful are out in the street laughing under apple trees)
some old broken joker said there's no more luck,
but to all deaf hopeless homesteaders let a little window open up...
A framing shapeless shoulder waits for peasant children to come and have a cry
but it's just too late
and mold grows on paper trails that should have shown the shoulder to be too frail
(but innocence plays in the street and dreams about the apple trees)
some old broken joker said there's no more luck,
but to all deaf hopeless homesteaders let a little window open up

(by Davyd Nereo)