

Okkervil River, A Stone

Hot breath, rough skin, warm laughs and smiling, the loveliest words whispered and meant - you like
stubborn and brave, and
suitors would journey from
kingdoms away to make
themselves known. And I think that I know the bitter dismay
of a lover who brought fresh
bouquets every day when she
turned him away to remember some knave who once gave just
one rose, one day, year