

Red House Painters, Dragonflies

this is the first you spoke of it
in your black magic house
in a cold damp attic
two windows stare at us like eyes
behind them
december's dark
early morning sky
and a couple of
dead trees
with their ornamental stars
i thought by now that i
figured your head out
until now i thought i
figured your body out
so please help me to understand
because i love you
more than anyone
i wonder in what fields today
you're chasing dragonflies at play
my little lost girl
so far away

this is the first you spoke of it