

Rickie Lee Jones, Leaving Through The Forest Path

In the dominion of pillars of faith
Her nest toppled by the march winds
She set out through the forest
On a cloudy day
The dower sky whining over tea, the weakened
Country side rolling over onto his side to watch for
Coming night.

Sick with fever now the cottages glowed from within,
And all the plump women fanned the fires and cooked
The soups and warmed the water for the baths of small
Children.

This one bathes with a sail boat.
That one uses kitchen spoons and bottles.
Meanwhile
The grass shivers
The cars in the driveway
Pull restlessly at horizontal lines
Thrown carelessly across
The yard.