

Tom Verlaine, Red Leaves

(Verlaine)

We shuffled our faces
laughing like fish.
Really flip flappin'
We had not a wish.
You said, "Look, the ceiling's down,"
You said it five times
with that beautiful frown

Red leaves whirling
across my lawn

I see you weaving.
What dost thou sew?
You look at the floor.
You say, "I really don't know"

I asked my darlin'
why she talks so slow.
She said, "It's the mud above
and the stars below."