

# Jewel, Poem Song

I like to call you my wild horse  
(and feed you silver sage ? )  
I'd like to paint my poems with  
Desert tongued clay across her back  
And ride you savagely as the sweet and southern wind  
Through green and wild kentucky

I'd like to make you my secret song  
Blaze and dark and red in the orchards  
And I would steal away to watch the way  
Your silver belly bends and bows beneath me

I'd make you my wings in the foothills of montana  
My lover in the oceans of the world  
I'd make you... of children  
And I would scatter you across my green memories of home  
I'd make you my hungry valley  
And sow your golden fields and wheats my own

If I were a painter  
I would paint you with this note  
Silver traces on your skin  
And if I were a writer  
I would write these words on your back  
In desert tongue clay, deep in (your wind? )

I'd make you my secret song  
Blazing in the orchard  
And I would steal away  
To watch the way your silver belly  
Bends and bows beneath me

I'd make you my wings in the foothills of montana  
Make you my lover in the oceans of the world  
I'd make you my calico children  
And I would scatter you across my green memories of home  
I'd be your hungry valley  
And I'd sow your golden fields of wheat my own

If I were a writer  
I would make you my wild horse  
I'd paint you silver sage and  
Ride you savagely through green wild country

(? ? ? ) swedish verses

And you are the rose on my alter  
I worship you eternally in flight  
Like the wave ?

I'll dip you in these praises like cobwebs  
And watch them....?  
For your hair is the rain  
And it soaks across the continents of my skin  
These hands that worship you so completely

You see this woman standing before you  
Naked and seared, true of intent,  
I don't need you  
I want you near

For you are my love  
You are my flower of the sun

You are my lover for all time  
You wake in the morning  
For your sun(flowers? )  
You wake in the morning  
With your kiss

I'll be your hungry valley  
And sow your golden fields of wheat...?

And you are the rose on my alter  
I worship you eternally in flight  
Like the wave ?

You be my calico children  
I'll scatter you across my green memories of home