

Marcy Playground, Coming Up From Behind

A cloaking robe of elvenkind
hangs in my wardrobe behind
All those things that mother
said were proper for a boy
And I know I could not say why
On this summer evening
Sixteen books on magic spells
stacked below the cloak of elves
And sixteen books on magic spells
so elegantly bound
And I know I could not say why
On this summer evening
And I know something...something about you
And I know something...something about you
A cloaking robe of elvenkind
hangs in my wardrobe behind
All those things that mother said
were proper for a boy