

# Me Without You, In A Sweater, Poorly Knit

In a sweater poorly knit, and an unsuspecting smile  
Little Moses drifts downstream in the Nile  
A fumbling reply -- an awkward, rigid laugh  
I'm carried helpless by my floating basket raft

Your flavor in my mind swings back and forth between sweeter than any wine, and bitter as mustard  
Light and dark as honeydew and pumpernickle bread

The trap I set for you seems to have caught my leg instead

As you plow some other field and try and forget my name, see what harvest yields, and, supposing  
I planted rows of peas, but by the first week of July -- they should have come up to my knees but they

Take the fingers from your flute to weave your colored yarns, and boil down your fruit to preserves

But now books are overdue and the goats are underfed... the trap I set for you seems to have caught

You're a door-without-a-key, a field-without-a-fence  
You made a holy fool of me, and I've thanked you ever since  
If she comes circling back, we'll end where we'd begun  
Like two pennies on the train track the train crushed into one

Or if I'm a crown without a king, if I'm a broken, open seed  
If I come without a thing, I come with all I need  
No boat out in the blue, no place to rest your head  
The trap I set for you seems to have caught my leg instead

I  
do  
not  
exist  
only  
YOU  
exist