

Neva Dinova, Spring Cleaning

Amy's got a baby in her stomach,
she took my hand and I felt it kick,
so she's crying and glowing,
she's three months and showing
seeing her now makes me want to live.
But her mans got an angry mouth,
he once told me to rot in hell,
he's poisonous, reasonless, demons and jesus,
if he died it'd be just as well.
So I'm having it out with the rain.
It argues so long and so loud.
It keeps tapping and talking we're walking forever
on 1st Avenue Headed South.
And all the traffic lights blur,
into a bright bouquet,
my heart is in mothballs,
it's been packed away,
and I can't get to it, no way,
until the birds return for spring cleaning.
All the traffic lights blur
into a bright bouquet,
I wish I could just turn and walk away,
but I can't do it, no way,
until the birds return for spring cleaing.