

# Noa, Mushrooms

sometimes I am pitted and bare  
like a small bookstore after a fire  
I know I'll find no harbor there  
the stormy waves keep getting higher

sometimes I am washed of color  
like a drawing on the sidewalk after rain  
and I know the time is right now  
to give birth to words again

Big Mushroom over the city  
police are running tests  
Little Mushroom  
she was found  
squeezed in with all the rest

sometimes there is no road  
like the Day of Atonement in a car  
and everything looks different with  
a broken heart

Big Mushroom over the city  
police are running tests  
Little Mushroom  
she was found  
squeezed in with all the rest

Sometimes I am numb of anger  
like the Square where memory will wane  
and I try to find comfort in written words  
for this burning pain

Big Mushroom over the city  
police are running tests  
Little Mushroom  
she was found  
squeezed in with all the rest

Big Mushroom over the city  
who's to tell the futures course?  
Little Mushroom  
she was found  
far away from the forest.