

Over The Rhine, My Love Is A Fever

my love is a fever
my love is a fable
my love is jazz licks
improvised by toddlers
bold Ulysses by nursery rhyme
and firelight
my love is a metamorphosis
reason
cold logic intuitively speaking
my love is syncopated
spoon-fed
ignorant
well-read
my love is singular
my love is commonplace
as a gravedigger's own
birthplace
my love is a medicine
feeds the sick
heals the poor
turns up the volume
on the blind
my word it's a trip
like a migraine
on a moving train
it parachutes
aeroplanes
watch it fly
eyes soar
hands clap
ears ring
it's a sand trap
hair raising
amazing grey city
transformations
as lips sink
stomachs ache
monkeys shine
fire flies
foxes trot
hobs knob
porches swing
brains storm
hearts attack and air supplies
heads light
tails spin
steeple chase you
along your chin
rock slides
out of the woods now
a virgin in buckskin moccasins
tall thin
she plays your mandolin
so maudlin you begin to spin
out of the woods now