

Oysterhead, Little Faces

In the dawn
When my toes are cold
They spread their little trinkets on the ground
In the hall
By the closet door
They creep into my bed without a sound
On a cube
In a plastic egg
A hundred fabric figures in a pile
See them march
Toward me in a line
And dance across the floor in single file

Little faces keep no track of time
Little faces speaking out in rhyme
Little faces smiling in my mind

Tiny doors
For walking through
While sticky fingers clutch forbidden things
And the phone
For talking through
They often pull the cable when it rings
Sinking ships
On a foamy sea
That roll and tumble slowly from
the motion of their filthy
Little hands
Their little hands

Little faces keep no track of time
Little faces speaking out in rhyme
Little faces smiling in my mind

In the dark
When their eyes are wide
They listen to the secrets that I tell
In a ball
On their tiny beds
Or beneath them where the shadow people dwell
And the moon
Beams that split the night
Leave bars of yellow pasted on their faces
As they drift into a dream
In a dream

Little faces keep no track of time
Little faces speaking out in rhyme
Little faces smiling in my mind