

Po' Girl, Green Apples

fog and water, mist and sea
what the next league brings a mystery
bays and mountains lush and bleak
what you find here you can keep

indifferent love bitter as hate
feeling woke too little too late
sun and rain, wind and wild fire
storm on the headland cool the ashes of desire

a winter garden bears no fruit
the only root that thrives is rue
let me go i long to see
green apples flowering on the tree
let me go i long to see
green apples falling from the tree