

Promise Ring, Forget Me

All trees are oaks,
All birds are blue.
In the mountains of a magnet,
Are the mountains of you
I'm proud of my genius, just like a painter
And dumb like a poet I think
I can just say it from the throats of our wrists,
With full sets of teeth,
Vanilla almond teeth.
From vanilla almond tea spent afternoons measuring time in spoons
A southern run for a late longing to drink.

What's 80 miles in Canada or 18 years in the mountains?
Where all trees are oaks and all birds are blue, ach' du
I thought everyone was you.
Where forget-me-nots and marigolds and other things
That don't get old
Don't get old between one june and september
You're all I remember
But I'm a lantern, my head a moon.
I married a room where I'll at least keep my hands in order,
And what about the air, lying awake.