

The Shape Of Things

Blossom Dearie

Completely round is the perfect pearl
The oyster manufactures;
Completely round is the steering wheel
That leads to compound fractures.
Completely round is the golden fruit
That hangs from the orange tree.
Yes, the circle shape is quite renowned,
And sad to say, it can be found
In the low down, dirty runaround
My true love gave to me, yes,
My true love gave to me.

Completely square is the velvet box
He said my ring would be in.
Completely square is the envelope
He said farewell to me in.
Completely square is the handkerchief
I flourish constantly,
As I dry my eyes of the tears I shed,
And blow my nose that turned bright red;
Completely square is my true love's head:
He will not marry me, no, he will not marry me.

Rectangular is the hotel door
My true love tried to sneak through.
Rectangular is the transom
Over which I had to peek through.
Rectangular is the hotel room I entered angrily.
And rectangular is the wooden box,
Where lies my love neath the golden phlox.
They say he died from the chicken pox,
In part I must agree: one chick too many had he!

Triangular is the piece of pie
I eat to ease my sorrow.
Triangular is the hatchet blade
I plan to hide tomorrow.
Triangular the relationship
That now has ceased to be.
And triangular is the garment thin
That fastens on with a safety pin
To a prize I had no wish to win;
It's a lasting memory that my true love gave to me