

# Goose Eggs

Joanna Newsom

What we built, at the kiln that won't be stilled  
Did not set well

The old veil of desire  
Like the vessels that we fired  
Fell thin as eggshells

And every season, somebody burns  
Downtown, taking turns  
Taking a bus, to take a train and just plain vamoose  
Now the wind blows coals over the hills. Honey  
I've been paying my bills  
But honey it's been a long time since I've come to any use  
And it hurt me bad, when I heard the news  
That you'd got that call, and could not refuse

A goose, alone, I suppose, can know the loneliness of geese  
Who never find their peace, whether North, or South, or West, or East, West  
or East  
And I could never find my way  
To being the kind of friend you seemed to need in me  
Till the needing had ceased

Recently, a bottle of rye, and a friend, and me  
On our five loose legs  
Had a ramble, and spoke  
Of the scrambling of broken hopes, and goose eggs  
And of a stranger, long ago  
(Not you, honey! You, I know.)  
We just spoke of broken hopes and old strangers  
Now the wind blows coals over the sea. Tell you what, honey:  
You and me better run and see if we can't contain them, first

But you had somewhere that you had to go  
And you caught that flight out of Covalo  
Now, overhead, you're gunning in those Vs  
Where you had better find your peace  
Whether North, or South, or West, or East  
West or East  
And I had better find my way  
To being the kind of friend you seemed to need in me  
At last (at least)

What's redacted will repeat  
And you cannot learn that you burn when you touch the heat  
So we touch the heat  
And we cut facsimiles of love and death  
(just separate holes in sheets  
Where you cannot breathe, and you cannot see)

And I cannot now, for the life of me, believe our talk  
Our flock had cause to leave  
But do we?  
Do we?