

# Sunday Morning, At A Funeral

La Dispute

Sunday Morning still  
laid innocent in sheets,  
barely half asleep.  
Sunday Morning I was dreaming I was turning from a busy street  
into a parking lot.

Sunday Morning broke  
and dragged me out of bed,  
slightly less asleep.  
Sunday Morning I was warming all the cold parts of my head  
in cups and coffee pots.

In the Winter I wonder  
what it's like to be anywhere else,  
to be anywhere but here.  
If I leave and don't return I hope the factories get full  
of people making furniture, with  
the river running clear.

Sunday Morning fell  
apart and back to sleep,  
where I was running late,  
where I looked out of place.  
Sunday Morning pace of steady, nervous feet  
headed for the church doors.

Sunday Morning dressed  
in suits and shades of black.  
Sunday Morning soft in Sunday best.  
Sunday someone's never coming back here  
to this place anymore.

In the Winter I wonder  
what it's like to be anywhere else,  
to be anywhere but here.  
If I leave and don't return I hope the factories get full  
of people making furniture, with  
the river running clear.

Sunday Morning stared  
at rows of crowded pews.  
Half or all asleep,  
looking for a seat.  
Sunday Morning waiting for a call from you  
but didn't hear my phone ring.

Sunday Morning had  
to sit and watch you bawl.  
Sunday Morning left the ringer off.  
Sunday Morning missed it when you called and  
couldn't do a thing  
but watch.

In the Winter I wonder what it's like to be where you are.  
In the Winter I wonder what it'd be like if you were still here.  
Would the factories fill?  
Would the river run clear?

Would the river run?

Sunday Morning dreamt  
about a moment passed,  
about a time I failed.

Sunday Morning I was staring at a clock, trying to push it back.  
Sunday Morning wished to be a kid.

Sunday Morning shook  
me all the way awake.  
Stirred me from the dream.

Sunday Morning I was thinking of a phone call I should make  
but never did.  
I never did.