

Snow Drums

Piano Magic

Three on the backseat as we drive home from rehearsal
There's snow on the drums
The snare shudders like a cold ghost between my mittens
in the trunk, guitars slide like dead over dead
It's stopped snowing
We think we see foxes
I breathe a canvas on the window to write your name on the landscape
The sky is a grey flint from coast to coast with birds frozen in
Magic Trees share the dashboard with a Playdoh Jesus
Grapelli and Reinhardt lock horns on the radio
I draw a black skull on my jeans, not thinking, through to the skin
the headlamps come on at five
I miss you bad