

That Summer

Bishop Allen

That summer they came to chainsaw the trees
That the beetles had scarred with their dreaded disease

And so many tears poured right out of your head
Stained the big pillow on your mothers bed

That evening you snuck in a passionate kiss
Beneath the old bandstand and your lovers lips

Where all honey suckle and slippery teeth
And together you laughed in the darkening breeze

That fourth of July, you giggled and waved
The jewel of the float in the big town parade

Look at this picture, there's no evidence
That you didn't feel right, and never have since