

Raise your family of ghosts and spirits, Sir, we really need to drink from your wine. And yes, your skeletons in the closets (might I bring a few of mine?).

Let's see what we can't see, unlock your books for a change. Glass excavated... bits of china... Mulberry Row scars still remain.

Bones are everywhere, aren't they? Our families spring from their graves. Their Sunday Best don't fit them bones the same way and wine is seeping from the barrel staves...again.

I'm in your tea room toasting lives unchanged (while music's playing by the garden's edge). Outside rusted joints prove souls asleep can flowers bloom from this vintage? Relative Skeletons nervously shuffle, we glance around community of our own. Quiet valley drips with hints of laughter. Mr. Jefferson, can we slip these bones?

And bones are everywhere, aren't they? What do you think they'd see through those trees? 'Resurrected Spirits Dancing,' you don't say!? (The minstrel's new arrangement of History).

We danced and drank the sun! It overflowed and washed the past away. We roamed! Echo! Laughter! Spirits danced a jig around their graves...
...Then came the rain.

A garden craves a balance of both (I guess so).
From the garden, they're all running from the garden, we're all looking for the garden. So much to maintain.
Bones are everywhere aren't they? Ghostly spirits dash right past me. Finding hidden spaces, favored places. Families disperse to their graves.
Bones are here to stay aren't they? We cultivate the bones that we're of. Sir, if you caught me drunk on wisdom, would you say I've had enough?