

Andy, do you love me?
Do you think about it, will you say
Turning brushwood into blazes
Turning summer grass into hay
Turning sharply past the graveyard to the lakefront
With the black waves licking up the stones
To the swayed back screened in front porch
Who could ever stay the weight of flesh and bones

Andy, aren't you tired?
From the sun and rain and river soaking you
From the beer cans on your dashboard
And the bullet hole glass spiderweb staining your rearview
I have watched you watch an empty road
Is it only her upon which all of you's depending
To fill your twenty hour work day
While all the fences in this county still need mending

And in the night I do my checking
And fix the broken part with visions of rare beauty
But in my heart I know I'm second
Forever fixed in you pursuit it is my duty

Andy, will you toss me
A little scrap of something I can taste
Instead of dust from all the leaving
And the smell of summer lying here to waste
Under the burnt pyre of all the cast away
The tiny shoots will spring like questions will you take me
Out to the fenced field sprinkled with horses
Wild in resistance to the taming will you break me