

Goose Eggs

Joanna Newsom

What we built, at the kiln that won't be stilled
Did not set well

The old veil of desire
Like the vessels that we fired
Fell thin as eggshells

And every season, somebody burns
Downtown, taking turns
Taking a bus, to take a train and just plain vamoose
Now the wind blows coals over the hills. Honey
I've been paying my bills
But honey it's been a long time since I've come to any use
And it hurt me bad, when I heard the news
That you'd got that call, and could not refuse

A goose, alone, I suppose, can know the loneliness of geese
Who never find their peace, whether North, or South, or West, or East, West
or East
And I could never find my way
To being the kind of friend you seemed to need in me
Till the needing had ceased

Recently, a bottle of rye, and a friend, and me
On our five loose legs
Had a ramble, and spoke
Of the scrambling of broken hopes, and goose eggs
And of a stranger, long ago
(Not you, honey! You, I know.)
We just spoke of broken hopes and old strangers
Now the wind blows coals over the sea. Tell you what, honey:
You and me better run and see if we can't contain them, first

But you had somewhere that you had to go
And you caught that flight out of Covalo
Now, overhead, you're gunning in those Vs
Where you had better find your peace
Whether North, or South, or West, or East
West or East
And I had better find my way
To being the kind of friend you seemed to need in me
At last (at least)

What's redacted will repeat
And you cannot learn that you burn when you touch the heat
So we touch the heat
And we cut facsimiles of love and death
(just separate holes in sheets
Where you cannot breathe, and you cannot see)

And I cannot now, for the life of me, believe our talk
Our flock had cause to leave
But do we?
Do we?