

Sunday Morning, At A Funeral

La Dispute

Sunday Morning still
laid innocent in sheets,
barely half asleep.
Sunday Morning I was dreaming I was turning from a busy street
into a parking lot.

Sunday Morning broke
and dragged me out of bed,
slightly less asleep.
Sunday Morning I was warming all the cold parts of my head
in cups and coffee pots.

In the Winter I wonder
what it's like to be anywhere else,
to be anywhere but here.
If I leave and don't return I hope the factories get full
of people making furniture, with
the river running clear.

Sunday Morning fell
apart and back to sleep,
where I was running late,
where I looked out of place.
Sunday Morning pace of steady, nervous feet
headed for the church doors.

Sunday Morning dressed
in suits and shades of black.
Sunday Morning soft in Sunday best.
Sunday someone's never coming back here
to this place anymore.

In the Winter I wonder
what it's like to be anywhere else,
to be anywhere but here.
If I leave and don't return I hope the factories get full
of people making furniture, with
the river running clear.

Sunday Morning stared
at rows of crowded pews.
Half or all asleep,
looking for a seat.
Sunday Morning waiting for a call from you
but didn't hear my phone ring.

Sunday Morning had
to sit and watch you bawl.
Sunday Morning left the ringer off.
Sunday Morning missed it when you called and
couldn't do a thing
but watch.

In the Winter I wonder what it's like to be where you are.
In the Winter I wonder what it'd be like if you were still here.
Would the factories fill?
Would the river run clear?

Would the river run?

Sunday Morning dreamt
about a moment passed,
about a time I failed.

Sunday Morning I was staring at a clock, trying to push it back.
Sunday Morning wished to be a kid.

Sunday Morning shook
me all the way awake.
Stirred me from the dream.

Sunday Morning I was thinking of a phone call I should make
but never did.
I never did.