

Cattail Down

mewithoutYou

Cattail Down, the morning rail yard whistle blows.
Cattail Down, our boxcar bound for no-one-knows.
After every hidden seed out from its covering has been free and
every book has been discarded from the bookshelf.
Cattail Down, in the forgetting of myself.
Cattail Down, replace the feathers in our vest.
Cattail Down, surround the ivy that's gone to poison in my chest.
The Parachute broke loose!, cried the Goose with misplaced (but
understandable) concern for his little Brother's mental health
, his happy little Brother in the forgetting of himself.

Cattail Down, around the bulrush the pollen shed.
Cattail Down, to dress my wounds, it left a Bee sting in their
stead.

Have been anger thoughts from out my head

Headed east out of St. Paul we stopped for water, rested in the
cemetery, watched the Mississippi.
Running out of food stamps, found a bag along the footpath off
highway 61, filled with what looked like marijuana.
(don't worry, Mom, we left it there...)
Hopped a grainer out of Pig's Eye toward Milwaukee, the Deer be
tween the tower and the tracks saw right through us, said:
You don't know where you came from, you don't know where you're
going.
You think you're you, but you don't know who you are, you're not
you...
you're Everyone Else.

You're Everyone Else...