

## Blow Your Nose

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The earth moves and the sun keeps still  
Bathwater tides come in  
A bird hits the window pane  
With a joyless sound  
That echoes round and round

In your belly swim the spores  
We picked off the forest floors  
And if you must cry with grief  
Blow your nose right on my sleeve

Dreams push out reality  
Sand kisses fingertips  
Ghosts sing behind your ear  
For the one you loved, who's never coming back

In the bathtub swim the spores  
We picked off the forest floors  
And if you must cry with grief  
Blow your nose right on my sleeve

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