

Peacock Parasols

of Montreal

Oh I woke up in Divarrje pledging P.P. icycles and Lamar
I don't even know Heard about my love for fairy
coquelicot oh oh oh oh oh oh. Oh I made crepes for P.P.
sleep he's in the astronomer naming a few beds that
aren't far Persuading him to sleep his dreams in jars oh
oh oh oh oh. Plummy plum drops of pear shaped rain and
tear drops dripping pastly from peacock parasols that
obcure the mad procession. oh oh oh I modeled hoops of
glass to console P.P. who buried his hands but can't
remember when even if he wears his hair like then oh oh
oh is that coquelicot peering through the poppies,
peeping through the poppies oh oh oh coquelicot
coquelicot