

## Parakeet

R.E.M.

You wake up in the morning  
and fall out of your bed  
mean cats eat parakeets  
and this one's nearly dead.  
You dearly wish the wind would shift  
and greasy window slide  
open for the parakeet  
who's colored bitter lime.

Open the window  
and lift into your dreams  
lately, baby  
you can barely breathe.

A broken wrist  
an accident  
you know that something's wrong  
you fold the leavings of your past  
no one knows you've gone.  
The sunspot flares of the early  
nineties light up your wings.  
And scan the shortwave radio  
it's tracking outer rings.

The tectonic dispatcher shifts  
to smooth the ocean floor  
and flattens out to warmer winds  
of Brisbane's sunny shore.  
Where Buddhas tend to mending wrists  
a tea made from the leaves  
of eucalyptus fragrances  
and coriander seeds.

You wake up in the morning  
to warm Pacific breeze  
where mean cats chew licorice  
and cannot climb the trees.

Open your window  
and lift into a dream  
baby, baby  
baby starts to breathe