

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 techtonic 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