

## Sundays And Holidays

Red House Painters

what do you think in the back seat  
travelling through the yellow open state  
am i too slow to turn my thoughts to  
words  
to turn meaningless to meaning  
am i too down to notice smell and sound  
to tell dull from bright  
let the sad winter moon turn slow to my  
future  
and the cool dark air cover me in my  
nearing bed  
where angels, men and mothers  
get to spend their sundays and holidays  
where curtains hide the ugly scenes inside  
from the rest of us  
what's inside the brick walls of divide?  
barred window screens  
hospital - not a love scene  
hospital - not a calm ocean