

Vegetable Friend

Robyn Hitchcock

Where do spiders wander?
In and out thunder.
I will sit and wonder,
With my vegetable friend.

Where do lions water
After casual slaughter?
I will kiss the daughter
Of my vegetable friend.

Where the sky is glistening,
Nobody is listening.
I'll go to the christening
Of my vegetable friend.

It's raining in Europe,
But I've got no proof.
I've got the semolina blues.

Where two eggs are boiling,
They will not need oiling.
I'm forever toiling
With my vegetable friend.

Under dirty sacking,
Somebody is cracking.
Nobody is lacking,
Like my vegetable friend.