

The Garden at Night

The Clientele

the garden at night
is a magical place
wind in the willows
and rain on the slate
a dead woman walks
through the larches and pine
the nutter next door
still acts like a swine

an ache in the eyes
and an ache in the palms
chimaeras and ghosts
and moments of calm
uneasy uneasy
despite all the jokes
something's moving
in the green laurel grove

i decided to split
when i heard the school bell
a woman was laughing
a quiet evening fell
my friends were returning
my lovers in sight
all coming back
to the garden at night