

Broom People

The Mountain Goats

'36 Hudson in the garage
All sorts of junk in the unattached spare room
Dishes in the kitchen sink
New straw for the old broom

Friends who don't have a clue
Well-meaning teachers
But down in your arms, in your arms
I am a wild creature

Floor two-foot high with newspapers
White carpet thick with pet hair
Half-eaten gallons of ice cream in the freezer
Fresh fuel for the sodium flares

I write down good reasons to freeze to death
In my spiral ring notebook
But in the long tresses of your hair
I am a babbling brook