

Maize Stalk Drinking Blood

The Mountain Goats

Lying in the hot sun today
Watching the clouds run away
Thought a little while about you
The sky was a petrifying blue

And while the geese flew past
For no reason at all, I let the sky fall
This is an empty country
And I am the king, and I should not be allowed to touch
anything

I picked myself up off the ground
Shook the grass from my hair and I walked around
Felt the warm sun in my eye
Strangers were passing by

I shimmied up the black walnut tree
Let the hard blue sky fall right through me
And I saw the sad young cardinals trying to sing
And I should not be allowed to touch anything