

Original Air-Blue Gown

The Mountain Goats

Rain all burned away
The horseflies are an irridescent green
Plums boiled down to a pulp
Drying on a screen

Bright red air inside the house here
I can barely draw breath
Dark blue shapes pop behind my eyelids
I am not afraid of death

And on the television
Black and white footage of the young Cassius Clay
My god, my god, my god
He was something

Fists flashing as he comes toward the screen
Sailing headlong into nothing
And disappearing, reappearing
Out there in the clearing

Floating down the slight breeze
That plays along the edges of the leaves
It's you, it's you
It's you