

## 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