

Pink and Blue

The Mountain Goats

Wind out of Oklahoma this morning smelled like blood and smoke

And the crows discuss their future in the branches of their Louisiana live oak

The limbs are strong and heavy and its leaves are all aglow

And the branches brush the upper air but the roots reach down to where the bad people go

And what will I do with you?

Pink and blue

True gold

Nine days old

Nice new clothes on you and an old cardboard produce box for a cradle

I mashed some bananas in a coffee cup and I fed you there at the kitchen table

Crows outside complaining about the finer points of local politics

Strange wind all full of new smells, rust and fur and reception sticks

And what will I do with you?

Pink and blue

True gold

Nine days old