

Mrs Green

The Posies

Miserable Mrs. Green sit by yourself and think awhile
Of all that once could have been instead of what is now
How does it even feel, you're no longer Madame Butterfly
Yesterday operas have quickly passed you by

Mrs. Green, you're older but you're really no more cleaver
Things that you were thinking I am thinking I will never think
at all
Volumes of photograhs held in your Einsenhower hands
Newer world intellect could never understand
You tore yourself apart all for the neighborhood and kids
And never forgave yourself for acting as you did

Where is your family and why did they lock you up inside
And what will they talk about after you have died
Who scared the birds away by lining the nest with demands
And using the iron first but not a helping hand

Mrs. Green I know you're not as happy as you can be
As you watch my next leaf turn, you're turning green with envy
over me