

## When Mute Tongues Can Speak

The Posies

When mute tongues can speak  
And relate their need  
I make fun of skins laying in a dark room  
In a piglet's eye  
If the dream had wings  
Then the nest of feathers could freeze without them

I never knew how to fear correctly  
When we were seven we would hit directly  
By some misgiving that you dealt ineptly  
All was forgiven when you knelt to help me

See the boy of smiles  
With the teardrop shape  
Shuddering and crying with the wind knocked from him  
And the kids just stare  
Is this guy for real  
Some mistakes are all too apparent

It's nothing personal--just a lousy memory  
Dissected birds are my adopted family  
I pool myself until I see anemones  
All was forgiven when you knelt to help me

In a can of boys  
Across a crowd of thorns  
Everyone is laughing all expensive painful  
Windbreaker is torn  
Friendly tree has scars  
Experience is necessary to be normal

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When we were seven we would hit directly  
By some misgiving that you dealt ineptly  
All was forgiven when you knelt to help me

It's me