

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

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

It's me