

Forget Me

The Promise Ring

All trees are oaks
All birds are blue
In the mountains of a magnet
Are the mountains of you

I'm proud of my genius just like a painter
And dumb like a poet I think
I can just say it from the throats of our wrists
With full sets of teeth

Vanilla almond teeth
From vanilla almond tea spent afternoons measuring time in spoons
A southern run for a late longing to drink
What's 80 miles in canada or 18 years in the mountains

Where all trees are oaks and all birds are blue, ach' do
I thought everyone was you
Where forget-me-nots and marigolds and other things
That don't get old

Don't get old between one June and September
You're all I remember
But I'm a lantern, my head a moon
I married a room where I'll at least keep my hands in order

And what about the air, lying awake.