

## 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.