

## Hope Tomorrow

The Weepies

Where we live spring comes early  
Trees in bloom when the northern country  
is covered in snow

A windy fitful day in winter  
charging toward the Ides of May  
The climate now is cling to splinters  
We hold hands while we work and play  
and hope tomorrow is a sunny day

Where we live men are women  
Women are teenage boys  
and everyone wants to look like them,  
but be like men

Rubens would have loved you  
and painted you that way  
With your pen and paper,  
paying quiet attention to a lady with a plastic face  
So thin, so thin she might blow away...