

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...