

## The Attic

Van Dyke Parks

I was there upon  
A four poster there  
Mind tousled  
I came to bear  
Some thoughts from the past  
Amid a dash of influenza

And then I came to see in baggage  
The memories of truncated souvenirs  
The war years

High moon I said  
High moon lighted  
High moon eye  
To my moon

Far beyond the blue mist  
Enveloped lawn  
The blanketed night comes on  
The champagne is dead and gone  
The forest around sensitive sound forest primeval  
Through the panes cloud buttermilk  
War remains and twisted cross  
War refrains lunatic so

High moon I said  
High moon lighted  
High moon eye  
To my moon

Your age will most probably  
Carry away the letters enveloped in carrion  
Vague unpleasantries of the war  
May your son's progenitorship  
Of the state haphazardly help him to carry on  
God send your son safe home to you

High Moon  
You're eye  
To my moon