

## May I Call You Beatrice

Wild Strawberries

Just a little thought in the head of the one  
With the sunburnt cheeks and the eyes to the ground  
Making earwaxed tongue-tied gutter sounds  
Thinking of the lost rib, dialing the indelible  
Thinking the unthinkable-no one's home  
And the eyes say I don't believe we've met  
I don't believe you've had the privilege  
I don't believe we've met  
When the wind blows cold  
And the eyes of the child grow old  
When the erratic conga rises and falls  
Above the faithful metronome  
You can take me back to the gravestone  
See her strain from the weight of the globe  
Spinning around his assumptions-barefoot and tight-lipped  
He in his favourite chair blowing his world around  
First she's Beatrice, then she's a pumpkin  
Then she's a faded leaf in a book on his pantry shelf  
The head sees the hand play with the ring in the pocket  
And the head knows the hand knows the ring is as round  
As the tear-soaked shoulder in a room in another town  
The ring is getting heavy and so is the crown  
Which she drags to the chair feebly to keep the swelling down  
When the bird in the bush is worth two in the hand  
And the empty cage holds the empty man  
The bird keeps flying from the Orgoglian rising  
And the phone keeps ringing and the phone keeps ringing  
And the ring keeps slipping and the phone  
And the phone keeps on ringing  
And he's thinking about the one who got away