

The Trees Were Mistaken

Andrew Bird

This is a story, some kind of a story
this is a story about about a boy and girl,
a girl and a boy, a boy.

only fighting.
that some boy in the dark while he learned to evolve
inverted crystal mountain kind of a story.

this is a story
man, about the serifs and ciphers that the scholars deciphered
translations of sanskrit
just as my handwritten story.
this is a story

where the singers begin to appear
in the spaces between all the dashes and braces
in the mothbitten story - of getting left behind.
this is a story

some kind of a story.

with the pages distressed sins you held to your chest,
they were mangled and dog eared, while the rest were just mangy and gory.

this is a story about the memory of water
translating the sound of the traffic.
remember the traffic?
it's making you carsick all along southfield freeway.

and translating mistakes and the trees were mistaken
and the trees for the woods and the sound of the trash
for the sound of the blowing leaves along the southfield freeway.

my name is a blackbird, this is a two tone.
feathers are warm in molasses,
twisting the words from the solids to gases.
now I don't have worry (of making it)
it's so unclear.

am I dead or am I dying
or am I simply tired of crying?

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