

Season High

Avey Tare

At the top of morning came the silver dangling rain
In every droplet Eucalyptus showed its face
A half-sunned hallway shot the rose and then retired
The running droplets soaked the reds and then expired

Today fantasy is on the range and the city's riding
Coralling, conniving

Today I'm looking for the thing that's raw
It's a chimps brawl
Like a stunt man I'm gonna take a fall

If all I needed was a bed and edibles
Not something bigger

Like Eucalyptus fading up and fading out

Something quiet

On another shore there's a little boy in a boat tonight

He says and if it's above me
I will kneel devoutly if it guides me

Guide me
If it guides me
Guide me

And if it's below me I'll caress it tenderly

Are we thriving?
We're thriving

Today Monterey's so far away I can hear it dying
Hippies are crying

Today Halloween can make me change
But my skin's design
Echoes a past high