

## Mornin' Glory

Iris DeMent

Mornin' glory, fuschia in green  
You sweet little Jezebel in my garden of dreams  
Petals clenched tightly in the late morning sun  
My day is just starting, Your day is done

Apple-green butterfly lites upon you  
Once, then again, he calls  
Trying so hard to get through  
He dances and somersaults  
Then floats away blue  
His bold ambition has failed to sway you

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Vines wrap the south side-porch  
Up the lattice they climb  
The clothes nearly touch the ground  
On that saggin clothes line  
Paint's peeled and screens are torn  
I got so much to do  
But I'll steal one minute more  
Of this glory with you

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