# Trick Spring

**Aloha**

Rhododendron hold your hand your world has reached the end
One thing has confused the ground and every sleeping bulb is waking now

Are you among these dying mounds all rotten and alone?
All my recent memories have stopped coming around

The trick of the trade, a season god has made
A totem to the heavens, a weathered machine
An impostor is upon us, another bony day
And all my simple feelings are melting away

The trick of the trade, a season god has made
A totem to the heavens, a weathered machine
An impostor is upon us, another gorgeous day
And all my simple feelings are melting away

All my cherished memories are melting away

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