

Whistle Clock

Assembly of Dust

Laughing bright eyed in the grass
I smelled your scent as your body passed
dreading Monday at Sunday noon
you'll be returning here none too soon

The touch of a supple woman
The love of a dog
soaking in simple pleasures
Like a crack in the fog

I saw pressure come pouring out
I cut you open and let it out
Then comes the piston stroke again
compressing muscle like oxygen

The purr of a perfect lover
The curve of a song
soaking in simple pleasure
like a crack in the fog

You may serve them roses
you may serve their delight
but when the working day closes
I sing you sweetly goodnight

You duck your head when the Banchee screams
and pray for days shorter than they seem
then comes the whistle clock again
you wanna leave but your legs can't bend

Still serving roses
serving roses and red