

## The Cold Acre

Augie March

There's a place I've been told  
And when I grow old I may go there  
I've been told that my family's bones  
May lie under the snow there  
With my little bag, with my little dog  
Who sleeps on my chest  
When he can't find a hole in a log  
When I go, my dog will know  
To leave his old fellow and find a new pillow  
Far from the chill of the cold acre  
Now there's a Hillydale here and a Lilydale there  
Where there's joy in the living, voices that ring in the air  
I'd stay there but sooner or later I'd have to go  
Where I don't know but when a dog knows it's on him  
He doesn't ask why he just goes, when I go my bones will know  
To pick up and follow the wagon that rolls on the cold acre  
My heart is a cold acre and my chest is a cold acre  
I don't grow any good anymore though I've seeded my soul  
With all kinds of love, that it aches so  
Though I wake from them mouthing  
They leave me not able to talk  
All these dreams are not nightmares  
But realms I've been choosing to walk  
With my little bag, with my little dog  
Who rests on my stomach and barks at the oncoming fog  
O but when I go with my lot in tow  
Like a vampire carry my piece in the earth  
To the place of my death to the plots of my birth  
My heart is a cold acre, in my chest is a cold acre  
I don't grow any good anymore though I've seeded my soul  
With all kinds of love that don't grow in a cold acre  
Nothing's cold acre in a cold acre  
I don't grow any good anymore from the bad  
Except there's one that you have, one that you had  
O grow, grow, grow, grow, grow  
And plant me in the only place I know that's the cold acre