

Mandarin

Big Words

Nectarines, rosemary
Don't fret on me, guitars playing
Mandarin skies are gone
When your problems under microscopes

Cold winter I like the fog
Breeze blows through my scarf
Chocolate frogs, dead flowers
Street silent, early hours

Don't speak when you're walking
Transport, tombstone hour
Leaves crunch under chucks
Honey spilled on the counter

Silver coins in the cup
I wake up like volcano
Heavy boulders, off my shoulders
Off the charger in the shower

Hot water, steamed glass
Wipe a circle off the mirror
See my self at my purest
Towel over me, don't shiver