

Spring

Bill Callahan

The wind is pushing the clouds along
Out of sight
A power is putting them away
A power that moves things neurotically
Like a widow with a rosary

Everything is awing and tired of praise
Mountains don't need my accolades
Spring looks bad lately anyway
Like death warmed over

And the bantam is preening madly
Waiting for the light of day
And all I want to do
Is to make love
To you

With a careless mind
With a careless, careless
Who care's what's mine?

We call it Spring though things are dying
Connected to the land like a severed hand
I see our house on a hill on a clear blue morning
When I am out walking my eyes are still forming
The door I walk through and I see
The true Spring is in you
The true Spring is in you

My wide worlds collide
And mind-wide words collide
And seasons kaleidoscoping

And all I want to do
All I want to do
Is to make love
To you

In the fertile dirt
In the fertile dirt
With a careless mind