

Mallet Hocket

Dirty Projectors

I want to
Give you
The world

The streams all drain into the lake
Here at the shore is where we trade
Beneath the oaks that offer shade
During the heat of day
The tributaries aggregate
Night awaits

The milkweed and the wind embrace
The governors negotiate
The wind slips through the silent gate
The clover and the Queen Anne's lace
The animals all stay away
The noisy place is too unsafe
Both insist they will not meet halfway
To be at war with DNA

Armistice day!

The forest floor dark in the day
And still we hope and hope again
Cooperate, cooperate