

The Poet Nurse And The Identical Queen

Dispatch

She bled so hard during his birth
She was the middle child, the poet nurse
To the union dying swayback horse
And the future of the universe

Can we get the king to catch the cannonball
When he was on the high wire
And the queen was on the trapeze, hanging from her knees
She could see revolution in the nose bleeds with a smile a mile wide

She found her son's heart that lives in a lucky unlucky man
To the strangers chest she holds her hand
He getting lost in the ceiling fan
And his modified American plan

Can we get the king to catch the cannonball
When he was on the high wire
And the queen was on the trapeze, hanging from her knees
She could see revolution in the nose bleeds with a smile a mile wide

The outcast, is digging in the yard
He found the mast of the Scottish second guard
But wait, when he found the Van Gogh
But no one lent an ear

Can we get the king to catch the cannonball
When he was on the high wire
And the queen was on the trapeze, hanging from her knees
She could see revolution in the nose bleeds with a smile a mile wide

Isn't there a peace we all been looking for
Day and night Far and wide
Don't everybody got to just grab hold, lock souls
All rising and prizing on the high tide