

Bitter Lemons

Donnie Iris

Take a hundred pounds of clay
My friend
And a hundred gallons of sea
And forty days of wind and rain
Behold the lemon tree
The tree it bears a holy fruit
A product of the earth
Good book tells how the snake
It sucked the sweetness from the dirt

The gods are laughing
They watch us grappling
What will we do with bitter lemons?
How tart the apple
How sweet the grape
No where in Heaven are bitter lemons?

A dozen packets of seeds
My friend
Six yards of midnight soil
Build a fence to keep the voodoo away
Mix vinegar with oil
When the fruit begins to sprout
I sensed the mighty power
The tomatoes sweet
And red as a beet
But the lemons have gone sour

I took a pretty woman for my wife
And dressed her in white lace
I laid her on the bed of lilies
Ran her like a race

I squeezed the lemons in the jar
Now I've got it made
Mmmm... taste like sugar baby
Sweet as lemonade