My Arboretum

Fiddlehead

On mountain tops, and I feel low
In the heart race, I'm running slow
You see the leaves shake, I see them blow

See a man fall a thousand times
To fall again, and then know why
It is spring time and I am blind

Smash your fist across my face:
Poor me in a lonely place with a hand in a hand I don't deserve

You can feel high, while I feel low

All things holy
Come, to pass us slowly
Great loves, truly & only lay down to die lonely

Now you see how I feel

Smash your fist across my face:
Poor me in a lonely place with a hand in a hand I don't deserve
While your arboretum sky sings out there, inside is a blank-black wall-stare
For light, turn me to you

But you know I'm low

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