

Spring And All

Greg Brown

Spring and what's left of the hippies return from old rooming houses and
Mexico.
More letters, more journals, more poems to burn; Real heat at last.
At last my words glow.

My friend Jim just broke up his band, the guys all have jobs and the nights
got too long.
He's selling the amps, one guitar, and the van.
I'm sure you could have it all for a song.

Snow on the north side, trash in the yard, love like a newspaper tattered
and stained.
A two bourbon twilight, fog from God's cigar.
the neighbor's retarded dog chasing the train.

Don't see any good in just hanging around, take a tip from the birds and
change the scene.
Find some long river and follow it down to where our old sins have washed
up in New Orleans.

Spring and what's left of the songbirds return, to fight about loving and
nesting and such.
Thanks for the letters you sent back to burn.
Their smoke is as light, and as dark, as your touch.