

The Squirrel Crossed The Road

Jane Siberry

The squirrel crossed the road
like a ribbon on a fan
and the afternoon cicada
threw a spell across this land
and the waves rolled off the Georgian rocks
and threw a friend upon the sand

Oh None
now I understand
that the searching never stops
until you have a man in mind
second booth the King's Head
leave the ordinary men behind
go ask them to play
all the glorious love songs they can find

As for you, Dewar
now I understand
that the searching never stops
until you have a drink in hand
drinking to your gloom
in the slow-whirl licensed room
ah, yes - she was lovely
you told us (many times)
'neath the moon

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Oh Madam
now I understand
that the searching never stops
until things are out of hand
then you jump up to heaven
pull down the wrath of God
you're alive when men are falling down
suspended when they're not

And oh Thomas
now I understand
that the searching never stops
until you are a man
whether early morning hunting deer
or women in the sand
that measured raging overdrive
makes you feel alive
a man

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Oh Sal
now I understand
that the searching never stops
until you're in a foreign land
haunting yourself at Delphi
or melting in Lausanne

or good times in Marbella
(yes - you have a lovely tan)

And Oh Little One
now I understand
that your searching never stops
until you leave your head
you want peace
thank God you laugh at what your friends said
they said - barefoot in the Himalayas
he'll just find his feet have spread
but in you I have greatest faith

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