

2 Blonde Braids

Mount Eerie

From your head grew two braids
Gold and long
Golden long hair, golden long hair
One braid on one side of your face hung
Cabled and calm
It seemed to say, as it swayed
That it hung there hoping to charm me
(Or somebody)
"Can you imagine me in your bed at dawn?"
Said your long hair, said your long hair
"Or kids with my face, can you see them?
Tiny and blonde!"
The other braid on the other side of your face was lost
In the folds of your clothing, having stayed there this morning
When you got up and put your clothes on
It seemed to say as it lay down your shoulder blade
"Leave me alone! Can't you let me be tucked in then go?
Why do you gawk there with the prying long stare?
I know you think I could make you happy
If you could just stroke golden long hair
But you're wrong there!"
So your two blonde braids sang me this song and, in between the
m, your
Face sang along, saying:
"Calm yourself down, Phil, be calm
You'll find that the beautiful long braids that you fawn over a
ching to
Own
Do in fact sway for you, though not you alone
There is also that gold in your palm, on your shoulder, and eve
rywhere
Where it belongs
So don't try to say 'Spring is my own private dawn!'
Because us braids and cute faces make moms
And more laughing and licking and kids and their mouths
All living their lives in the throng"