

Forget Me

Owen

All trees are oaks
And all birds are blue
In the mountains of a magnet
And the mountains of you
I'm proud of my genius just like a painter
And dumb like a poet I think I can, I think I can
Just say it from the throats
From the throats of our wrists
With full sets of teeth
Vanilla almond teeth
From vanilla almond tea spent afternoons
Spent afternoons
Measuring time in spoons

Where forget-me-nots and marigolds
And other things that don't get old
That don't get old
But between one June and September
You're all I remember
But I'm a lantern, my head a moon, I married a room
I married a room

All trees are oaks
And all birds are blue
Well ach' du
What's 80 miles in Canada or 18 years in mountain time
Time
A southern run for a late longing to drink
Where all trees are oaks and all birds are blue
Well ach' du
And all trees are oaks and all birds are blue
Ach' du
I thought everyone was you

Where forget-me-nots and marigolds and other things
That don't get old
Don't get old
But between one June and September
You're all I remember
But I'm a lantern, my head a moon, I married a room
I married a room where I'll at least keep my hands in order

Where forget-me-nots and marigolds and other things
That don't get old
Don't get old
But between one June and September
You're all I remember
But I'm a lantern, my head a moon, I married a room
I'll keep my hands in order

And what about the air, the air, lying awake
What about the air, the air, lying awake