

## Chickadees (and sipping tea)

Paula Cole

This isn't what I foresaw  
For you and me  
But here we are  
Post [?]

The chickadees have come again  
To partake in their daily bread  
I look to you and watch your hands  
Fumbling with your golden band  
Fumbling with your pipe  
And all your notions of a twenty-year-old man

How did we get so gray  
Somewhere along the way?  
You lay your burdens down  
The happy beyond the dreams

The things I wanted for myself  
Fit me like some hand-me-down  
They weren't as important as the years  
Of softness with my little girl  
And finding meaning in a world  
Where you are, where we are, where we love

Fumbling with my hair  
I'll place your finger in my mouth and hold you there  
I hold you there  
I hold you there

Another year, another snow  
You place the morning feeders out  
I see surrender in your gate  
Of things forgotten by middle age

The sailing seas, the foreign lands  
Of anchored in the every man  
A miracle, a little bird  
Has come aloft onto our world  
Fumbling with my heart again  
Chickadees and sipping tea

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