

Portrait Painter

The Bear Quartet

Weekend been here
Taking care of everything
Although it isn't much

Tell the inventor of crayons
Many wallpapers they've improved
And tell the funeral parlor

I still feel ripped off
Sick of making deals
I'm slipping on dead leaves

It's like he had two homes
And in this cabin
He kept what mattered most

Always open
But if anyone came too close
They'd pass through like a ghost

Never saw him
Sit still only in his boat
I was not welcomed there

So still, real still
As he was practicing
To finally give in

The cabinet's emptied,
Abandoned it will rot
I lock up and leave

The wooden rowboat
Half-sunken in the reeds
The wiping out proceeds

Tell that portrait painter
His eyes weren't that color, no
Still I recognize the glow

Drawing
Shows a boy whose rocket leaves
Disappearing over trees