

Rio Grande

The Oh Hellos

Somewhere down south of here
There's a woman with an armload of grass
Weaving a basket
That'll float the rio grande
She'll send her baby on it
The river running wild and fast
To curry the favor
Of whatever pharoah owns the land

A seed of an idea
Like mustard
Greens
Like newborn
Fingers, curled and
Half asleep
Awake

From her mouth, a vineyard
Of swears and hallelujahs entwined
A new wine is vinted
A blend of sweet commandment

Oh, to hell with the semantics
The camel and the cable confide
The eye of a needle
Is tall enough to stand inside

A seed of an idea
Like mustard
Greens
Like newborn
Fingers, curled and
Half asleep
Awake with a thunder
From underneath
Stretch up and reach through
The hardest part of me

May all our tinfoil idols
Lay crumpled on the ground
And our pre-fab olympus
Divided by the thousand
Yeah, maybe I'm naive for thinking
That a mountain so stubborn can move
But if I'm a mountain moving
I think maybe you could be, too