

## New Parade

The Sheila Divine

Miracles masked to mend  
The literal for illiterates  
In shady towns  
People forget

A union wage  
That extra tear  
We overpaid  
And disappeared  
Without a trace  
Into the voids

And we hope that someday  
We'll awaken in our garden  
To the sound of a new parade

They celebrate  
The coming years  
Until that one  
That we fear  
It's all numerals  
And zeros

And we hope that someday  
We'll awaken in our garden  
To the sound of a new parade

And we hope that someday  
We'll awaken in our garden  
Push off that war we waged  
We'll awaken in our garden  
To the sound of a new parade