

Elsie Brown

[Brett Perkins](#)

Elsie Brown has a suitcase
She carries in a cart round town
Filled with books, former newsdays
The pages we've all thrown out
Her hands are gnarled
Clothes are tattered
As she whispers her words to the air
But don't you think she doesn't matter
Because you've never seen the poetry there
And Elsie Brown talks to street lights
Sees them shining in the bright of day
And she smiles for the children
Sees them shining as they walk away
Her hands are gnarled
Clothes are tattered
As she whispers her words to the air
But don't you think she doesn't matter
Because you've never seen the poetry there
In Elsie Brown
And Elsie Brown has a daughter
She hasn't seen in fifteen years
I found this out in a letter
On the ground the day she disappeared
Her hands were gnarled
Clothes were tattered
As she whispered her words to the air
But don't you think she didn't matter
Because you've never seen the poetry there
In Elsie Brown

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