

Plum

Pity Sex

My mother loved the summer.
But not for the weather.
She loved the midseason plums.
June, July, August sweet ones.
My father kept them plenty.
Always stocked in our pantry.
Some ripe and some well past peak. '
Till she was too sick to eat.
Still at my childhood home.
The only home that I've known.
I spent her last few weeks there.
Watching her fade and wither.
I know what I should have done.
I should have buried those plums.
Somewhere they wouldn't be found.
Let them turn pits in the ground.
So he wouldn't have to watch them wilt too.
Cause My mother died in mid-June.
And I knew, oh I knew.
He couldn't look at the fruit.
No he would just let them prune.
My mother died in mid-June.
And I knew, oh I knew.
That day my father died too.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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