And This You Call Work

Iris DeMent

And this you call work is carefree existence--
Catching ere it's flown
What music has privately hinted,
And jestingly call it my own.And using another's blithe scherzo
For lines far too languid to run
To swear your poor heart is lamenting
In fields that smile back at the sun.And later, when pinewoods play trappist
Doing what bold eavesdroppers dare
While the fog's impalpable curtain
Hangs vaguely, as smoke on the air.Not feeling one qualm of conscience
I take things from left and right
Life is sly, but I take something from it
And all from the stillness of night.

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