

# April Grove

## Martina Topley-Bird

Watching the silent wings of  
Robber Fly  
I contemplate his victims  
As they die No one sheds a tear  
No one interferes  
Life will come and go this year  
In April Grove Under the moldy leaves some  
Springtails stay  
They hardly ever see the  
Light of day Till you scratch away  
At their roof of clay  
Then they always jump away  
In April Grove April Grove  
I'm an alien  
In clothing in your realm  
I'm alone  
I'm invading  
But you're holding me here  
And I'm overwhelmed getting stoned Watching meanderings of  
Swallowtails  
Following thistle blossom  
Pollen trails Sipping flower juice  
In the sun profuse  
Between shadows seeping through  
To April Grove April Grove  
I'm an alien  
In clothing in your realm  
I'm alone  
I'm invading  
But you're holding me here  
And I'm overwhelmed getting stoned Watching meanderings of  
Swallowtails  
Following thistle blossom  
Pollen trails No one interferes  
No one ever hears  
Life will come and go this year  
In April Grove

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