

# Peach, Plum, Pear

Jenifer Á•vila

We speak in the store  
I'm a sensitive bore  
You seem markedly more  
And I'm oozing surpriseBut it's late in the day  
And you're well on your way  
What was golden went gray  
And I'm suddenly shyAnd the gathering floozies  
Afford to be choosy  
And all sneezing darkly  
In the dimming divideAnd I have read the right book  
To interpret your look  
You were knocking me down  
With the palm of your eyeThis was unlike the story  
It was written to be  
I was riding its back  
When it used to ride meAnd we were galloping manic  
To the mouth of the source  
We were swallowing panic  
In the face of its forceAnd I am blue  
I am blue and unwell  
Made me bolt like a horseNow it's done  
Watch it go  
You've changed some  
Water runs from the snowAm I so dear  
Do I run rare  
You've changed some  
Peach, plum, pear  
Peach, plum

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