

Bardo

Sheila Nicholls

In the desert by myself i can
find the goodness in you again,
when the wind conducts an orchestra,
 creosote, sand and juniper,
 while Mrs. jones worries about
 what Mrs. smith will think tomorrow,
 while Mrs. smith worries about the same,
and how much she might borrow,liberate liberate liberate
 songs you can hear in the bardo
 liberate liberate liberate
songs you can hear in the barLack of ceiling was something I sought
 to meet you beyond fallible
so the sky and I we schemed and thought
 but one of us was too gullible
 an all the tvs around the world,
broke out in unison, youve used us wrong
 gone on too long
organized, got our own unionliberatehere we are, well its so nice to see you again, its been so long and I
 dont even remember when or how we lost touch
 what was so important then dont mean that much,
nah dont mean that much, dont mean anything at all.liberate.....

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