

# Yard

## The Birthday Party

In our yard how many chickens can we count  
On our fingers and toes on their toes  
Sitting on father's hole sitting on his chest  
Crushing rocks of dirt the earth is soft in our  
Yard, yard, yard Stones in my shoes and feet  
Are dragging them through museums  
Where under glass, refrigerate  
Freeze, hands and feet and knobbly knees  
Yard, yard, yard, yard

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