

# St. Clare

Suzanne Vega

call on that saint  
and the candle that burns  
keeping her safe  
until her return plaster and paint  
holding the fire  
a poor woman's saint  
holding all man's desire bold little bird  
fly away home  
could I but ride herd  
on the wind and the foam all of the souls  
that curl by the fire  
they never know  
all man's desire watercress clings  
to the banks of the stream  
in the first grip of spring  
when the snow melts to green barefoot and cold  
and holding a lyre  
by the side of the road  
holding all man's desire call on the saint  
when the white candle burns  
keeping her safe  
until her return

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