St. Clare

Suzanne Vega

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

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