

# The Bird In the Gravel

Jane Siberry

I was dreaming in the steam room  
Everything was so clear for a minute  
And I thought, and the dripping tiles and  
And I said, I'll confess everything "Yes, I own this land, I own these forests  
Surrounding my, my estate  
This is my tea coming  
Everything I can, I confess Bend now, I have the bend  
The best I ever, place the tea just so  
Then release and turn, oh no, not yet  
Then release and turn, turn away then go Better try again looking at me  
He's wait 'til tomorrow, don't want him to know  
Next time he orders tea, release and turn  
Turn and limp away, turn and limp away I was walking through the forest  
On my break today  
I had this funny feeling  
Something was going to change I was walking through the dry leaves  
It was very strange  
They hadn't changed their color All the leaves were green  
I don't mind when it's over  
I don't mind when it's all done  
It's just the moments in between Just before it's gone  
Something's going to happen  
Something's going to change  
I know, I know, I know And when autumn comes, well, there's lots of work to do  
Bill, that means you, time to clean the kettles  
And the pots on the wall, pickling and preserving  
All the vegetables, stop kicking the apples  
Are we pickling this year? Yes, you know we are And when autumn comes  
Well, there's lots of work to do  
Bill, that means you, time to get the twigs up  
You know, all those stick things Time to trim back the roses  
So next year even more grow  
Does it hurt them to do that?  
Does it hurt them? No And when autumn comes  
Well, deliveries start to go  
Here he is now, down into the valley  
To the market he goes Down along the tiny roads  
That wind along the vineyards  
And people lean on their rakes

And they say, Hello, hello, there Francesco  
Francesco there, helloAnd those are my swans  
Believe me, there's no light  
And there isn't because it's so dark  
Because it's so dark, because it's so darkI was walking through the dry leaves  
It was very strange  
The leaves fell without changing  
No yellows and no redsSomething's going to happen  
Something's going to change  
And just then as I looked up  
I remembered what you saidI'm crying because I love you  
I know that things must change  
I can't be there when you leave  
What if you're afraid?You said, something about the leaving  
The moments in between the yawning  
When the world shifts  
The clanging of the trainsAnd a dog sits up and growls  
And a cow begins to bawl  
And a nun nearby stops to listen  
Cross herself and then move onI was laughing in the forest  
I fell down in the leaves  
And I watched the trees above me  
Crossing in the breezeI love the bare branches  
I love the healing bells  
The bareness in the last sun  
The greyness and the goldAnd a flock of geese flew over  
And I laughed harder still  
I laughed 'til I was heaving  
Then everything was stillBend now, I have the bend  
Place the tea just so  
Then release and turn, oh, not yet  
Turn away then go, better try again  
He's looking at me, wait until tomorrowDon't want him to know, next time, time he orders tea  
Release and turn, turn and limp away  
Limp away just go, turn away just go  
Just go, just go, just go

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