

Attica's Flower Box Window

Carbon Leaf

She broached again and again over the careful morning scones
That she adored all too quickly as he cranked up his jaw
And turned off his ear, and she reminded they were his favorites and
Could we please consider for our morning
view
That flower box window with the three sides of glass?
(Like in the magazines)"Consider it I will," he said, "Consider it gone from your head
As it is I'm late and not in need of a view
And you will idle your time away like a bird perched at the window sill
So off I go and I'm gonna auction you off if you insist my little gem
My little hen to persist with this mentality""No more of this, she said, "Living in the shadow
Of my other sledgehammer, saw hacked away at the wall
Giggles, fear and dust, she chipped away and punched a hole
And the sun winked through with its artist eye
As if to say, "Wherever you been Attica?
Break the seal of your conventionality" "Not used to this awakening in you
Stash your dreams up in the cupboard bare
You know your name She made her way to see that sun and headed out the door
With a wide stride to attack it from the other side
She ripped away, she talked aloud, belly laughed
And one by one the bottled spirits came to the curb
To see what was goin' on, "Attica, my dear"
They said, "Have you gone and lost your head?" "Here's a magazine, now go and find me that window frame
And to the nursery with you, we've got a lot to do
You can help or get out of my way Not used to this awakening in you
Drink your tea in the same way
(Same time each day)
You know your name and you know who you are Well, the spirit caught like wildfire and she had a crew
And between them all her flower box window was installed after all
Fanfare from the kitchen, street bazaar in the yard
(I see you, you see me)
Bottles uncorked, wildflowers free

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