

Chinese Boxes

[Kim Richey](#)

You're like Chinese boxes
One inside the other, inside the other
One inside the other one You're smoking mirrors
Plastic flowers, magic spells
Misdirection, smoking mirrors, plastic flowers How am I to know?
How am I to know? You're like all four seasons
One becomes the other, becomes the other
One becomes the other one You're daffodils and summer showers
Turning leaves on the snow
Daffodils and summer showers How am I to know?
How am I to know? I try and piece together clues and possibilities
I trim them sometimes in the shapes
I think they're meant to be Still you get the best
And whatever else is left of me, still How am I to know?
How am I to know? You're like Chinese boxes
One inside the other, inside the other
One inside the other one One inside the other, inside the other
One inside the other one

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