

Chinese Boxes

Kim Richey

You're like Chinese boxes
One inside the other, inside the other
One inside the other oneYou're smoking mirrors
Plastic flowers, magic spells
Misdirection, smoking mirrors, plastic flowersHow 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 oneYou're daffodils and summer showers
Turning leaves on the snow
Daffodils and summer showersHow 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 beStill you get the best
And whatever else is left of me, stillHow 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 oneOne inside the other, inside the other
One inside the other one

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