

Cinnamon

The Long Winters

Sun through the curtains,
I gave you a sign,
The birds were all quiet,
You were so quiet,
Some hear a call,
Some are the messengers,
I thumb through the pictures,

and know them all. They said, "Do you remember when you saw her last"

I said, "Her skin is cinnamon, her skin is cinnamon." I have too many stories, keeping it serious,
Some are collectores, some keep it straight,

It was a hospital,

I was delirious,

I clung to the stretcher

and drew them a heart. Two gondolas to carry us,

Grand Via was hillarious,

St. Paul was there to marry us,

We lied, "We're already married!" 'Cuz here's proof: we have suntans,

And I spoke up with my new hands,

Listen to my car,

What is it telling us?

Start...please start..please start. Is it spring where you are?

I waited all winter

chasing the lamp cords back to the wall,

It's a plausable scenario:

I clung the the stretcher,

I drew them a heart.

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