

Nits, The "Swimming"

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Swimming

Mister Bluebird on your shoulder. He stays very calm at
his feet

I don't know why. Sometimes my eyes are swimming

Look at the way we were talking. Strangers for so many
years

I've been away. You spent the day swimming

I'm sitting down by my window. Looking outside at the
rain

I don't know why. Sometimes my eyes are swimming

Laurel leaves and thyme, salt and pepper, I'm cooking
Oranges and honey, coriander, open sesame, cooking

I don't know what it is. What is moving her. What she's
diving for

Mister Bluebird on your shoulder. He stays very calm at
his feet

I don't know why. Sometimes my eyes are swimming

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