

S.G. Swain

"Scarecrow"

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I am just a scarecrow
I am made of straw
I look out on the cornfield
and this is what I saw:

a hundred crowbirds are eatin' up the crop
it doesn't matter 'cause it hasn't rained a drop
in a year

I had myself a dream
that I got down from this pole
and danced myself a jig
while the farmer hoed the row

in my dream I journeyed to a strange land far away
I feel in with companions and we searched for hearts
and brains
and courage

* * *

And when my dream was over
I was right back on this pole
out in this lonely cornfield
still heckled by these crows

though I contemplate for hours I still don't have a clue
what makes this world go 'round and 'round
or what makes two times two
equal four

(I guess OZ never did give nothing to the scarecrow,
either.)

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