

1000 Travels Of Jawaharlal "Cotton Alley"

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One time
You made me cry
Be proud that I
Remember

My chin is sore
The bruise is gone
But the spot is tender

Gave my hand a sister coy
To Cotton Alley where
You did enjoy
Your wicked games
You curious boy

Tied my laces up together
When I fell
You laughed
Until your belly was sore

In the brick laid aisle behind
The five and dime store

That's how
I made you blush
But doubt if you
Remember

Were my tears genuine
Or those of a skilled
Pretender

Nothing precious
Plain to see
Don't make a fuss over me
Not loud
Not soft
But somewhere in between
Say sorry
Let it be
The word you mean

I was a little pest who
Never took a hint
Could never
Take a hint

You pinched my fingers
In a door
Tossed my coloring book in a
Rusty barrel

Pulled spiders from my hair
Fingers in the door

My favorite blue blouse
Stained on the back
Running from a berry war

Can you hear me scream
In Cotton Alley
Scream in Cotton Alley
In Cotton Alley

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