

Berg Matraca "Calico Plains"

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Sweet Abilena looked out at the midwestern sky
Sweet seventeen with a far away look in her eyes.
She said "I feel like a bird in a cage,
"But come September I'm flying away."
I said "I'll miss you," then I made her promise to write

Since we were tall as the corn in the spring
We shared every secret, shared every dream
So anxious to grow in the new summer rain
And bloom like a rose on the calico plains

How could she hear as we laughed on that long
summer night
The tiny heart of the baby she carried inside
I stood beside her when September came
Watched her get married, then caught the bouquet
And like those hand-me-down dresses she gave me
I made her dreams mine
>From a seat by the window on wings made of steel
I stared at the patchwork over the fields
Where young tears that once flowed like warm summer
rain
Were turning to snow on the calico plains

Sweet Abilena looks out at the midwestern sky
Closer to thirty, but farther away in her eyes
She holds her babies like she holds her dreams
Each night she kisses and rocks them to sleep
While she reads the letters she makes me promise to
write

Sweet Abilena looks out at the midwestern sky

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