

Dory Previn

"The Talkative Woman and the Two Star General"

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Some other night
my love
Some other night you say
Of course you're right
dear general
but before you go away
may I please continue
just a moment more
before you close the door
and goodbye
Let's see
Where was I?
Oh yes
I was going on about colors
the different kinds
of red

Some reds
are like familiar friends
they spring from the growing earth
they flow with the moon
and tides some reads
are the badges of brides
and birth

Please
Don't lose patience general
Stay just a little while
I'm merely speaking of colors
Perhaps I'll make you smile

Some reds
are unnatural enemies
they crawl out of open veins
they creep
and slide from gaping wounds
like medals of pride
and pain

Some reds are close to purple
Oh my darling
What do I mean?

Please
don't put on your jacket yet
Some reds are closer to green

Some other night
My love
Some other night you say
Of course you're right
Dear general
You're right to turn away
But you recoiled
Is something soiled?
To stain a sensitive soul
such as yours
would never be my goal
But I digress
Where was I?

Oh yes
Back to the subject of colors
Perhaps
if someone tried to wear the red
of birth and brides
if one could lose his pride
and see the other side
he'd have less need
to spill the rude
the cruel
the crawling
reds that kill
You'd better put on
Your jacket now
There's beginning to be a chill
Such a silly
Talkative woman am I
Forgive me if you will
For keeping you dear general
Sir
You have a quota to fill
While I carry on
about colors
purple green and red
the badges of the living
the medals of the dead

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