

Iris Dement **"Mornin' Glory"**

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Mornin' glory, fuschia in green
You sweet little Jezebel in my garden of dreams
Petals clenched tightly in the late morning sun
My day is just starting, Your day is done

Apple-green butterfly lites upon you
Once, then again, he calls
trying so hard to get through
He dances and somersaults
then floats away blue
His bold ambition has failed to sway you

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Vines wrap the south side-porch
up the lattice they climb
The clothes nearly touch the ground
on that saggin clothes line
Paint's peeled and screens are torn
I got so much to do
But I'll steal one minute more
of this glory with you

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