

## Mewithoutyou

### "In A Sweater, Poolry Knit"

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In a sweater poorly knit, and an unsuspecting smile,  
little Moses drifts downstream in the Nile. A fumbling  
reply, an awkward rigid laugh and I'm carried helpless  
by my floating basket raft. You're a flavor in my mind,  
back and forth between, sweeter than any wine as  
bitter as mustard greens. And it's light and dark as  
honeydew and pumpernickel bread, the trap I set for  
you seems to have caught my leg instead.

Go plow some other field, try and forget my name,  
we'll see what harvest yields supposing I do the same. I  
planted rows of peas by the first week of July should've  
came up to my knees but they were maybe ankle high.  
Take the fingers from your flute, weave your colored  
yarns. Boil down the fruit to preserves in mason jars.  
And the books are over due, and the goats are  
underfed, the trap I set for you seems to have caught  
my leg instead.

You're a door without a key, a field without a fence. You  
made a holy fool of me and I've thanked you ever  
since, but she'd come circling back, we'll end where we  
began, like two pennies on the train tracks, train  
crushed into one.

But if I'm a crown without a king, if I'm a broken open  
seed If I come without a thing, then I come with all I  
need. No boat out in the blue, no place to rest your  
head, the trap I set for you seems to have caught my  
leg instead.

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