

Smith Patti

"Blue Poles"

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Mother, as I write, the sun dissolves
Blood life streaming, cross my hand
And these words, these words

Hope dashed, immortal hope
Hope streaking the canvas sky

Blue poles infinitely winding
As I write, as I write
Blue poles infinitely winding
As I write, as I write

We joined the long caravan
Hungry, dreaming, going West
Just for work, just to get a job
And we never got lucky, we just forged on

And the dust, the endless dust
Like a plague it covered everything
Hal fell with the fever
And mother I did what I could

Blue poles infinitely winding
As I write, as I write
Blue poles infinitely winding
As I write, as I write

We prayed, we prayed for rain
I never wanted to see the sun again

All my dresses you made by hand
We left behind on the road
Hal died in my arms
We buried him by the river

Blue poles infinitely winding
As I write, as I write
Blue poles infinitely winding
As I write, as I write, I write

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