

**Stuart Davis****"Windmills And Wheatfields"**

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I go to Holland once a year  
I fly into Schipol  
Check into the Melk Hotel

unpack two shirts  
Walk on down to the Red Light District  
Ten blocks to the Angel Parlor  
I ask for Heidi  
Step into Heidi's room  
we don't speak  
She cuts off  
off all my clothes  
with a silver bayonet  
Then she straps me up on a giant wheel

mounted on the wall  
She spins me with her hands  
and she eats me with her mouth  
As I look out the window  
at rows of perfect?

Windmills  
Rows of perfect windmills  
Windmills  
Perfect, wooden windmills

Heidi comes here once a year  
flies into the Black Hills  
checks into the Wolf Hotel  
unpacks two skirts  
Walks half a mile down the trail  
to cabin seven  
She taps on my window  
Heidi steps into my room  
We don't speak

I cut off all her clothes  
with a straight edge razor  
She gets down on all fours  
and straps on a crotch-less pony suit  
I dig my spurs into her legs

I clutch my fingers in her mane  
She stares out the window  
at miles of perfect

Wheat fields

Miles of perfect wheat fields  
Wheat fields  
perfect, golden  
Windmills  
Rows of perfect windmills  
Wheat fields  
perfect, golden windmills

(Refrain)

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