

## Mountain Goats

### "going to mexico"

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I saw you at your window.  
I saw you in the sun.  
I saw you in the window, looking out.

I reached my hand in there,  
then I touched your hair  
and felt myself burn, in the morning.

and the chickens were screaming.  
black dog at my heels.  
and the bluejays were coughing up in the trees.

I'd forgotten my name.  
I felt kind of ashamed,  
and felt myself burn, in the morning.

I saw you at your window,  
at the beginning of summer!  
and invisible stars, sent their heat down!

I imagined your touch,  
it was almost too much!  
burned like a bonfire in the morning.

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