

Mountain Goats

"nine black poppies"

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when i got home i meant to give you some sweet
chrysanthemum
the wind chimes were ringing all wrong and you were
standing
in the doorway singing along
and i tried to rememeber how nice it had been
a long long time ago
but i couldn't rememeber.
i honestly could not remember

and a package came for you today, from the hunan
province
the postmark burning jet black in the summer sun
someone was changing. someone was changing from
the inside out
and i turned around to face you.

sweet peas in the garden, all in full bloom
and i thought i heard the traces of an old song
murmuring in the room
like a half-remembered conversation, i let it slip away
and then i could not rememeber
i honestly could not remember

and a package came for you today, from the hunan
province
the postmark burning jet black in the summer sun
someone was changing. someone was changing from
the inside out
and i turned around to face you.

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