

## Blossom

### "The Shape Of Things"

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Completely round is the perfect pearl  
The oyster manufactures;  
Completely round is the steering wheel  
That leads to compound fractures.  
Completely round is the golden fruit  
That hangs from the orange tree.  
Yes, the circle shape is quite renowned,  
And sad to say, it can be found  
In the low down, dirty runaround  
My true love gave to me, yes,  
My true love gave to me.

Completely square is the velvet box  
He said my ring would be in.  
Completely square is the envelope  
He said farewell to me in.  
Completely square is the handkerchief  
I flourish constantly,  
As I dry my eyes of the tears I shed,  
And blow my nose that turned bright red;  
Completely square is my true love's head:  
He will not marry me, no, he will not marry me.

Rectangular is the hotel door  
My true love tried to sneak through.  
Rectangular is the transom  
Over which I had to peek through.  
Rectangular is the hotel room I entered angrily.  
And rectangular is the wooden box,  
Where lies my love neath the golden phlox.  
They say he died from the chicken pox,  
In part I must agree: one chick too many had he!

Triangular is the piece of pie  
I eat to ease my sorrow.  
Triangular is the hatchet blade  
I plan to hide tomorrow.  
Triangular the relationship  
That now has ceased to be.  
And triangular is the garment thin  
That fastens on with a safety pin

To a prize I had no wish to win;  
It's a lasting memory that my true love gave to me

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