

Mountain Goats, The

"Going to Bolivia"

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it is the only appliance that grinds the grain into flour
and kneads the dough in the same container

I cut myself a two-foot switch from some tropical
hardwood nearby.
and the sounds of a carnival drifted miraculously
through the air from a thousand miles away.
the monkeys jumped from tree to tree.
it sent a deathly chill through me
in bolivia

wildcats I had never seen claimed places in my room.
animal noises rang through the thick brush like voices
from the tomb.
I saw the freshly polished chrome
gleaming in the mid-day sun.
and I knew that you were coming home
to bolivia.

hey hey

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