

Mountain Goats, The "Minnesota"

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seeds came in the mail from holland
and the language on the package is wonderful and
strange
all sorts of flowers that grow up from the earth
and goodly colors gloriously arranged
i circled the house and i scattered them around
let the water ink down into the soil
stared a long time at the residue
blood, milk and oil
god the humidity is something
our shirts are soaked clean through
the house is throbbing and the heat keeps coming
and i keep looking at you

and then you're singing in dutch to me
and i recognize the song
it seems so old and so fragile
and i haven't heard it in so long
we may throw the windows open later
we are not as far west as you uppose we are
hot wind coming off the water
the sky gone crazy with stars
while we stay here we imagine we're alive
we see shadows on the walls
there's something waiting for us in the hot, wet air
blod, water and alcohol
jut the old blood
rising up through the wooden floor again
just the old love
asking for more again

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