

**A LAMP AFTERLOOKING**

old friend		
if they ask me i could write a book	cuckoo time—	i go to bed to it, at night
you don't care if the world falls down around you	like i feel the sun in the morning	i go to bed to it—
or would i go and buy a hat	i would pledge with (mine)	on the right side of your body
once there was a trumpeter	blew this love a ballad	this is eagle bird, my eagle bird, eagle bird
you outta see my eagle bird	it got great big eyes	welcome back, that was not enough
so he blew her a lobster salad		just run on to the river and drown yourself
night was a jewel tent around us	because you were in my blood and brain	
one day you'll realize that we're not strangers	because you were in my blood and brain	i stood long where you left me
in my dreams	and we were wonderfully alone	in my blood, and in my blood and brain
and sleep	as we always are	it makes me feel so good to see my eagle bird fly
night was all around me	you made it that way	it wouldn't be difficult
only on the right side of your body	i think that i have met you somewhere	or delirium
	my senses registered you— dimensionally	i may never have met you at all
i know you, i live you	i know you i live you i know you i live you	i know you i live you i know you i live you
my mind conceived you	blow a little bit louder now	show me, that's not the way
it doesn't matter where you have been	if they ask me i could write a book	but right now, it's swallow time