

THE LEAN SEASON

I was in my hammock, a favorite book in my hands,
Steaming tea on a wicker stand, rosemary rising by sunlit command.
Sparrow chorus is drowned out by the rush of a blueberry stream,
A doe startled as if out of a dream, an impressionist would bid for the scene. Fade into gray.

Chorus: Abundance draws a fine blue line between what's theirs and what is mine.
I'm running out of rainy day money and time. I came within a baby's breath of dawn.
But I tarried too long. And now the lean season's come and it ain't gone.

I was at Balboa, on the boardwalk side of the bay,
Lingering fragrance of aged rose, dropping my soul off at the arcade. Fade into gray.

I was in my kitchen arranging peppers, onions and rice.
Unlocking secrets of the Indian spice, planning a menu under strawberry skies. Fade into gray.

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