

Wintering in Missouri

You can set all winter in Missouri
Hole up in some Ozark cave
Waiting for spring
Like bat sperm

An idea can slide down the river
Getting all muddy as it goes
Like we did one rainy Sunday morning
Watching ducks ride barge waves

Once I saw an eagle hit an idea
One time a mink got its throat
And beavers chewed it down
While they slapped the ground

It wasn't til the geese went back north, though,
And a snow took the thought
That I was ever a red-faced tom turkey
And you were a flying squirrel's stretch

We smoked the red willow's bark
And blazed up cottonwood logs
And jumped up when you were a doe deer

You sang like a spring peeper then
And my heart leaped like a frog