

# Rickie Lee Jones, Leaving Through The Forest Path

In the dominion of pillars of faith  
Her nest toppled by the march winds  
She set out through the forest  
On a cloudy day  
The dower sky whining over tea, the weakened  
Country side rolling over onto his side to watch for  
Coming night.

Sick with fever now the cottages glowed from within,  
And all the plump women fanned the fires and cooked  
The soups and warmed the water for the baths of small  
Children.

This one bathes with a sail boat.  
That one uses kitchen spoons and bottles.  
Meanwhile  
The grass shivers  
The cars in the driveway  
Pull restlessly at horizontal lines  
Thrown carelessly across  
The yard.