

Rickie Lee Jones, The Unsigned Painting

There must be a golden frame
Coming to me
Cuz where are you?
Where are you?
Where are you?

The very day when you first heard
Your heart beat
Listens for you still
So I think
it's not so much the painting
As what you give yourself
By what you leave

Your signature...

On Sundays the ladies
Took off their wiry, old hats and
Made donuts in the back of
The church. I can
Smell them cooking in middle of mass

Cakes are prizes at carnivals
Holding hands-that's a gift
Of our landscapes
For the heart is always
That one summer night
you stretch it from face to face
Like chewing gum. You can rig it up
And hear each other thru a tin can
Now it bakes and hardens like an old
Dream under the front porch
Where the air is talcum
Mamma's eyes are blue
And Father took the weird beast
We're walking next to you

That is the picture that I see