

My body is your bed, my skin your cover, my cheek your pillow.  
My tongue is your soap and water, my breath your towel.  
My fingers are your comb and brush, my lips your make-up.  
My woven hands your underclothes, my circling arms your skirt and blouse.  
My hair your stockings, my nails your shoes.  
I am earrings, necklace, bracelet of bone and vein.

My Adam's apple swims in your cool navel.  
The back of my knees blink with your eyelashes.  
My pulse rises with the tips of your breasts.  
My heart has two round halves and follows you.

#### CLOUDS IN THE KITCHEN, FIRE IN THE SEA

-- for Vertigo Play

Little bit of dust blow in my eye. Brush it away.  
Clouds in the kitchen, fire in the sea. Who's to say?  
Dust in the kitchen, eyes in the sea. Something to see.  
Fire and clouds are in my eye. Dust is me.

Two little feathers in a rocking chair. How they get there?  
Clouds in the kitchen, fire in the sea. What do I care?  
Feathers in the kitchen, chairs in the sea. Let's be free.  
Fire and clouds sitting down in a chair. Care for me.

Three dry leaves let go of the tree. Say goodbye.  
Clouds in the kitchen, fire in the sea. Don't ask why.  
Leaves in the kitchen, trees in the sea. Who you be?  
Fire and clouds falling out of trees. Leaving me.

Four tiny birds get stuck in the sand. Washing away.  
Clouds in the kitchen, fire in the sea. Time to pay.  
Birds in the kitchen, sand in the sea. Water is me.  
Fire and clouds get stuck in sand. Burying me.

Five fat fishes, no place to hide. I see you.  
Clouds in the kitchen, fire in the sea. See me, too.  
Fishes in the kitchen, hide in the sea. Look for me.  
Fire and clouds, no place to hide. Fish I be.

Six big pigs dance to a song. All day long.  
Sing clouds in the kitchen, fire in the sea. Sing along.  
Piggies in the kitchen, songs in the sea. Dance with me.  
Fire and clouds dance to a song. Hee, hee, hee.



Somebody, anybody, hold my hand. Call my name.  
Say fire in the kitchen, clouds in the sea. All the same.  
Come through the kitchen and over the sea. Look for me.  
One hand fire and one hand cloud. Let me be.

-- Donald Schenker

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#### JAIL ANTICS

I know of a bee  
I know of a big bee  
I know of a spider  
I know of a big bee of another kind  
I know of spawning the little bees  
I know of all the colors of the rainbow  
I know of the scooters that go dashing over the  
lavatory floor  
I know of the danger signals  
I know of the little red bees  
I know of the little red ponies  
I know of the cardinal's forces  
I know of the serious itches  
I know of the serious wounds  
I know of the funny itches  
I know of the serious bees that sting mightily  
I know of a jail  
I know of a jail of another kind  
I know of counting the scooters  
I know of counting the funny bugs  
I know of counting the funny bugs all nightlong

#### THE CARDINAL IN THE BUSH

I wanted to know more about the cardinal  
I wanted to know more about what the cardinal did  
I wanted to know more about the cardinal in the bush  
  
I wanted to know more about what the cardinal said to  
the cricket  
I wanted to know more about what the cricket said to  
the cardinal  
I wanted to know more about the cardinal in the bush