

Pick Me Up When It's All Over
By Bella Minyo

Loftily floating through the breeze
As free as I wish to be
From the daily grind of three six five
As a morning cloud's tantalizing tail tickles me
When the first rays of dawn filter between the beams
Please,
Pick me up when it's all over

When the dream is done, and crimson leaves crumble
Like murky blips and blops of blood on a brand-new carpet
Channeling their invisibility
But if I wake with a jolt among the supple wild grasses
As a cricket's chirp echoes mournfully
With a silver maple shadow hanging over me
I'll just watch the enchanting waltz of the Willows
As they let their golden braids hang down
And gracefully glide across my cheek
But as the clock begins to strike
And my dreary slumber starts to subside
When fiction becomes reality
Just please,
Pick me up when it's all over

Then, when the ashen eyes of a weary Swallow
Finally, greet me at the end of 'morrow
One day
One minute
One second more
Just give me that time to say, "Adieu, mon amour."
To my friends who are not that far from my door
In the tumblers of wheat fields under a flaxen haze
When the sun's last rays shine in disarray
They stumble and bumble and graze and laze
And as the nestlings and neighs of free horses say their grace
Just please,
Pick me up when it's all over

I promise that I'll never leave you at the door
When the winds start to whip and the comfort of warmer days begins to fade
And the last leaf of love has given up the game
And I've thrown down my hat and kicked all the trees
Because I'd much rather be soaring with the falcon than drowning beneath the sea
And yet, once again, I'm stuck running circles, year after year
But I'll still squeeze you closer and whisper in your ear
Please,
Pick me up when it's all over