

# CUMQUATS & APRICOTS

2/00 / 2/05  
2/07

What am I waiting for, this is my perfect fantasy

cumquats & apricots

Verse

- ① February is the coldest month in hell. It can bottle up your soul in some fogggy, suggy shell bought
- ② Snow all around here. "But it's so beautiful," you say, Beautiful, sure, like lace-white flowers in a funeral display.

① Other months are 4 weeks long. But when February appears  
 ② You say, "You can take it," as the days slash by. Sure, I can take it  
 February takes years. Sometimes I  
 — BUT why? Meanwhile I

I think I'll move to the tropics & I'll have cumquats & apricots growing by my back door  
 I dream about cumquats & apricots bare feet on my kitchen floor. And I'll

fall to my knees as the tropical breeze warms my winter-weary bones. And the sun sets in mango & tangerine tones  
 You can pick 'em, right off the tree. cumquats & apricots

APRICOTS. Growing by my backdoor. CUMQUATS & APRICOTS. What am I waiting for?  
 What am I waiting for?  
 What are we "