

**BLUES**

Gimme some fruit  
Gimme some fruit  
Fresh salted melon  
maybe some mango too

You had me eating pork ribs  
You had me eatin ham  
You had me so I was feedin  
straight out your hand

Gimme some fruit, baby  
Gimme some fru-uit  
Something red  
& juicy I can sink  
these teeths into

You had me eating peas Lord  
You had me eatin spam  
(You had me so turned round)  
I never dreamt all you said  
came straight out a can

Gimme some fruit  
Gimme some fru-uit  
Gimme something strong girl  
to clear my system a you

You served me up  
like chicken

You deviled me like ham  
Alls the while I never knew  
you had you another man

Gimme some fruit, girl  
Gimme some tomato too  
What else is a poor  
carnivore like me  
without you supposed to do

# Sweet Morning

They lined up all the Psalms,  
all one hundred and fifty of them,  
and shot them one by one.

They threw them in a trench  
made for the purpose of burying Psalms.

And did the Psalms rise up,  
did they rise up singing?

Did the Psalms stay together,  
did the Psalms disperse?

Did the Twenty-third Psalm escape,  
and come to your house  
and ask for a ride?

Imagine you are the belated passenger.  
Tell what happened to you and what you saw.

I saw one hundred and fifty bathers  
come to a wide, calm lake  
at the end of a long, hot day.

I saw one hundred and fifty bathers  
take off their clothes and swim slowly  
to the other side, with a long cool joy  
like that of swans and dogs.

How do you explain this?

By way of the oft-repeated.

By way of sorrow's root.

By way of the swinging lantern.

And by the faces of stars  
drowned in the morning light.

MARY RUEFLE