

11/17/09 - Popular Music

All winter I drove to work *Oh, what a beautiful morning!*  
singing in my head as if I believed in the power  
of positive thinking. I'd try to replace it with anything else??  
hymns, Gregorian chant??but *Oh, what a beautiful day!*  
would sling itself back into my brain as if to remind me  
just where I came from?household of musicals,  
Nelson Eddy, Lawrence Welk and his bubble machine.  
And what exactly is wrong with mindless optimism,  
with being *as corny as Kansas in August, as normal as blueberry pie?*  
When I came home from work that December evening,  
my nineteen-year-old daughter, waiting at the kitchen table  
with her father, took my arm and led me upstairs  
because she had something to tell me. Once she started to cry I knew  
what was coming. While *the moon hit the sky like a big pizza pie*  
I just held her. Now she looks like she swallowed that moon  
she watched from my arms as we walked the Hatteras shore  
because *nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina.*  
Hot summer, she sits in one chair, swollen ankles propped up in another,  
and asks, now that the baby can safely be born, if I know how  
to make it come, while inside her womb, the baby's feet drum

*Time is on my side, yes it is. After all that worrying,*

I've got nothing better to offer than to lean down and sing

*Happy Birthday* into her belly, to touch her face

and warn her *she'll be driving six white horses when she comes.*