

A Copy of That

I tried to think the other day
Of how I thought when I was young
I tried to think of sweet little rhymes
And pretty footsteps on the soft wet earth.

I tried to think of how it was
When I knew I was happy
I tried to think of sweet, darling
Mother-like embraces.

I tried to think of how it was
When I remembered how I thought
Now I have simply to rely on
The only father Xerox to make me happy.

Sitting around the campfire
Singing good old songs
Of how it was when we thought
It was what we thought.

Roasting marshmallows of previous times
Holding hands
Crackling and whistling and glowing tributes
To our copyright.

I may think now
That what I'm thinking
Is not worth thinking any more
But I think the joke is on me.

Sitting around the table
King Arthur and his Jewish knights
Waiting for the Arab password
To open up a can of worms.

It's all right
It's simply all right
I think
Therefore I think again.

Berkeley, California
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