

## Seven Days

I spent seven days baking bread,  
then seven more sitting down at my table  
eating all that bread  
piece by piece.  
No butter. No sugar. No jam.  
Just my teeth and hands  
and the rare swallow of wine to mellow the yeast.  
    And now all I want is to be inside her.

I spent seven days working on a building,  
then seven more taking it down  
with the front of my head  
brick by brick.  
No hammer. No hatchet. No pick.  
Just my big old goofy head.  
I knew the mortar was bad. I mixed it that way.  
    And now all I want is to be inside her.

I spent seven days riding the wing of a bee,  
then seven more flower to flower,  
my face full of that stuff  
swallow after swallow.  
No honey. No queen. No sting.  
Just me and the bee doing our thing.  
Little petals sometimes brushed my legs.  
    And now all I want is to be inside her.

I spent seven days sitting on top of the world,  
then seven more trying to get back down.  
My head way up there in the clouds  
rainbow to rainbow.  
No elevator. No stair. No slide.  
Just take a deep breath, close your eyes, enjoy the ride.  
But let me tell you, the last thousand miles get a little shaky.  
    And now all I want is to be inside her.