

Poems for May

The world comes into focus upside down
revealed in steps, each step along the way
as we exit from the underground
and step into the lucid light of day

First, the sky above comes into view
some days it's blue, some days it's sullen gray
when we come out at night, the stars shine through
like signals from a billion miles away

Then, the buildings – first, the upper floors
then the rows of windows moving down
finally, the sidewalks and the doors
then we're back on the surface, back in town

As we move from point to point, it's not so strange
at certain points, our point of view will change

May

my way

mid-day

Monday

miles away

in May, the merry month of May

the merry month of May

Most folks like this month O.K.

Mary Kaye

Mary J.

Milton Berle and Doris Day

Marilyn Manson and Marvin Gaye

Mr. Rogers and Ahmed Bey

In May, the merry month of May

The merry month of May

When it's May in St. Tropez

It's also May in Monterey

Montpelier and Montego Bay

Malaysia, where they speak Malay

And, of course, in Mandalay

Where the flying fishes play

In May, the merry month of May

The merry month of May

monks pray

monkeys play

from branch to branch they swing and sway

masses of people shout hooray

when their favorite player makes a great play

masturbators flail away

in May, the merry month of May

the merry month of May

Magpies, finches, larks and jays

Make their nests where they will lay

their eggs, discretely tucked away

They wouldn't want them on display

In May, the merry month of May

The merry month of May

Misty morning
soft and gray
it's hard to see, it's hard to say
if anything is in your way
but Mr. Sun, with his glaring rays
will melt the morning's shroud away
and leave us with a brilliant day
moist, fresh smell of new mown hay
in May, the merry month of May
the merry month of May

Magic vacation getaway,
tables lined along the quay
where strolling violinists play
the moon's reflected in the bay
in May, the merry month of May
the merry month of May

Many flowers bloom in May
and they are bunched into bouquets
for tongue-tied men to give away
when simple words will not convey
the thing they really need to say
in May, the merry month of May
the merry month of May