

## Tilted Pictures

2002 [C] HOWELL HURST

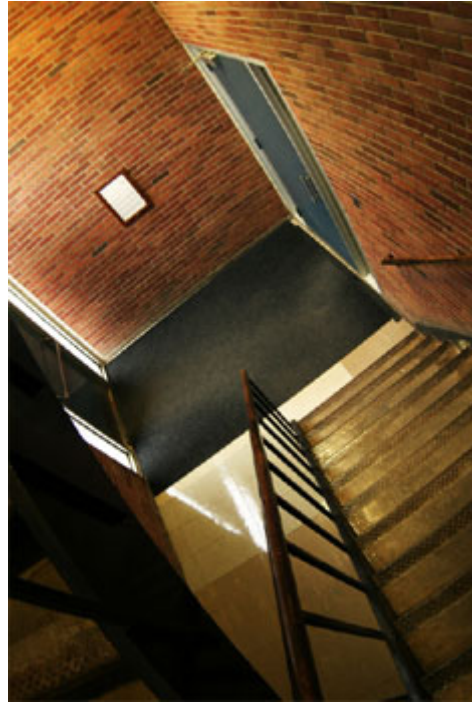
When time comes  
For me to die,  
And  
I'm lying on my bed,  
You'd think the thought  
to come to me  
Would be your pretty  
Head.

But when  
It really comes  
I know other's  
Going to be,  
Like how the  
Picture on  
My Kitchen wall  
Tilted always to'rd the Lee.

Doin' up the bacon  
Or boilin' up the eggs,  
Smilin' brightly up, I'd lift  
the picture's edge  
And eye  
its tiltedness  
While sippin' from  
My cup.

I will think of you  
When I die, of course,  
Like a confusin' mixture,  
But somehow in my life  
Love's real source  
Will be the tiltin'  
Of that old  
Kitchen picture.

You might ask why,  
And fairly so,  
Since we once had  
So much between us;  
It has to do with  
The mystery  
We shared with  
Fickle Venus.



Remember how  
It was when we'd  
Finished with our love  
And, gazin' in our fashion,  
We'd dreamed  
The flimsy dove  
Had shared our  
Achin' passion?

But, he was far away  
Flyin' on other wings  
Across the misty moors  
Over distant things.  
And we had loved alone  
Beneath the barren wall  
While the future of our dyin'  
Swept darkly down the hall.

The picture she's still tilted  
Upon the kitchen wall,  
And the dove he still  
Glides stiffly down the dingy hall.  
And the vision of your face  
Is there, but well disguised;  
And my dyin' only shows me  
The insides of me eyes.

I wish that there was  
More, and more indeed  
Should be, but time  
Has its way for thee and me.  
And love's a fleetin' thing,  
So's a flimsy dove,  
But not a tiltin' picture  
Filled with tilted love.

And now that diein's on me  
I find it ain't so bad  
And well I can remember,  
As a livin' Lad,  
Your slippin' a hand  
Deep down into me kilt,  
And I'd give the kitchen picture  
One more lovin' tilt.

Then you and me we'd take  
Me kilt off to the bed  
And the lovin' picture'd be  
There roamin' through my head  
As I chased the errant dove  
Enthralled by all.  
And the memory of the creature  
Makes me feel so small.

It's not your lovin' face  
That I now recall,  
Nor sense of diein' grace.  
It's the simple tilted picture  
On the kitchen wall.  
But now diein's finally over,  
I see what I always knew:  
It was always always, always only you.