



"Blue music and white flowers..."

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"Blue music and white flowers..."

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Blue music and white flowers. He was thinking

Blue music together with white flowers

Blue music and white flowers. Together. But he couldn't say that, use that, as the reason because each time he thought of them--together-- his nose ran ~~and his eyes burned with tears~~ and the salt of his crying burned his eyes.

Blue music and white flowers. Together. But he couldn't say that, use that as the reason because each time he thought of them--together-- his nose ran ~~and his eyes burned with tears~~ and the salt of his crying burned his eyes.

White flowers by themselves was enough; so was blue music. Together, though, O, Sugar, there's no defense. Something else takes over and you might get up out of your chair to go buy two or three cigarettes, have the nickel in your pocket and just start walking, then running and end up some where in Staten Island, for crying out loud. Long Island, maybe, staring at goats. Or you could find yourself in a crowded room aiming a bullet at her heart, never mind it's the heart you can't live without. So he cried all the time and tried to think of some way to tell his wife 'blue music and white flowers' that would make sense. (But his wife's name was Violet and might light his hair with a match stick if he told her the truth.)

Everybody got used to him wiping his face and nose with an engineer's red handkerchief on his way to work or sitting on the stoop in the snow. I guess she washed and ironed those handkerchiefs, Violet. There was an endless supply, it seemed, because he cried all year. Tired us all out, really, waiting to see what else Violet would do besides trying to kill the dead girl and wash keep her husband in laundered handkerchiefs to cry in.

Blue music and white flowers. Together. But he couldn't say that, use that, as the reason because each time he thought of them--together--his nose ran and the salt of his crying burned his eyes.

White flowers by themselves was enough; so was blue music. Together, though, O, Sugar, there's no defense. Something else takes over and you might get up out of your chair to go buy two or three cigarettes, have the penny in your pocket and just start walking, then running and end up somewhere in Staten Island, for crying out loud. Long Island, maybe, staring at goats. Or you could find yourself in a crowded room aiming a bullet at her heart, never mind it's the heart you can't live without. So he cried all the time and tried to think of some way to tell his wife "blue music and white flowers" that would make sense. But his wife's name was Violet and might light his hair with a match stick if he told her the truth.

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