

The Sandstone Man

And Also The Trees

The sandstone man
I feel my head fall to the ground
Gaping mouth and broken crown
The sandstone man
Through the bramble snakes
That scratched away my face
I see the clouds like blossom round the moon
The sandstone man
Nobody knows where I am
I could utter my name to you
>From my nettle grave
The sandstone man
The rain erodes my crest
My hands into my chest
The sandstone man
Nobody knows who I am
But you know I am close to you
I watched a tree grow tall and fall
I saw you riding down the rainy lanes
In november
The sandstone man
You have forgotten who I am
The honeysuckle twists across my breast
And I am happy
I see the stunted willows by the frozen stream
And the frost as far as eye can see
But you have forgotten who I am
Sometimes the sky is full of birds
But mostly it is empty