

Reposessed

Beaver

Gone all the way over
Gone to the other shore
Like a mantra the waves
Roll in and she listens
To hear that eternal
Sweet low repetition she says
I? carefully booting
My trail through the sand
Crossing the dunes over reposessed land
Gone, gone, gone all the way over
Gone to the other shore
While dead sharp I wait
She says all these questions
Are useless to ask
Make one fine scrapcollection she says
Floodgate of memories
Comes to a hold
Dead sharp I wait till the story unfolds
Like a mantra the waves
Roll in and she listens
To hear that eternal
Sweet low repetition