

Slow Down

Bowerbirds

My sweetheart and I will retire,
Will retire to the tide pools.
And we'll fix our meals of crabs and krill in the long
afternoon.
And we'll shed our skin,
For a shell from a wise old snail who is singing:

Slow down.

At the base of the dunes with the algae bloom and the
heron,
Here we sit all day and wait and wait for the tide to
come crashing.
And we'll shed our skin because we know where it's been,
And we know this hymn:

Slow down.

Lost, lost, in this torrent,
Drowned in the deep of this over-sweet porridge,
Blind to to all of the blood and carnage.

Slow down.