

The Magical Bird In The Magical Woods

Current 93

I saw the slot of the sun
The final cut of the sun
Start like a hare
Over the shoddy grey walls
I saw you dimple and crease
And turn a card from the pack
By your bed
As though swords, cups, discs and wands
Might tumble into your head
And give you a glimmer of something profound
But your gods made no sound
The gods made no sound
Your gods made no sound
You were cartwheel and sommersault
But not at your ease
I was not at my ease
As through unfolding vistas
Of dullness and deadness
I saw the metal buckets
Fatigued and buckled
With nimbus of rustflowers
In sheds by the lake
I was already falling and fallen and lost
And it was not at your cost
And I was not at my ease
And it was not at your cost
By aimless pools with no surprise
I counted the flickerings of your eyes
And saw the magical bird
In the magical woods
Fly over the hills
And far away
From the sea it's you I see
By the glowing seashore it was you that I saw:
The magical bird in the magical woods