

A Pin-Light Bent

Joanna Newsom

My life comes and goes
My life comes and goes
Short flight, free rows
I lie down and doze

My life came and went
My life came and went
Short flight, free descent
Poor flight attendant

But the sky, over the ocean!
And the ocean, skirting the city!
And the city, bright as a garden
When the garden woke to meet me

From that height was a honeycomb
Made of light from those funny homes, intersected:
Each enclosed, anelectric and alone

In our lives is a common sense
That relies on the common fence
That divides, and attends
But provides scant defense
From the Great Light that shine through a pin-hole
When the pin-light calls itself Selfhood
And the Selfhood inverts on a mirror
In an Amora Obscura

But it's mine. Or, at least, it's lent
And my life, until the time is spent
Is a pin-light, bent
It's a pin-light, bent