

Rung By The Tide

Alison Moyet

Slip me into a simmering sea
Let salt water suck on me
Far out from an august shore

No reach of arm may sway my hips
Nor mute my song with fingertips
Gone I shout as best I please
And no-one comes at all

From vespers to the matins call
This stillness suits me best of all
No more to thunder in your hall
Or sing your brothers in

Salute me sentry hollyhock
Exploding dandelion clock
In wisps of mist on crumpled rock
An ending to begin