

On an Unknown Beach

Amanda Palmer

I'm a pale intruder on an unknown beach,
My back to the water, my feet in the sand.
Finding no recognition as each sign of life
Invades the precision of this... aging land.

An abandoned flipper in a world of storms.
There's a man on the shoreline with a white parakeet
Trying to make his bird go home.

With increasing continuity endless space
Gazes 'round the periphery not disheartened,
Wearing its most inexpressible face.

My instinct is double as the waves roll by,
But my vision is halved and the foam in the green
As the insects talk to the blazing sky.

Wax in the ear, stitch in the side,
Wolves are feast for the blind,
Under and over, the why and the wherefore
Easy to sit back with time,
Driving discussions like cranes through the car park
Setting them all in a line.
All interceding, not yet proceeding
Misleading doubts in my mind.

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Invades the precision of this... aging land.