

## Salt Silver Oxygen

Antony and the Johnsons

The flying horse carries me across the sky  
Triumvirate swallows make our breath  
Can we grow a sun  
A water run  
The Great White Water?  
Every slum an ox inside it  
Sweet crevice for miniature flies?

Dancing with her casket  
Christ becomes wife  
The easy dust is dancing, too  
It splits the waterside in two

Elect the Salt Mother  
For She's a Selective Christ

Punch her ghost!  
For sure she'll sigh  
And watch the window gives rise