

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