

## Reposessed

Beaver

Gone all the way over  
Gone to the other shore  
Like a mantra the waves  
Roll in and she listens  
To hear that eternal  
Sweet low repetition she says  
I? carefully booting  
My trail through the sand  
Crossing the dunes over reposessed land  
Gone, gone, gone all the way over  
Gone to the other shore  
While dead sharp I wait  
She says all these questions  
Are useless to ask  
Make one fine scrapcollection she says  
Floodgate of memories  
Comes to a hold  
Dead sharp I wait till the story unfolds  
Like a mantra the waves  
Roll in and she listens  
To hear that eternal  
Sweet low repetition