

## Paint or Pollen

Blind Pilot

Don't move an inch  
listen for a singing  
hitting in your bones like they were forks  
If you hear what I hear  
Don't just sit there.  
We are only strumming water  
on this most unlikely chord.

You got blown shore to shore,  
Not quite sailing  
Riding on the trade-winds of age.  
Things blow in  
Don't just cast them  
You say it now, what you want to stay

I was once on a long boat  
star mapping the night roots  
lightening the load  
just in case  
Things float in to be taken.  
if you don't know by now, what will stay?

So don't move an inch.  
Don't move a single second,  
until the shade behind your thoughts is not confused.  
'Cause I felt your itch.  
I know the scent as well as any,  
clotting your garden  
of paint or pollen,  
brick in your mortar,  
petals to soak in,  
on the cracks,  
thicker or finer,  
milk in your water,  
black in your primer,  
wood in your brush,  
now I am your cloth,  
whatever you want-  
the best is upon us.  
Its a finicky muse  
with only potential  
to choose.