

Matchstick Maker

Bowerbirds

Dredge the Cedar River
For a previous life
Or scour the cliffs above
In search of lost time

And you'll never find the body
As the Palisades crumble slowly
And claim the past as their own

Branded skin, broken vessel
Took a job in the city
Making matchsticks
To start other men's fires

Oh

Gorgeous blooms on these cliffs
Missed a battery of sticks and twigs
Gravity toils away

Blisters on its hands from tightening ropes all day
Lashing down all it sees
But its pull is like a father's and not like a king's
And the rule of the land is more like a strong suggestion
As this strong current begs for the open ocean

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