

# My Oldest Memory

Bowerbirds

I cracked my knuckles, and I said grace  
And gave thanks for being a hundred and still feeling amazed.  
Out where the waves wrestle with the dirty brine,  
This is a lonely place. This was a home of mine.  
After the struggle, I'd watch the sand settle  
Over the quiet reef. It's my oldest memory.

And I don't know whose land were on.  
Is this an island that plots like a villain,  
Or an old ghost friend we don't believe in?  
I don't know.

I curse the weapon we stub our toes on.  
It's the land of make believe, can't you see, can't you see?  
Now in the dirt where I put my feet, and in the trunk of my body,  
I'm only shy, here, when I want to be, my head between my cypress knees.  
And in the top of the canopy of the trees I am climbing,  
The morning sun here, you will see. It's my oldest memory.

And I don't know whose land were on.  
Is this an island that plots like a villain,  
Or an old ghost friend we don't believe in?  
Is this an island that plots like a villain,  
Or an old ghost friend we don't believe in?  
I don't know