

The Marbled Godwit

Bowerbirds

Great white puffs of lumbering buffalo
Blanket the fishbowl sky, and I am tired.
I sip my tea and sniff the ocean.
Not but an hour from now, I will be home.
Swing me low, mark me a coward.
The whims of the West must die.
Here is the resting ground.
here is my smile, my pink little toes.

(Bound to your oil machines)
Death to the civilized.
(Hoarding the land and sea)
Death to the civilized.
(Stolen through violent means)
Death when all want masquerades as need.

The marbled godwit line the coast.
I grasp for my straw cap;
I'm lashed to my brave little raft.
The waves do toss this worthy vessel,
Impress on my tiny brain
This strange and dangerous beauty.
I feel it's scale,
I feel its industry.,
Making a flea of us
And dusting us off
And talks in a hush,
A little disappointed.

(Bound to your oil machines)
Death to the civilized.
(Hoarding the land and sea)
Death to the civilized.
(Stolen through violent means)
Death when all want masquerades as need.