

The Signs In The Stars

Current 93

I had gathered some flowers
To lay upon your face
Though you were not gone
From the realm of the quick
I saw all the rainclouds
Being driven on forward
By horses long numbered
And featureless and free
And I wanted to call you a wife
Though I couldn't stop glancing at the signs

And the four heads of men
And all that they carried
And the four wombs of women
And all that they promised
And I wanted to write for you
Songs poems and bibles
Your face spotted with pearls
And hand-cuffed to Christ
But I couldn't stop watching the signs

I had seen the news
That the Trojan beast
Already and not yet
No longer near
Nor close at hand
Nor at the door
Is finally here
The great in the small

And I couldn't stop watching the signs in the stars